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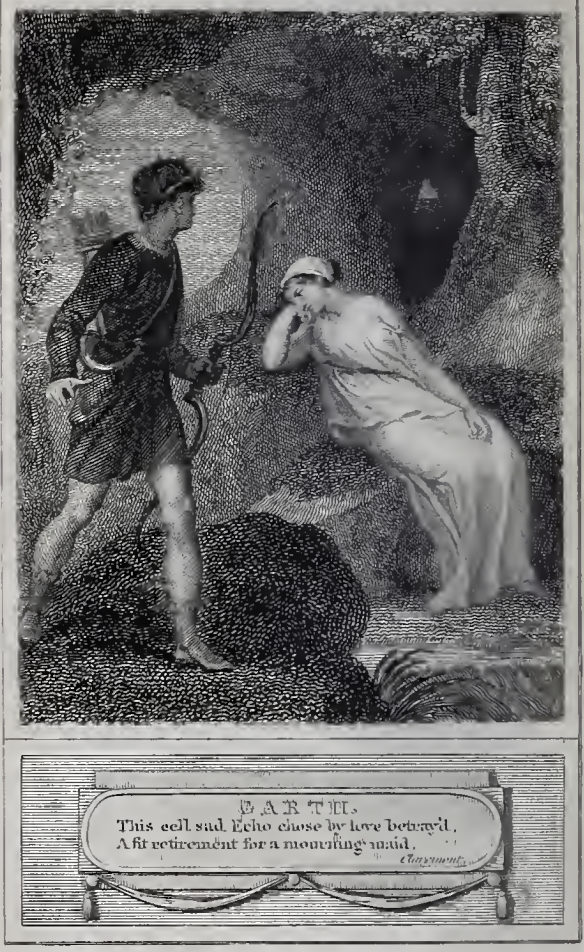

EARTH.

This cell, said Echo chose by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.

THE

WORKS

OF THE

BRITISH POETS.

WITH

LIVES OF THE AUTHORS,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

VOL. XIV.

ADDISON, &c.

PHILADELPHIA

BLISHED BY MITCHELL, AMES, AND WHITE.

William Brown, Printer.

1819.

Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to wit:

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the sixteenth day of March, in the forty-third year of the independence of the United States, of America, A. D. 1819, Ezekiel Sanford, of the said district, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, to wit:

"The Works of the British Poets. With Lives of the Authors, by Ezekiel Sanford."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,"—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, 'An act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned,' and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,
Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOSEPH ADDISON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF ADDISON.

ADDISON was an author by birth-right. His father, Dr. Lancelot Addison, who was of the county of Westmoreland, received his education at Queen's College, in Oxford; travelled many years in Europe and Africa; and, on his return, published 'several books,' which, in the opinion of Tickell, 'are ample testimonies of uncommon and excellent talents.'* He seems, at any rate, to have provoked many enemies by political heterodoxy; and, being driven from England, as it is said, by persecution, he accepted the chaplainship of Dunkirk, and continued in that office, until the place was surrendered to the French, in 1662. Returning to England, he was made chaplain of Tangiers; where he remained, until 1670; and, once more visiting his native land, was presented to the rectory of Milston, near Ambrosebury, in Wiltshire.†

He married Jane, the daughter of Dr. Nathaniel Gulston; and his son, Joseph, a pledge of this union, and the subject of the following article, was born

* Tick. Miscellaneous Works of Addison. Lond. MDCCLIII. ol. i. p. v.

† Addisoniana. Lond. 1803. vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

on the 1st of May, 1671.* He not only 'appeared weak and unlikely to live,' as it is stated by Johnson; but seemed actually dead; and, whether christened or not, is said to have been immediately laid out as a corpse.† Of his subsequent adventures, we know nothing, till he arrived at the age of twelve; when his father was made dean of Litchfield, and removed his family to that place. Here, in the exercise of what Johnson, as the champion of his order, calls 'a savage license,' young Addison signalized himself by barring the doors of the school against his master. Towards the close of the 17th century, it was the practice in many schools, we are told, for 'boys, growing petulent at the approach of liberty, some days before the time of regular recess, to take possession of the school, of which they barred the doors, and bade the master defiance from the windows. It is not easy to suppose, that, on such occasions, the master would do more than laugh; yet, if tradition may be credited, he often struggled hard to force or surprise the garrison. The master, when Pigot (from whom this account is derived) was a school-boy, was *barred out* at Litchfield; and the whole operation, as he said, was planned and conducted by Addison.'‡ If we may credit a tradition of his native place, he did not always stand in so little fear of his master. Having committed some slight delinquency, he is said to have been so terrified at the apprehension of chastisement, that he fled into the woods; sustained himself upon fruits; lodged in a hollow tree; and was only discovered and brought home, by a reward publicly offered for his restoration.§

* According to Johnson it was 1672; but Johnson's dates are often inaccurate; and both Tickell, and the Ana, have it 1671. Tick. vol. i. p. v. Ana, vol. i. p. 57.

† Ana, vol. ii. p. 218.

‡ John. Life of Add.

§ Ana, vol. i. p. 48.

He received some part of his elementary education at Salisbury; and, either from that place, or from Litchfield, was removed to a school, called the Chartreux. Being admitted into Queen's College, Oxford, in 1687, his propensity to authorship not long after showed itself in a copy of Latin verses, which attracted the notice of Dr. Lancaster, afterwards provost of that college; and were the means of procuring the author's election to Magdalen College. There seems to have been some advantage in this translation; but what it was, we cannot precisely ascertain. Addison bestowed his attention chiefly upon criticism and poetry; and so thoroughly did he embue his mind with Roman literature, that he wrote Latin verses, not as a servile imitator, but as an original author. He collected his effusions into a second volume of the Musæ Anglicanæ; and, presenting a copy to Boileau, is said to have made him 'first conceive an opinion of the English genius for poetry.'* 'Nothing is better known of Boileau,' says Dr. Johnson, than 'that he had an injudicious and peevish contempt of modern Latin; and, therefore, his profession of regard was probably the effect of his civility rather than approbation.' We are provoked to answer opinions so little founded, and so hastily formed. Tickell does not say, that the Musæ Anglicanæ changed Boileau's opinion of 'modern Latin;' but that it gave him the first opinion of 'English genius for poetry' in general. He might have had a peevish contempt of modern Latin, and yet admire the Latin of Addison. The predecessors of the latter had been mere copyists, and were well entitled to contempt; but Dr. Johnson himself mentions it as the 'particular praise' of Addison, that, instead of 'confining himself to the imitation of any ancient author, he formed his style from the general lan-

* Tick. vol. i. p. vii.

guage, such as diligent perusal of the productions of different ages happened to supply.'

Addison took the degree of Master on the 14th of February, 1693; and his first known attempt in English poetry was the address to Dryden, dated from Magdalen College, June 22d, of the same year. He next translated the 4th Book of the Georgics; and was immediately classed by Dryden, as the third poet, who had given him 'trouble' by quickening his exertions. 'The most ingenious Mr. Addison of Oxford,' says the veteran, 'has also been as troublesome to me as the other two, and on the same account. After his bees, my latter swarm is scarcely worth the hiving.'

Addison's first essay in prose, was the analysis of the Georgics, which Dryden prefixed to his translation; and, though Johnson calls it 'juvenile, superficial, and uninstructive,' the 'father of English criticism'* must have held a different opinion, or he would scarcely have published it under his name. Dr. Johnson had forgotten, that English criticism was then in its infancy; that, to have made a beginning, was no contemptible merit; and that, what might appear superficial, after the perusal of subsequent disquisition, may have been sufficiently deep, when there was nothing, with which it might be compared. 'To judge rightly of an author', he told us, when speaking of Dryden's criticism, 'we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his cotemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time is difficult at another;'† and that, we may add, which seems 'uninstructive,' when 'learning has been made popular,' might have been sufficiently novel, when it was 'in the hands of a few.' The doctrines, which Addison taught, were then entirely novel; and, as it would be rather pre-

* John. Life of Dryd. † Ibid.

sumptuous for so young a man to be so bold a critic, it was deemed prudent, says one biographer, to publish the essay under the auspices of a man, whose authority enabled him to say any thing.*

But, even against the sentence of such high authority, we will venture to say, that there is something 'of the scholar's learning', and of 'the critic's penetration,' in this early attempt to develope the laws, by which genius executes, and taste admires. The following passage, for instance, will not only prove, that Addison was skilled in all the niceties of Roman poetry; but that, while Dr. Johnson may have supposed himself to be delivering an original precept, when he defined poetry to consist 'in separating the essence of things from its concomitants, and making the representation stronger than the reality,' he only repeated an observation from that very Essay, which he denounced as superficial and uninstructive.

'I think nothing which is a phrase or saying in common talk,' says Addison, 'should be admitted into a serious poem; because it takes off from the solemnity of the expression, and gives it too great a turn of familiarity: much less ought the low phrases and terms of art, that are adapted to husbandry, to have any place in such a work as the Georgics, which is not to appear in the natural simplicity and nakedness of its subject, but in the pleasantest dress that poetry can bestow on it. Thus Virgil, to deviate from the common form of words, would not make use of *tempore* but *sydere* in his first verse; and every where also abounds with metaphors, grecisms, and circumlocutions, to give his verse the greater pomp, and preserve it from sinking into a plebeian style. And herein consists Virgil's master-piece, who has not only excelled all other poets, but even himself, in the language of the Georgics; where we receive more strong and

* Biog. Britt.

lively ideas of things from his words, than we could from the objects themselves: and find our imaginations more affected by his descriptions, than they would have been from the very sight of what he describes.'

The comparison between Hesiod and Virgil is drawn with a discrimination, which would not have disgraced the author in the maturity of his genius. 'Hesiod,' says he, 'if we may guess at his character from his writings, had much more of the husbandman than the poet, in his temper: he was wonderfully grave, discreet, and frugal, he lived altogether in the country, and was, probably, from his great prudence, the oracle of the whole neighbourhood. These principles of good husbandry ran through his works, and directed him to the choice of tillage and merchandise, for the subject of that which is the most celebrated of them. He is every where bent on instruction; avoids all manner of digressions; and does not stir out of the field once in the whole Georgic. His method of describing month after month with its proper seasons and employments, is too grave and simple; it takes off from the surprise and variety of the poem, and makes the whole look but like a modern almanack in verse. The reader is carried through a course of weather, and may beforehand guess whether he is to meet with snow or rain, clouds or sunshine, in the next description.'

'Virgil has drawn out the rules of tillage and planting into two books, which Hesiod has dispatched in half a one; but has so raised the natural rudeness and simplicity of his subject with such a significancy of expression, such a pomp of verse, such variety of transitions, and such a solemn air in his reflections, that, if we look on both poets together, we see in one the plainness of a downright countryman, and in the other something of the rustic majesty, like that of a Roman dictator at the

plough-tail. He delivers the meanest of his precepts with a kind of grandeur: he breaks the clods and tosses the dung about with an air of gracefulness. His prognostications are taken out of Aratus, where we may see how judiciously he has pickt out those that are most proper for his husbandman's observation; how he has enforced the expression, and heightened the images, which he found in the original.'

Addison's next production was the *Account* of the greatest English poets; which is dated April 3, 1694. Congreve had introduced him to Montague, then chancellor of the exchequer; and, already beginning to 'learn the trade of a courtier,' says Johnson, 'he subjoined Montague as a poetical name to those of Cowley and of Dryden.' Johnson seldom strikes wrong, where he has examined the subject; but he too often criticises from memory; and, as time soon obliterates many of the circumstances essential to a righteous judgment, he is apt to combine things, which are separate, and draw conclusions, from mistaken premises. It is true, that the name of Montague is mentioned;—not, however, by the side of Cowley or of Dryden; but after both Roscommon and Congreve. Montague, was then reputed the author of the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, which, Johnson says, 'very properly ridiculed' Dryden's *Hind and Panther*,* and was so well received as to be the means of the author's preferment.† Neither Roscommon, nor Congreve, had written any thing so popular; and, if we can tolerate the mention of their names, surely Montague, brought in as he is here, could hardly scandalize the company:—

> I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
> But justice still demands one labour more:
> The noble Montague, &c.

* John. Life of Dryden.

† John. Life of Prior.

But it was not Montague alone, that Addison was then courting. He is said to have been paying suit to the sister of Mr. Henry Sacheverell, to whom the poem is addressed;* and, as he used to speak of it, afterwards, in terms of great contempt, he probably composed it, from the idle persuasion, that a man in love must necessarily write verses; or with the fond design of recommending himself to the brother, and through him, to the sister.

'In this poem,' says Johnson, 'there is a very confident and discriminate character of Spencer, whose work he had then never read. So little sometimes is criticism the effect of judgment.' If, by discrimination, we mean the nice development of peculiarities, there is no such thing in this character of Spencer. It is not so much the character of the poet, as the plan of the poem, that Addison attempts to criticise. It is very likely, that he had never read through the *Fairy Queen* in course; and quite as likely that neither he nor any other person, ever did. The occasional perusal of detached portions, might give him an idea of the whole; and, if, indeed, it be necessary to read every line of a work, before we are permitted to describe its character, what must we say of Dr. Johnson's own criticism? For it is the boast of his worshippers, that, in all his life, he never read a book to the end.

The lines upon Montague were not lost. A design was early formed to educate the author for a post in the government; and Montague warmly solicited the head of Magdalen not to insist upon his going into orders. 'However,' he said, 'he might be represented as no friend to the church, he would never do it any other injury than keeping Mr. Addison out of it.'† Having now been diverted from the church to the state, he was de-

* Ana, vol. ii. p. 218. The biographers have almost uniformly mistaken this for the famous Dr. Sacheverell.

† Steele's Letters. Lond. 1787. vol. ii. p. 492.

termined not to fail of success for the want of exertions to gain new patrons, or secure the old. In 1695, he wrote a poem to king William, with an introductory address to Somers, then lord keeper of the great seal; and, two years afterwards, he produced the Latin poem on the peace of Ryswick, which he dedicated to Montague.

It was necessary to perfect his education, by travelling on the continent; and, in 1699, he obtained a pension of 300*l.* to defray his expenses. One year was consumed at Blois,—for what purpose, is not certainly known; and, though Johnson suggests, that it was 'probably to learn French,' we can hardly suppose, that he would start without some knowledge of that language, or that it would take him twelve months to acquire it. That he did not spend the time in idleness, we may judge from the fruits of his journey. He not only collected the materials of his *Travels*, and *Dialogues on Medals;* but wrote the *Letter to Lord Halifax*, and four acts of his *Cato*. The letter to Halifax is considered as the most elegant of his English poems; yet, in a letter to Edward Montague, esquire, dated at Geneva, Dec. 9, 1701, he speaks of it, in an affected tone of great indifference. 'During my passage over the mountains,' says he, 'I made a rhyming epistle to My Lord Halifax, which perhaps I will trouble you with a sight of, if I do'nt find it to be nonsense on a review. You will think it, I dare say, as extraordinary a thing to make a copy of verses in a voyage over the Alps, as to write a heroic poem in a hackney coach; and, I believe, I am the first that ever thought of Parnassus on mount Sennis.'*

When arrived at Rome, he appears to have been at a loss for employment. 'I am forced,' he writes to a friend, 'for want of better company, to con-

* Ana, vol. ii. p. 157.

verse with pictures, statues, and medals; for you must know, I deal very much in ancient coins, and can count out a sum in sesterces with as much ease as I could in pounds sterling. I am a great critic in rust, and can tell you the age of it at first sight: I am only in some danger of loosing my acquaintance with English money, for at present I am much more used to the Roman.'* He was in greater 'danger' from another cause. As the death of king William cast his friends out of power, his pension was not remitted; and, though we are told by Tickell, that he had 'some time before designed to return,' when he heard of an intention to make him secretary to Prince Eugene,† it is not likely, that he had much thoughts of home, until he was in want of funds. We are, also, told that 'he had leisure to make the tour of Germany in his way home;'‡ but the naked fact appears to be, that his indigence obliged him to become the tutor of a travelling squire; and, when he returned to England, in 1702, he had a 'meanness of appearance,' says Johnson, 'which gave testimony of the difficulties to which he had been reduced.'

His condition was little improved by the publication of his *Travels*. Instead of containing those lively sketches of scenery and society, which charm the reader of such books, it had the appearance of a mere commentary upon scraps of Latin verse; and, though it might captivate a scholar, at the first inspection, it gained but slowly upon the world. Addison's prospects, both as an author, and a politician, were now overcast; and, that nothing might be wanting to render them completely dark, his father died in 1703, and, being his heir, the next incumbent sued him for dilapidations. But the clouds soon began to disappear. His book advanced to more than four times its original price: as a

* Ana, vol. i. p. 129. † Tickell's Life, p. xiv. ‡ Id. ibid.

member of the Kit-Cat-Club,* he associated with some of the foremost men in the kingdom; and the victory of Blenheim, in 1704, was the means of opening his way to eminence.

No muse remained silent, on this occasion; but lord treasurer Godolphin thought with Horace, that poetry is not to be estimated by the quantity; and he asked Lord Halifax, if there were not some person, who could redeem the literary credit of the nation, by writing a poem worthy of such a triumph. Lord Halifax answered with an expostulation upon the state of patronage; and said, that while blockheads were called to stations of honour, men of genius were starving in their garrets. Godolphin promised the reformation of such abuses; and, to make a beginning, pledged himself, that the author, who should write a song equal to the present subject, might depend upon adequate remuneration. Halifax mentioned Mr. Addison; but insisted that the lord treasurer himself should make the application; and, next morning the message was accordingly sent by Mr. Boyle, chancellor of the exchequer. Addison immediately entered upon the task; and, sending the paper to Godolphin, when he had proceeded as far as the Angel, he was immediately rewarded with the post

* So called from Christopher Cat, who used to make their mutton pies. The original members had no design beyond a little free conversation; but it soon grew into importance; and became at length the representative of the Whig Party. But their conversation was not all of kings and ministers. They toasted the beauties of the town, in verses written upon their drinking glasses; and, in one of their carousals, Addison is said to have bestowed the following lines upon Lady Manchester, whose husband was then embassador at Paris:—

While haughty Gallea's dames, that spread
O'er their pale cheeks an artful red,
Beheld this beauteous stranger there,
In native charms divinely fair,
Confusion in their cheeks they show'd,
And with unborrow'd blushes glow'd.

of commissioner of appeals, which had been previously enjoyed by Locke.* The next year, he went to Hanover with Lord Halifax; and, the year after, was appointed under-secretary of state.

But he was still determined to make literature co-operate with politics, in the advancement of his fortunes; and the success of the Italian opera, induced him to write the musical drama of *Rosamond*. The audience judged it a miserable imitation; but, the author, resolved, that it should not pass away without some advantage to himself, gave it to the public, with a dedication to the Dutchess of Marlborough; 'a woman,' says Johnson, 'without skill, or pretensions to skill, in poetry or literature. His dedication was, therefore, an instance of servile absurdity, to be exceeded only by Joshua Barnes' dedication of a Greek anacreon to the duke.' We think, on the contrary, that Addison, in the language of Bacon, was very 'wise for himself,' in dedicating to a person, without skill in poetry, a drama, which had been 'hissed, or neglected;' but which, whatever might be its faults, would be as excellent to her as any play of Shakespeare. His wisdom, indeed, was soon manifest. The dutchess recommended him to the queen:† and the queen made him keeper of the records in Birmingham tower; and, 'though all the records there were not worth half a crown,' annexed to it a salary of 400*l.*‡

* Such is the story, as we found it in Johnson. Budgell, who was Addison's cousin, has given an account somewhat different. 'Mr. Addison,' says he, 'who was at that time but indifferently lodged, was surprised the next morning with a visit from the chancellor of the exchequer; who, after having acquainted him with his business, added that the lord treasurer, to encourage him to write upon his subject, had already made him commissioner of appeals; but entreated him to look upon that post only as an earnest of something more considerable.' Life of Lord Orrery.

† Ana. vol. ii. p. 6.

‡ Swift. Works, by Scott, vol. vii. p. 175.

Notwithstanding these occasional stops, the reputation of Addison continued to gain upon his contemporaries. Steele surprised him with the dedication of his *Tender Husband*, for which Addison wrote a prologue; but we do not find that 'he dedicated it,' as Johnson says, 'with a confession, that he owed to him several of the most successful scenes.' In 1707, he recommended himself to the ministers, if not to the people, by writing *The Present State of the War, and the Necessity of an Augmentation:* a work, which, whatever might be its merits, was intended only for a temporary purpose, and appears to have expired, with the occasion which produced it.

The year 1708 seems to have passed without any remarkable occurrence; though in one of his letters to Mr. Wortley, our author speaks of some 'grand experiment,' which he intended to make.* However meanly he appeared, on his return from the continent, and however indifferently he was lodged, when visited by the chancellor of the exchequer, the lapse of five years, if it did not place him in affluence, had raised him above want. Being afflicted with a disorder of the eyes, he writes to Mr. Wortley, that he intended to spend some time at Bath; and the postscript of his letter will show the revolution of his circumstances. 'I think of setting out the latter end of the next week, with Colonel Frowde, in a coach that we shall hire for ourselves to the Bath.'†

On the 1st of May, 1709, Addison became secretary to Earl Wharton, lieutenant of Ireland; and, on the 7th, of the same month, he arrived at Dublin.‡ 'Two men,' says Johnson, 'of personal characters more opposite than those of Wharton and

* Ana, vol. i. app. No. 5. Aug. 17, 1708.
† Ana, vol. i. app. May 1, 1708.
‡ Ibid. p. 50.

Addison could not easily be brought together. Wharton was impious, profligate, and shameless, without regard, or appearance of regard, to right or wrong: whatever is contrary to this may be said of Addison.' He 'must not, however, be too hastily condemned. It is not necessary to refuse benefits from a bad man, when the acceptance implies no approbation of his crimes; nor has the subordinate officer any obligation to examine the opinions of those under whom he acts, except that he may not be made the instrument of wickedness.' It is difficult to imagine how a man is to help becoming the instrument of wickedness, when subject to the commands of one, who has not even the 'appearance of regard to right or wrong;' and it is certain, that, when Milton continued as secretary under Cromwell, after he became protector, Dr. Johnson could find no reasons to extenuate his dereliction of principle. 'Having now tasted the honey of public employment,' we are told, 'Milton would not return to hunger and philosophy; but, continuing to exercise his office under a manifest usurpation, betrayed to Cromwell's power that liberty which he had defended.' It requires a nice eye to perceive the distinction, which can warrant such opposite judgments. Cromwell was a lawless usurper; and Wharton was a legalized villain. Unlawful power may be turned to good purposes; but a profligate minister must do mischief, under any circumstances; and his evil practices are doubly heinous, because his authority is lawful. Milton, therefore, had some chance of honest employment; but from a man, who was without appearance of regard to right or wrong, Addison could not even hope to be made the instrument of any thing but wickedness.

It is not to be supposed, that he had any other sympathy with Wharton than that which always unites two men of the same party. 'Addison,' says

Swift, in the *Journal to Stilla*, 'began Lord Somers' health, which went about; but I bid him not to name Lord Wharton's, for I would not pledge it; and I told Lord Bolingbroke frankly, that Addison loved Lord Wharton as little as I did: so we laughed, &c.'* But, though he could overlook the profligacy of Wharton's opinions, he had no tolerance for similar delinquency among his own faction in Ireland; and future biographers may, therefore, find it worth while to examine, whether, in accepting a post under such a man, he was blinded by the infatuation of party, or seduced by the 'honey of public employment.' 'I remember my excellent friend Mr. Addison,' Swift writes to Pope, 'when he first came over hither secretary to the Earl of Wharton, was extremely offended at the conduct and discourse of the chief managers here: he told me they were a sort of people, who seemed to think that the principles of a whig consisted in nothing else but damning the church, reviling the clergy, abetting the dissenters, and speaking contemptibly of revealed religion.'†

It has been commonly said, that, while Addison was in Ireland, Steele commenced the *Tatler*. In one of the early numbers, it was remarked of Virgil, that his hero, in speaking of himself, never omits the epithet *pius* or *pater*, except in the adventure with Dido at the cave; when either *pius* or *pater*, would have been ridiculous; and he is, therefore, nothing more than plain *Dux Trojanus*. This remark, which Addison had previously communicated to Steele, was, it is said, the means by which he detected his old friend; and Dr. Johnson takes the occasion to moralize upon the difficulty of writing long without the expression of some peculiar idea, or the use of some habitual

* Works, by Scott, vol. iii. p. 198. † Ibid. vol. xvi. p. 379.

phrase, which will betray the author to his familiar acquaintance. But a date is often the death of a good story. According to some biographers, Addison did not start for Ireland till 1710; but the most faithful account seems to be that he arrived at Dublin, on the 7th of May, 1709.* The first *Tatler* appeared, on the 12th of April, in the same year; nearly a month, therefore, before he could have quitted London.

Before the appearance of the *Tatler*, no person had undertaken to superintend the manners of the English. There were publications, in abundance, which taught the grave obligations of life, or illustrated the laws of nations; but the *Tatler* was the first to inculcate the duties of politeness, and give law to the fashionable world. The nation was engrossed in politics, to the neglect of all other pursuits; and the question never occurred whether a person was a gentleman,—but whether he was a Whig, or a Tory. It has been said, that the original purpose of the Royal Society, was to excite a taste for themes of a more peaceful nature, and of more permanent utility. The *Tatler* was instituted with the same design; and it is singular, that one of its most facetious numbers,—the plan of describing characters by musical instruments,—is borrowed from a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1700.

We are apt to take it for granted, that, in those days, newspapers were very scarce. Who first devised this mode of disseminating information, may not be perfectly known; but, according to Cleaveland, 'the original sinner' was a Dutchman; who published the *Mercurius Gallo-Belgicus*, about the close of the 16th century.† During the civil wars, in England, the insecurity both of person and property made every individual an actor, or an

* See above, p. 15. † Chalmers' Poets, vol. ix. p. 491, note.

eager spectator; and stimulated each party to leave no means untried, which might contribute to a victory. There was an insatiable appetite for intelligence; and few cared to examine what they were invited to swallow. The actors were as ready to deceive, as the spectators were to be deceived. A falsehood on one side called forth a contradiction on the other: newspapers sprang up, in every quarter; and, though Dr. Johnson says, a complete collection was no where to be found, the author of *Cromwelleana* has been enabled to retrieve one hundred and ten.

But, before the *Tatler*, newspapers were chiefly devoted to daily intelligence, and political discussion. In Italy, Casa, in his *Manners*, and Castiglione, in the *Courtier*, had attempted the improvement of social intercourse: La Bruyere followed the example in France, by publishing the *Manners of the Age;* and to Steele we must attribute the first design of polishing English society through the medium of a newspaper. His predecessors in Italy and France were not ashamed to appear in their own names; and the curious may be indulged to ask, why Steele should resolve upon the concealment of his?

Whatever may be the propriety of correction, men will not receive it from the hands of one, who is equally delinquent with themselves; and it was the unfortunate disposition of Sir Richard Steele, that he had the best notion of moral duties, with the worst faculty to discharge them. He rode, for some time, as a private in the Life Guards; but was afterwards promoted to an ensign; and, beginning now to look for the glories of a military career, he wrote, for the regulation of his own behaviour, a volume, called the *Christian Hero*, filled with the most noble and virtuous sentiments. But a mere manuscript of his own had little power over his conduct. He still continued to repeat, and re-

pent, his offences; and, thinking, that, if he should once pledge himself to the public, for a more sober course of life, the fear of ridicule might often prevail where the love of virtue would be impotent, he sent the *Christian Hero* to the press, in 1701. For a time, he was probably under some restraint; but he soon betook himself to his habitual pleasures; and his *Christian Hero*, in the hands of his fellow-officers, became the source of incessant annoyance.

When he afterwards served in the Coldstream regiment, an officer, who thought he had received an insult, informed him, that he intended to call the delinquent into the field. Steele strongly remonstrated against such a step; and, by his persuations, was ultimately enabled to prevent it. But some other 'friend' induced the officer to believe, that Steele's advice had been dictated by a partiality for the offender; and he, therefore, sent Steele himself a challenge. Where now were his arguments against the duel? He accepted the challenge; met his antagonist; and, after a few passes, gave him a mortal wound.

Sir Richard tried almost every method of acquiring a fortune; but most of his plans were at once expensive and hopeless; and, though some might have been more rational, it was against his nature to abide long enough in the same course to realize the profits. In one part of his life, he expended immense sums in apparatus to discover the philosopher's stone. He afterwards took out a patent for importing live fish from every part of the globe; and published a volume upon the subject, entitled 'An Account of the Fish-pool, consisting of a Description of the Vessel so called, lately invented, and built for the importation of Fish alive, and in good Health from parts however distant; a Proof of the Imperfection of the Well-boat hitherto used in the Fishing Trade; the true Reasons why ships become stiff or crank in sailing; with other Improvements

very useful to all Persons concerned in Trade and Navigation: Likewise a Description of the Carriage intended for the Conveyance of Fish by Land in the same good Condition as in the Fish-pool by Sea.' But the fish ill-brooked Sir Richard's new mode of conveyance; no repetition of efforts could convince them that escape was hopeless; and they came home so much battered, that, instead of being in good health, they could hardly be said to be alive.*

At one time, Steele was apprehended for instituting a lottery, against an express act of parliament; and owed his escape from punishment to the commiseration of his enemies.† He was once gazetteer, or, as he called it 'lowest minister of state;' but he soon lost the office, by writing a *Tatler* against Mr. Harley, who gave him the appointment, and increased the salary from sixty to a hundred pounds.‡ The *Tatler* might have been a source of great profit; but, says Swift, he grew 'so lazy and weary of the work,' that, to the surprise and regret of his most intimate friends, as well as those of the whole town, he suddenly discontinued the publication.§ He always forgot to deliver a letter, which had been addressed to him for another; and Swift says, he never came twice, while he knew him, to any appointment.

From such irregularities, no man could become prosperous; with no capacity to make money, he had the most profuse disposition to spend it; and his life was little more than a series of devices to elude bailiffs, and avoid creditors. The reader will remember the anecdotes related by Johnson of his putting the sheriff's officers in liveries, on one occasion; and retiring with Savage, on another, to shun his creditors, and writing a pamphlet to dis-

* Steele's Lett. vol. i. p. 165, note.
† Swift's Works, by Scott, vol. iii. p. 94.
‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 55.
§ Ibid. p. 133.

charge the reckoning.* In one of his fits of extravagance, he resolved to convert a part of his house into a private theatre. The work was finished with great magnificence under his own direction; and, wishing to know whether the human voice could be distinctly heard in every part of the room, he asked the carpenter to mount the boards, while he retired to a distance. The carpenter declared himself at a loss what to say; but, when Sir Richard directed him to speak whatever was uppermost in his mind, he began, in an audible voice: 'Sir Richard Steele, here has I, and these here men, been doing your work for three months, and never seen the colour of your money. When are you to pay us? I cannot pay my journeymen without money, and money I must have.' Sir Richard agreed, that the oratory was delightful; but said, he by no means approved of the subject.†

Such was the life of the man, who undertook to teach others how to live. He who had killed his antagonist in single combat, was to chastise the duellist: the wine-bibber was to inveigh against intemperance: the spendthrift was to preach frugality: the alchemist to ridicule the astrologer: the visionary to laugh at the dreamer. Isaac Bickerstaff was a name of much more authority than Sir Richard Steele. His *Predictions*‡ had already ruined the trade of making prophetic almanacks; and, under his auspices, the public looked for the dissipation of all wild systems, absurd practices, and ri-

* John. Life of Savage. † Ana, vol. ii. p. 25.

‡ Astrological prophecy had become a national will. A belief in the influence of the stars upon the affairs of our own planet was nearly universal; and it still required the penetrating irony of Swift to convince his countrymen, that the man, who predicts, that this month a certain great person will be threatened with death or sickness, is in no danger of forfeiting his claims to vaticination. In 1708, the world was divided between Patridge and Gadbury; the former a schoolmaster, and the latter a tailor. Swift's first prediction was, that Patridge would infallibly die on the 29th of March; and, though the abused astrologer, afterwards asserted his life in public, Isaac Bickerstaff and all the cotemporary wits maintained that he was dead.

diculous fashions. For a long time, the town was perplexed to divine the real author; but suspicion, at length, concentered upon Sir Richard Steele; and the absurdity of continuing to censure the life of others, while he failed to amend his own, may have been one reason for suddenly abandoning the paper, on the 2d of January, 1711. 'Steele's last Tatler,' says Swift, 'came out to day. You will see it before this comes to you, and how he takes leave of the world. He never told so much as Mr. Addison of it, who was surprised as much as I; but, to say truth, it was time; for he grew cruel dull, and dry.'*

To the *Tatler* succeeded the *Spectator;* which, purporting to be conducted by a literary association, might still longer distress the town with conjectures concerning the real authors. It differed, in many other respects, from its predecessor. The *Tatler* was not so far removed from the common newspaper. It had five departments: 'White's Chocolate-house;' under which were all accounts of gallantry, pleasure, and entertainment: 'Will's Coffee-house;' where the reader was to look for poetry: 'The Grecian,' a tavern in the Strand; from which proceeded all matters of learning: 'St. James's Coffee-house,' for foreign and domestic intelligence: and 'My Own Apartment,' for miscellaneous subjects. The *Spectator* was a more grave and formal publication; and each number was commonly devoted to a single subject. The *Tatler* was a farrago of many articles; and the same motto was continued in all the numbers:† but every *Spectator* was a separate treatise, and had its own text. The *Tatler* had little to say concerning any higher matters than those of gallantry, fashion, and amusement;—the *Spectator* often assumed the chair

* Scot. Sw. vol. ii. p. 133.

† Quicquid agunt homines—
————nostri est farrago libelli.
Juv. Sat. i. 85, 86.

of the critic, and sometimes ascended the pulpit of the divine. Every day created the materials for a *Tatler;* but some numbers of the *Spectator* could only have been produced by the labour of ages; and Addison is said to have entered upon the work with three folio volumes of hints, facts, and observations.* With so little knowledge did Young write,

> A *chance amusement* polished half an age.†

The *Spectator* was read in the highlands of Scotland; and, though it be not agreed, how many copies were sold in a day, we think the number must have been greater than 1680, as estimated by Johnson, and perhaps less than 20,000, as is stated by others.‡ It was one of the few papers, that survived the stamp duty. The price was raised from 1*d.* to 2*d.*; and the purchasers were willing to sustain the additional expense. Of the other papers, some were enabled to continue in existence by coalescing with each other; but the greater part were discontinued; and the *Spectator*, somewhat ungenerously compares the effect of the law, to 'the fall of the leaf in autumn.'§ The *Spectator* was sought with great eagerness. It was suspended within the bar of the coffee-houses at Oxford and Cambridge; and one of the scholars, having stolen in, at a prohibited time, to read the 154th number, revenged himself upon his superiors by writing under the motto—nemo repente fuit turpessimus—'it is a long while ere one becomes a senior fellow.' La Babillard was instituted in France, in imitation of the *Tatler;* and the *Tatler*, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*, were all three translated into most of the European languages.

* Ana, vol. i. p. 3. † Epist. to Tickell.

‡ Ana, vol. ii. p. 52.

§ No. 445. Swift thus describes the mortality occasioned by the red stamp. 'The *Observator* is fallen; the *Medleys* are jumbled together with the *Flying Post;* the *Examiner* is deadly sick; the *Spectator* keeps up, and doubles its price, &c.'

One great cause of this popularity, was, that most of the characters were real, many of the tales true, and the letters often genuine. There is, in the wit of the *Spectator*,—particularly in the papers of Addison,—an appearance of fact, which takes strong hold on the reader. We are not presented with merely the striking peculiarities of things: they are shaded and softened by an exhibition of the concomitants: nothing is gross: nothing excites us to bursts of laughter; for that may be done by the most unnatural fiction: but, so faithful is every thing represented, that, while we read, the delusion is forgotten; and we smile with the deep and sincere gratification, which the mind always feels in the contemplation of truth. Will Wimble, Will Honeycomb, and Sir Roger de Coverly were not imaginary beings. The first, we are told, was a Mr. Morecroft, who long subsisted upon the bounty of Addison:* the second, a major Cleland, of the Life Guards;† the third, Sir John Packington, of Worcestershire.‡ Sir Roger was Addison's favourite; and, we are told, that, when Steele brought the knight into disgrace, by making him pick up a girl in the Temple cloisters, his friend immediately commanded a coach; rode to the house of Sir Richard; and refused to leave him, until he would promise to meddle no more with that character. Addison, indeed, was so fearful, lest some one would do injustice to Sir Roger, that he killed him in the 517th number. 'By heavens,' he said, with much warmth, to a friend, 'I'll kill Sir Roger, that nobody else may murther him.'

The chief contributors to the *Spectator*, besides Addison and Steele, were Pope, Budgell, Hughes, Tickell, and Grove. Pope wrote few numbers; and only three have been positively ascertained.§

* Ana, vol. i. p. 41.
† Ibid. p. 43.
‡ Ibid. vol. ii. p. 175.
§ Nos. 404, 408, and 429.

Budgell was Addison's first cousin; but the latter used to distinguish him as 'the man who calls me cousin.' He is said to have written some numbers of the *Tatler*: next to Addison and Steele, he was the most frequent contributor to the *Spectator*, under the letter X; and he wrote all the *Guardians*, which are distinguished by an asterisk. Hughes was, also, both a *Tatler* and a *Spectator*.* Tickell's papers in the *Spectator* have not been ascertained. He is supposed to have furnished some of those that are signed T; but Steele used that signature as well as R; and we are not enabled, by any difference of style, to point out the particular numbers, that were written by each. Mr. Grove was a dissenting minister, who kept an academy, at Taunton in Somersetshire. He wrote four numbers:—588. 601. 626. and 635.

Addison was nearly alone in the 8th volume; and his papers constitute the most valuable part of the other seven. He seems, however, to have been either so modest as to suppose, that the reader would be unable to distinguish his contributions; or so suspicious as to fear, that others might appropriate his labours; and he accordingly affixed to each paper, one of the four letters C, L, I, O; which made up the name of the muse Clio, and were the initials of the names of the places,—Chelsea, London, Islington, and the Office,—where they were severally written. Addison's papers, though composed in a short time, were the result of much preparation; but Steele was always in a hurry; and not only made liberal use of the letters received from correspondents,—but, such was his exigency on one occasion, that he inserted his own love letter.† The communications for both the

* Tat. Nos. 73. 113. 164. Spec. Nos. 33. 53. 66. 91. 104. 141. 210. 220. 231. 237. 252. 311. 354. 375. 525. 537. 541.

† Steele's Letters, vol. i. p. 2, note. See also, Tatler, No. 35. Cynthio is Steele; Clarissa, Miss Scurlock; and Mrs. Lucy, Mrs

Tatler and *Spectator* were received at the shop of Mr. Charles Lillie, who sold snuffs, perfumes, and the like; and who, in 1725, by the permission of

Warren. There were many other letters of equal merit; and, since the author's death, the whole correspondence has been given to the world. Lady Trevor obtained the letters from Steele's eldest daughter, Elizabeth, and gave them to Mr. Thomas. Mr. Nichols purchased them of Mr. Thomas, and sent them to the press, in 1787.

Abstractly, Steele seems to have had a high contempt for the common places of a lover; and he supposed, that Miss Scurlock was only to be won by a modest and philosophical system of courtship. 'I shall, (says he, in the second note, soliciting an interview) I shall affect plainness and sincerity of discourse to you as others do prolixity and rapture. Instead of saying, 'I shall die for you,' I profess I should be glad to lead my life with you.' But the lady kept him at a distance; and one week dissipated all his heroism. 'You must,' he says, 'give me either a fan, or a mask, or a glove you have worn, or I cannot live.' In the next letter, he is still at the point of death; and invocations to pity, apostrophes to time, and apologies for coarse paper, now begin to occupy his correspondence. 'O hasten ye minutes!' exclaims the apostle of plainness, and the scorner of rhapsody: 'Bring on the happy morning when to be ever her's will make me look down on thrones.' In one of his letters, there is a passage, which almost passes from beauty to sublimity. 'Look up, my fair one,' says he, 'to that Heaven, which made thee such, and implore its influence on our tender innocent hours, and beseech the Author of love, to bless the rites he has ordained, and mingle with our happiness a just sense of our transient condition, and a resignation to his will, which only can regulate our minds to a steady endeavour to please him and each other.' We shall subjoin the whole of another letter:—

'*Sep.* 1, 1707.

'Madam,

'It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me all who speak to me, find me out; and I must look up myself, or other people will do it for me.

'A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Lisbon?' and I answered 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know 'when I had been last at Hampton-court?' I replied, 'It will be on Tuesday come se'nnight.' Pr'ythee allow me at least to kiss your hand before that day, that my mind may be in some composure. O love!

A thousand torments, dwell about thee,
Yet who would live, to live without thee!

'Methinks I could write a volume to you; but all the language on earth would fail in with how much, and with what disinterested passion, I am ever yours,

'RICH. STEELE.'

Steele, published such letters as were left, in two volumes, octavo.

At length the *Spectator* vanished; but it was only to re-appear, under a new name. The first intimation of the *Guardian* is contained in a letter from Steele to Pope, of Nov. 16, 1712;* in which

At last, about the beginning of October, 1707, the philosophical lover became a husband. For a short time, his letters continued to teem with the most exalted sentiments; and not a worldly thought was permitted to escape him. But raptures are short lived. Mrs. Steele is soon entertained with some grave reflections upon the duties of husband and wife; with here and there such postscripts as, 'I shall want some linen from your house to-morrow;'—'I inclose ten shillings;'—'send by Will the receipt,' &c. Sir Richard's irregularities next began to re-appear; and Ned Ash, Griffith, or some other companion, often beguiled him of those hours, which should have been dedicated to his spouse. At one time, he desires to be pardoned until 11 o'clock at night, 'having met a schoolfellow from India by whom he was to be informed in things that night which extremely concerned him.' At another, he writes, that he was coming home; but met Griffith, and was persuaded to spend the night with him. Soon after, Ned Ash, and some others 'desired an hour;' and he directs his lady to go to bed, and have patience until twelve. May 5, 1708, he says, 'I shall lie this night at a barber's, One Leg, over against the Devil Tavern, Charing-Cross;' and, promising, that she shall hear from him early in the morning, he desires the boy to bring his night gown, slippers, and some clean linen.

Such conduct was little fitted to promote connubial harmony. Mrs. Steele was kept at some place either out of town, or, at least, distant from the scene of her husband's frolics. Sir Richard's improvidence often reduced her to distress; and she saw little company except the officers of justice. Necessity, at last, determined her to attempt a reformation; and as Sir Richard was plainly incompetent to manage their domestic affairs, she thought it best to take the burthen upon herself. Reproach, expostulation, and entreaty, were all successively employed to make him surrender his authority. For a time, he resisted with manful inflexibility; but affection, or lassitude, at length subdued him; and he made an express promise to do as she desired in every particular. This conquest seems to have kept him sober for about two months; but, on the 25th of October, 1708, he writes, 'if you do not hear from me before three o'clock to-morrow afternoon, believe I am too fuddled to take care to observe your orders.'

* A part of Addison's life appears to have escaped the notice of preceding biographers. The reader will take our meaning from the following letter to Mr. Wortley, copied from the first volume of the *Addisoniana*.

'Dear Sir,

'Being very well pleased with this day's Spectator, I cannot forbear sending you one of them and desiring your opinion of the

he desires to know whether Pope is at leisure, and tells him, he has a design, which, with the assistance of a few like himself, he shall open in a month or two. Pope's answer is in the 'despicable cant of literary modesty;' and, when a person thus wantonly underrates his own powers, we are almost provoked to take him at his word. 'I wish,' says he, 'I had but as much capacity as leisure, for I am perfectly idle (a sign I have no capacity).' The first *Guardian* appeared, March 12, 1713. Pope wrote several numbers, which excited sufficient attention to lead to the detection of the author; and, with the same contemptible hypocrisy, which made him pretend ignorance of his own capacity, he now makes it a matter of wonder and complaint, that he is known about town, as an elegant writer. 'I cannot imagine,' he writes to Addison, 'how it comes to pass that the few Guardians I have written are so generally known for mine: that in particular which you mention I never discovered to any man but the publisher, till very lately: yet almost every body told me of it.' Addison was a chief contributor to the second volume; and, though he may be supposed sufficiently vain, he had not the vanity to be so humble as Pope. But to superintend the family of lizards, or the commonwealth of ants, was too peaceful an employment for the impetuous temper of Sir Richard Steele. Even in the *Spec-*

story in it. When you have a son I shall be glad to be his Leontine, as my circumstances will probably be like his. I have within a twelve-month lost a place of 2000*l.* p. ann. an estate in the Indies of 14000*l.* and what is more yn all ye rest my mistress. Hear this and wonder at my philosophy. I find they are going to take away my Irish place from me too: to which I must add that I have just resigned my fellowship and yt stocks sink every day. If you have any hints on subjects pray send me up a paper full. I long to talk an evening with you. I believe I shall not go for Ireland this summer, and perhaps wd pass a month with you if I knew where. Lady Pellases is very much your humble servant. Dick Steele and I often remember you. I am, dear sir,

'Yours eternally, &c.'

'*July*, 21, 1711.'

tator, he could not entirely smother his politics; and, on the 1st of October, 1713, being no longer able to contain himself, he relinquished the *Guardian*, and commenced the *Englishman*.

In the mean time, Addison had greatly augmented his fame, by the representation of his *Cato;* a play, of which the first four acts were written during the author's travels on the continent; and which, say his eulogists, he was only induced to finish, by the hope, that it would revive the spirit of liberty in his degenerate countrymen. Hughes seems to have been the person, who suggested this idea: Addison is said to have started at the prospect of doing good; and promised, that the tragedy should be performed, if Hughes would furnish the fifth act. Hughes honestly undertook the task; but, when he brought some scenes to be examined, he found, as he ought to have been wise enough to expect, that Addison, in the mean time, had finished the play himself.

Whatever may be the opinion of those, who take it for granted, that Addison could do nothing except from some divine motive, it is probable, that he supplied the last act of this tragedy for the same reason that he wrote the first,—and for the same reason that any author is induced to write a book,—namely, the love of reputation, and the hope of gain. Of course, he could not suppose, that the spirit of freedom was in danger of becoming extinct, among his own party, the Whigs: if he, therefore, imagined, that a tragedy of his was to keep the flame alive in any portion of his countrymen, it must have been the Tories; and that it was not particularly designed for the reproof, or reformation, of the Tories, is evident from the fact, that, before its performance, it was submitted to the inspection of Bolingbroke, who was the leader of that party, and whom Addison, in conversation, used to stigmatize, in the language of Shakespeare,

as 'the canker'd Bolingbroke.' Many exerted themselves to make it a play for the Whigs; but the only concern of the author was to make it succeed; and he not only endeavoured to convince the town beforehand, that no political allusions were intended,—but Steele undertook to pack an audience, who should applaud at all hazards. In spite of every exertion, however, the violent of both parties were determined to consider it as a political play. It is idle to suppose, that either would confess themselves the enemies of liberty. Whenever the Whigs applauded a noble sentiment, the Tories raised an equal noise to show, that they approved the same principles; and, when Booth, who played Cato, had, on one occasion, acquitted himself with particular desert, Lord Bolingbroke called him to his box, between the acts, and gave him fifty guineas, 'for defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator.' By this emulation of applause, a play, which is little fitted to strike a miscellaneous audience, and which Dryden advised the author never to bring upon the stage, became, at once, the favourite of the metropolis, and was performed every successive night for a month.

Of a play, thus celebrated, the queen would gladly have received the dedication; and her wishes were communicated to the author: But he had designed that honour for another; and, to avoid the hazard of offence in any quarter, he published it, at last, without any dedication at all. He received, also, many copies of complimentary verses, which he was advised to publish; but Addison never did any thing without a cautious estimate of its probable effects; and, while, in the first place, it would be a mark of great egotism to print verses written in his own praise, there were, secondly, some copies from 'persons of quality,' which had little recommendation, besides the height of their origin. To omit these, would render the authors inimical:

to print them, would make Addison ridiculous; and upon mature deliberation, therefore, it was determined to suppress all commendatory verses, whether from high or low. Yet an author's vanity is apt to get the better of his prudence; and, notwithstanding this train of well-pondered reasoning, all the subsequent editions of Cato were accompanied with laudatory verses from several hands, though none were from persons of quality.

The play received yet more honours. It was performed at the author's *Alma Mater*, Oxford; translated into Latin, and acted by the college of Jesuits, at St. Omer's; translated into French and Italian; and performed, it is said, on most of the stages in Christendom. But it had its enemies as well as its friends. Dennis fancied himself to have been superseded by Addison in the honour of bringing *Paradise Lost* into repute;* and, with revenge, therefore, to sharpen his ordinary malignity he made a furious, and in some places, an irresistible, attack upon *Cato*, as soon as it was sent into the world. Pope was yet in a situation to need the patronage of Addison; and, thinking to recommend himself by his zeal in defence of *Cato*, he wrote a '*Narrative* of the Madness of John Dennis.' But Addison was little pleased with the officiousness of his friend; for he discreetly reasoned, first, that to answer an enemy at all, gives him a dangerous importance; and, secondly, that to pretend an enemy mad, when the public will inevitably think him too often in his senses, is to mend a bad performance with a worse defence. Steele was, therefore, directed to assure Mr. Dennis, that the *Narrative* was written without the least authority from Mr. Addison; and that, if the latter should ever deem it necessary to answer the criticism of the former, he should do

* 'I was the first,' says he, 'to do justice to this great pattern of heroic poetry, in 1696; and Addison came fifteen years after, and has run away with the honour? See our Life of Milton, p. 111.

it in a way, which could give no just reason of complaint.*

Addison was not the first to conceive, that Cato would be an excellent subject for tragedy. A play of the same name was written by Curiatius Maternus, an eminent civilian and writer of tragedies, under Vespasian; and, according to the account given by Tacitus, it must, in its day, have been nearly as famous as that of Addison. It was at the house of Maternus that Tacitus holds his dialogue *De Oratoribus*. 'Nam,' says he, 'postero die quàm accuratiùs Maternus Catonem recitaverat, cùm offendisse potentium animos diceretur, tanquam in eo tragœdiæ argumento sui oblitus, tantùm Catonem cogitasset, eáque de re per urbem frequens sermo haberetur; venerunt ad eum M. Aper et Julius Secundus, celeberrima tum in genia fori nostri.' They found Maternus in a situation truly authorlike; and the whole interview is given with that scntentious fidelity, for which the name of Tacitus has become a byeword. 'Igitur ut intravimus cubiculum Materni, sedentem ipsum, quem pridie recitaverat librum intra manus habentem, deprehendimus. Tum Secundus: Nil ne te, inquit, Materne, fabulae malignorum terrent, quo minus offensas Catonis tui ames? An ideò librum istum apprehendisti, ut diligentiùs retracteres, et sublatis si quæ pravam interpretandi materiam dederunt, emiteres Catonem non quidem non meliorem, sed tamen securiorem? Tum ille; Leges tu quidem si volueris, et agnoces quæ audisti: quad si qua omisit Cato, scquenti tractacione Thyestes dicet. Hanc enim tragœdiam disposui jam, et inter me ipse formavi. Atque ideò maturare libri hujus editionem festino, ut demissâ priore cura, novæ cogitationi toto pectore incubam.'†

The tragedy of Maternus seems not to have sur-

* Steele's Lett. vol. ii. p. 335. † Tacit. De Orat. cc. 2. 3.

vived its own times; and we believe no copy is now to be found. After the appearance of Addison's Cato, Des Champs, a French poet, conceived that he must write a play upon the same subject; and some friend to him, or enemy to Addison, imagined, that he must translate it into English, and challenge a comparison between the two performances. In a practical manner, at least, the world soon completed the task; and Des Champs is now only remembered as a person, who wrote a forgotten play in rivalship of Addison.

Having received so much applause in the buskin, our author determined to try the sock: But his prudence, on no occasion, deserted him: he knew better than to infer, that he must, of course, succeed in comic performances, because he was the author of an excellent tragedy; and, when he put the *Drummer* into the hands of Steele, he did not say, that *he* wrote it; but, that it was written by 'one of the company.' Steele understood, that no more questions were to be asked. He carried the play to the theatre; and, after it had taken its hour upon the stage, he sold the copy-right for fifty guineas. Its reception, however, did not leave Addison to regret his policy. A refined joke sleeps in the ears of a theatrical audience; and the *Drummer*, possessing none of those gross beauties, that catch the attention of idle or illiterate spectators, it appears to have been heard with the silence of neutrality if not, with the murmur of disapprobation. Addison never acknowledged the play to be his; nor did it appear in the first edition of his works by Tickell. Steele took fire at this omission; and he republished the performance, with an angry letter, in which his zeal for Addison seems to have overcome his charity for all others.

At the accession of George I. the services of Addison were rewarded with the post of secretary to the regency; and, that he might derive still

greater favours from the government, he commenced the *Freeholder*, on the 15th of Dec. 1715, and continued it, twice a week, till the middle of 1716. But Addison was little fitted for polemics of any kind. His arguments are often destitute of force; but his humour is irresistible; and, in matters of literature and fiction, he shone without a rival. Politics are not a thing to be treated with gentleness; and Steele, speaking of the *Freeholder*, said, 'that the ministry made use of a lute, when they should have called for a trumpet.'

Addison's reputation and importance continued to increase: but prosperity brings its evils as well as its blessings; and often renders a man successful, when success is only a misfortune. Ten or twelve years previous to the period of which we now speak, Addison had been tutor to the young earl of Warwick,* whose mother was a widow; and perhaps it was not unnatural, that he should soon begin to sigh for the discharge of yet higher duties. He besieged the countess with the most incessant courtship; though his first approaches were probably irresolute; and, at last, her approbation of something he had written in the newspapers, is said to have gave him hopes of final triumph.* As his reputation increased, his advances became bolder; and the lady surrendered, in 1716, upon condition, that he should give her 4000*l.* in lieu of an estate which she lost for his sake.† This stipulation is sufficient to develope the general terms of the union. According to Lord Bacon, we can only conquer nature, by obeying her; and the conquest of Addison seems to have been achieved and maintained by no other means. The Countess of Warwick was still the Countess of Warwick; and Mr. Addison was still Mr. Addison; and no ceremonies of

* Ana, vol, i. p 164.

† Ibid. p. 162. Upon the authority of a letter from Dr. Cheyne to Lord Hanley, dated Aug. 9, 1716, six days after the marriage.

marriage could destroy those artificial barriers, by which one part of mankind would secure themselves from contamination with the other.

Nor was this the only success, which proved disastrous to Addison. In 1717, he became secretary of state; and, such was his popularity, that, Swift says, he would have experienced no opposition, had he proclaimed himself king. But fortune had elevated him above his abilities. Tickell, indeed, speaks of his 'turn for business;' but it is well known, that he could say nothing in the house of commons; and that, if any thing was to be communicated in writing, he lost all his time in seeking for choice expressions. Lady Mary Wortley Montague, in a letter to Pope, from Constantinople, observed, with as much sagacity as sarcasm, that 'such a post as that, and such a wife as the countess, do not seem to be in prudence eligible for a man that is asthmatic; and we may see the day when he will be heartily glad to resign them both.'* This prophecy was soon fulfilled; and, though it was not easy to get rid of his wife, he had the prudence to relinquish his office. The asthma was now of great service to his reputation; for his admirers did not fail to attribute to ill-health what was the effect of incompetency. His retirement was purchased with a pension of fifteen hundred pounds a year; and, could his other burthen have been exchanged for an equal sum, the remainder of his life might have passed in dignity and quiet.

He now reverted to his literature and religion. A dictionary of the English language with the authorities subjoined, was then a great desideratum; and Addison undertook to supply it: but, for some reason or other, (perhaps, because he soon found, that the task would be an endless piece of drudgery,) he left it for more able and more patient hands. He

* Ana, vol. i. p. 232.

also designed to write a tragedy upon the story of Socrates; but, probably reflecting, that a miscellaneous audience would be little interested in the death of a philosopher, however tragic, his prudence again counselled him to desist. It is not unlikely, that a predominant fondness for religious topics had some influence in these determinations; and it is certain, that he undertook to dignify the last years of his life with a Defence of Christianity, and a poetical translation of the Psalms. A part of the first work was completed; but he did not live to begin the last.

He had been long afflicted with the asthma; and, as we are commonly attacked by disorders, exactly in proportion as we grow unable to withstand them, the dropsy was now added to shortness of breath; and, on the 14th of May, 1719, in the prospect of speedy dissolution, he composed his will. He continued to breathe, however, for more than a month longer; and, on the 17th of June, having consigned his works to Tickell, with a dedication to Craggs, he left the world like a Christian and a philosopher. He lay in state in the Jerusalem-chamber on the 26th; and was afterwards interred in Westminster Abbey.

During his last illness, he sent for Gay; who, though he had ceased to be intimate with him, immediately complied with his invitation, and found himself treated with uncommon and unexpected civility. Addison said, the object of the interview was, to tell him, that he had done him an injury; and that, should he ever recover, he would make ample reparation. He explained himself no farther; and Gay, being left to conjecture when and in what manner he had been injured, could divine no other supposition than, that some preferment in the church, designed for him, had been obstructed by Addison.

But the last hours of our author were brightened by a still more illustrious display of Christian virtue. Having been first the tutor, and becoming afterwards the step-father, of young Warwick, prudence, no less than affection, made him take a deep interest in his welfare: he was conscious, that, if the earl proved a reprobate, the fault would, in some degree, be attributed to him; and it embittered his existence to find, that all his endeavours to regulate the habits, and fix the principles of his pupil, had been made entirely without effect. Yet he had never lost his esteem, by misplaced arguments, or expostulations out of season; and, though all his former expedients had failed, he still hoped, that a lesson from his death-bed would make some beneficial impression. The young lord was accordingly invited into his chamber; and, when he earnestly desired to know his last requests, 'I have sent for you,' said Addison, 'that you may see how a Christian can die.' What might have been the efficacy of this scene, it is impossible to know; for young Warwick himself, died in a short time after.

Addison had but one child, a daughter, named Charlotte, who was born in 1718, and lived unmarried to the advanced age of 79. There are various accounts of her capacity and character. According to one, she was of a savage disposition, and had been educated in habitual disrespect for the memory, and dislike of the writings, of her father. If we are to believe another, she could remember all things, but understand nothing: while a third, which is probably the true account, makes her a person of ordinary abilities; who could read with facility and judgment; comprehend what she read, and remember no better than many other people. She was educated at a school in Queen's square; and is known to have kept a house of her own in Burlington street. The greater part of her time, however, was spent at her paternal seat of Bilton.

near Rugby, in Warwickshire; where she died in March, 1797.*

Addison had a sister of the name of Sarah, for whom he always entertained a great fondness, and who appears to have been much like himself. 'I dined to day,' says Swift, in his Journal, 'with Mr. Addison, and Steele, and a sister of Mr. Addison, who is married to one Mons. Sartre, a Frenchman, prebendary of Westminster, who has a delicious house and garden; yet I thought it was a sort of a monastic life in those cloisters, and I liked Laracor better. Addison's sister is a sort of a wit, very like him. I am not fond of her, &c.† She was afterwards married to a Mr. Coombs, or Combes; and it was under this name that Addison left her a legacy of five hundred pounds. She died March 2d, 1750; and, as her countrymen had neglected to raise a tomb to her brother, she devoted her estate, after paying a few legacies, to the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey.‡ Addison was buried in Henry the Seventh's Chapel; and, so late as 1803, no stone or inscription, designated the place of his sepulture.§

Addison's friendships were numerous, but not permanent. The first and longest was with Steele; who became his companion at school, and who seems to have been determined, in spite of every disagreement, to continue their intimacy through life. Johnson speaks as if Addison regarded Steele as he doubtless regarded Boswell; and was accustomed to exercise his power of raillery at the expense of his obsequious admirer. But of this, there is no evidence; and, on the contrary, it is manifest from various incidents of their lives, that, though Addison's correctness and discretion gave him the predominance, Steele had genius and magnanimity

* Ana, vol. i. p. 166. vol. ii. *et seq.*
† Scot. Sw. vol. ii. p. 57. ‡ Ana, vol. ii. p. 163.
§ Id. ibid. note.

sufficient to protect him from the treatment of an inferior. Indeed, we doubt whether the phrase, 'predominating genius of Addison,' has been well selected; for we have imbibed some erroneous notions, if Steele did not possess more genius, though he had less judgment, than Addison. He has written an occasional paragraph, which may be truly called sublime; but Addison, it is confessed even by Dr. Johnson, has seldom passed beyond the elegant.

That the intimacy of these celebrated writers was, as Johnson pretends, founded upon a relation little higher than that of master and servant, is sufficiently disproved by the noble conduct of Addison at the trial of Steele, in parliament, for seditious publications; and, indeed, it would be difficult to imagine a proof of stronger and more tender attachment than that Addison, who could never do any thing in parliament on his own business, should voluntarily incur the animadversion of the predominant party, to sit by and assist his friend in making his defence. Steele first requested, that he might answer the charges brought against him, paragraph by paragraph; but the voice of a large majority denied him this privilege; and he was obliged to proceed as he could, to give a general answer to them all. He was 'assisted,' says Rapin, 'by Mr. Addison, who sat near him, to prompt him upon occasion; and, for near three hours he spoke to the several heads, extracted out of the pamphlets above mentioned, (which had been given in print to all the members,) with such temper, eloquence, and unconcern, as gave entire satisfaction to all who were not prepossessed against him.'*

* Rapin, vol. iv. p. 343. Addison was not the only person, who, on this occasion, assisted his unfortunate friend. Steele had written a spirited defence of Lady Charlotte Finch, against an imputation in the *Examiner*, of ill-manners at church; and Lord Finch, her brother, was so touched with his magnanimity, that he resolved to make his first speech in favour of his acquittal from the

But the latter happened to be, by far, the greatest number; and Steele, for no other crime than that of speaking his thoughts with freedom, was expelled the house.

It is not to be denied, that the friendship of Addison and Steele experienced occasional interruptions; but the first example adduced by Johnson is not given with the most scrupulous accuracy. 'Steele,' says he, 'whose imprudence of generosity, or vanity of profusion kept him always incurably necessitous, upon some pressing exigence, in an evil hour, borrowed an hundred pounds of his friend, probably without much purpose of repayment; but Addison, who seems to have had other notions of a hundred pounds, grew impatient of delay, and reclaimed his loan by an execution.' For so small a sum, this severity of Addison undoubtedly exhibits him in no very amiable point of view; and we are afraid, it was Johnson's propensity to find unworthy motives for the actions of men, that betrayed him into the error of writing 'a hundred' for 'a thousand' pounds.* It would be difficult to invent a reason, why Addison should be ruined by the vanity or imprudence of Steele; and it is a little ungenerous, that, instead of being applauded for lending a thousand pounds to a friend, he should be reproached with avarice for taking measures to reclaim them. There is no proof that Steele borrowed without any 'purpose of repayment.' He had built a house by the side of the Palace, which, in allusion to the contrast, he called

charges, upon which he was now arraigned. But, when he rose to execute his purpose, he became so embarrassed, that he was obliged to resume his seat. 'It is strange,' he said, loud enough to be heard, as he sat down, 'It is strange how I can't speak for this man, though I could readily fight for him.' The expression, being passed from hand to hand, soon produced an universal shout of Hear him! Hear him! Lord Finch again stood up; and is said to have delivered a speech, remarkable for its eloquence and force. Steele's Lett. vol. ii. p. 409, note.

* Ana, vol. i. p. 8—9. Steele's Lett. vol. i. p. 46.

the Hovel; and, when he made the loan of Addison, he gave a bond and judgment upon this property, with a condition of repayment in twelve months.* The Hovel was sold for more than a thousand pounds; and Addison sent the surplus to Steele, with a letter to assure him, that this step had been taken to arouse him from 'a lethargy,' which must ultimately prove his ruin.† Steele returned no complaint of injustice; though he must have supposed it a novel mode of saving a man from ruin; and the intimacy of the two friends continued without any perceptible abatement.

But, towards the close of life, they were betrayed into another quarrel. The creation, during the last reign, of twelve new peers at once, to make a majority of Tories, had alarmed the pride of the old nobility; and, to prevent future inroads, by which their power would be abridged, and their dignity grow cheap, a bill was introduced in 1718-19, to limit the number of peers, and restrict the king to the creation of such a number only, as might fill the vacancies occasioned by death. The commons were little disposed to erect an impassable barrier betwixt themselves and the nobility; and Steele, who had no taste for aristocracy, sounded the alarm, in a pamphlet, styled *The Plebeian*. Addison, who appears not to have known the author, published a reply, under the title of *The Old Whig;* and Steele, either ignorant, or pretending to be ignorant, of his antagonist, returned a second *Plebeian*, without the slightest allusion to personalities. But Addison had now either discovered the author, or lost his patience; for, in a second number of the *Old Whig*, he talks of 'little Dickey, whose trade it is to write pamphlets.' Even this did not provoke Steele to similar scurrility. He descended to no nicknames; but, quoting some lines from Cato,

* Ana, vol. i. p. 9. † Id. ibid.

struck Addison with an arrow feathered from his own pinion. At length, the peerage bill was postponed; and the hostility of our combatants ceased. Whether Addison reverted to his former friendship, his life was not spared to testify. Steele was quick heated, and soon cooled; and, after the death of his old friend, he displayed the same attachment to his memory that he had shown to his person.

In Sheridan's *Life* of Swift, there is a whimsical account of the manner, in which he first became known to Addison. 'The knot of wits,' says the biographer, 'used at this time to assemble at Button's coffee-house; and I had a singular account of Swift's first appearance there from Ambrose Philip's who was one of Mr. Addison's little senate. He said that they had for several successive days observed a strange clergyman come into the coffee-house, who seemed utterly unacquainted with any of those who frequented it; and whose custom it was to lay his hat down on a table, and walk backward and forward at a good pace for half an hour or an hour, without speaking to any mortal, or seeming in the least to attend to any thing that was going forward there. He then used to take up his hat, pay his money at the bar, and walk away without opening his lips. After having observed this singular behaviour for some time, they concluded him to be out of his senses; and the name that he went by among them, was that of 'the mad parson.' This made them more than usually attentive to his motions; and one evening, as Mr. Addison and the rest were observing him, they saw him cast his eyes several times on a gentleman in boots, who seemed to be just come out of the country, and at last advanced towards him as intending to address him. They were all eager to hear what this dumb mad parson had to say, and immediately quitted their seats to get near him. Swift went up to the country gentleman, and

in a very abrupt manner, without any previous salute, asked him, 'Pray, sir, do you remember any good weather in the world?' The country gentleman, after staring a little at the singularity of his manner, and the oddity of the question, answered, 'Yes, sir, I thank God, I remember a great deal of good weather in my time.' 'That is more,' said Swift, 'than I can say; I never remember any weather that was not too hot, or too cold; too wet or too dry; but, however, God Almighty contrives it, at the end of the year 'tis all very well.' Upon saying this, he took up his hat, and without uttering a syllable more, or taking the least notice of any one, walked out of the coffee-house; leaving all those who had been spectators of this odd scene staring after him, and still more confirmed in the opinion of his being mad.'

How Addison and the mad parson first communed with each other, we know not; but Swift has kept a faithful record of their friendship, from the closest intimacy, through all the gradations of civility and coldness, to the most distant acquaintance. At first, they were together every day; and Addison seems to have been the only person, in whose society Swift much delighted.* But party at length divided them. Steele had been deprived of the gazetteer's place, for writing a *Tatler* against his patron, Harley; and the ministers were about to take away his other office of stamped paper, when Swift, who had some influence in the cabinet, undertook to save him. He went to open the business with Addison, on the 22d of Oct. 1710; but says, he found him so possessed with party, that he would agree to nothing; and, cutting short his overture, they parted very dryly.† Yet they dined with each other on the 25th and 28th; and, on the 26th, Swift

* Scott's Sw. vol. i. p. 93. Vol. ii. pp. 12, 13, 14, 16, 18, 25, 26, 39, 41, 45, 284. Vol. xv. pp. 293, 296, 307, 315.

† Ibid, vol. ii. p. 55.

directs all his packages to come addressed to Mr. Addison.* We find them friends about the middle of November; though Swift says, he goes to Button's but seldom, and meets Mr. Addison less frequently than he had been accustomed.† There was no open breach on the 22d; but the distance gradually increased; and, on the 12th of September, Swift writes, that they hardly meet once in a fortnight.‡ Two days after, he says, 'Mr. Addison and I are different as black and white, and I believe our friendship will go off, by this damned business of party?'§ And he writes, on the 14th of Jan. 1711, that he went to the coffee-house, and 'talked coldly awhile with Mr. Addison; all our friendship and dearness are off: we are civil acquaintance, talk words of course, of when we shall meet, and that is all. I have not been at any house with him these six weeks.'‖ These interviews became still less frequent; and, in the Journal of July 17, 1711, Swift says, he has not seen Addison in four months.**

He had interrupted their friendship in too much haste; and his conduct appears to have been a constant source of uneasiness and regret. Having, by this estrangement, learned to value the friendship of Addison, he was ever solicitous for its renewal; and, sometimes by asking their mutual acquaintances to bring them together, and sometimes by chancing to stray where Addison was known to take his walks, contrived to meet him as often as pride would permit. July 26, 1711, he writes, 'Mr. Addison and I, have at last met again. I dined with him and Steele to day at young Jacob Tonson's. Mr. Addison and I talked as usual, and as if we had seen one another yesterday.†† On the 14th of Sep-

* Scot. Sw. vol. ii. pp. 57, 59, 63.
† Ibid. p. 81.
‡ Ibid. p. 109
§ Ibid. pp. 84, 102.
‖ Ibid. p. 146—147.
** Ibid. p. 304.
†† Ibid. pp. 310, 311.

tember, he encounters Addison and Pastoral Philips, as he was called, in the Park; and Addison invites him to sup at his lodgings. 'We were,' he says, 'very good company; and I yet know no man half so agreeable to me as he is.' Still, they were not friends. Addison did not return this visit till July, 1712;* and they appear to have seen each other for the next time, in December of the same year. 'I met Mr. Addison and Pastoral Philips on the Mall to day, and took a turn with them; but they both looked terribly cold and dry. A curse of party!'† But, in spite of every discouragement, he seems determined to restore their intimacy. He invites Addison to sup with him, March 28, 1713; and, being to dine with Lord Bolingbroke on Good-Friday, he 'prevails upon his Lordship to invite Addison.'‡ At the table, he says, 'we were very civil, but yet when we grew warm, we talked in a friendly manner of party.'§ There was a tendency to reconciliation on both sides; and pride is a feeble barrier to the intimacy of minds thus disposed. The Whigs, at length, triumphed over their antagonists; and, as soon as Addison was made secretary of state, he requested the bishop of Derry to assure Swift, that party should no longer interrupt their friendship. Swift glady accepted his hand;‖ and no occurrence afterwards disturbed the cordiality of their reconciliation.

* Scot. Sw. vol. iii. p. 97.
† Ibid. p. 137.
‡ Ibid. pp. 189, 196.
§ Ibid. p. 198.

‖ He wrote a letter to Addison, dated Dublin, July 9, 1717; which was found among the papers of Tickell, and is published, for the first time, in Mr. Scott's edition of Swift's works, vol. xix. 349. One paragraph is worth extracting: 'I examine my heart,' says Swift, 'and can find no other reason why I write to you now, beside the great love and esteem I have always had for you. I have nothing to ask you either for a friend or for myself. When I conversed among ministers, I boasted of your acquaintance, but I feel no vanity from being known to a secretary of state. I am only a little concerned to see you stand single; for it is a prodigious singularity in any court to *owe* one's rise entirely to merit. I will venture to

When Pope's *Essay on Criticism* first appeared, it was analyzed with just applause in the *Spectator* No. CCLIII; and the author, supposing Steele to have rendered him this kindness, wrote him a letter of acknowledgment. Sir Richard answers, that the article was not written by him; but 'by one,' with whom, as the best return for this favour, he promises to make Pope acquainted.* It proved to be Mr. Addison; and thus commenced the friendship between the most elegant writers in prose and in verse, of whom the language can boast. Pope now communicated all his poetry to Steele and Addison; not so much to be corrected, as admired; for, although he invoked their 'kind severity' in detecting faults, he was ready to dispute the slightest suggestion of impropriety. At length, Pope commenced his version of the Iliad. The first book, it seems, had already been translated by Tickell; and Addison, being the friend of each party, found it a task beyond his discretion, to favour both without offending either. Tickell appears to have kept his own translation a secret from his most familiar acquaintance, until that of Pope was announced for publication; for Addison

tell you a secret, that three or four more such choices would gain more hearts in three weeks, than all the methods hitherto practised have been able to do in as many years.'

* Steele's Lett. vol. ii. p. 328. At that time, the translator of Homer had little knowledge of occurrences in the literary world; and, when Steele writes to him, on the 1st of June, 1712, that he is 'at a solitude, a house between Hampstead and London,' where, in fact, he had been driven by the fear of a bailiff, Pope composes an elaborate answer, upon the comparative advantages of a solitary and a public life. 'You have obliged me,' says he, 'by a very kind letter, by which I find you shift the scene of your life from the town to the country, and enjoy that mixed state which wise men both delight in and are qualified for. Methinks the moralists and philosophers have generally run too much into extremes, in commending entirely either solitude, or public life. In the former, &c.' The innocent author contrives to prove, that Steele had made a right choice, to live partly in the town, and partly in the country; and, that he may show his reading as well as his parts, he quotes Seneca, Plutarch, and Cowley.

would never have recommended Pope at the expense of Tickell, whom he always treated like a son; and, had he known, that the latter was already so far advanced in the work, the pains, which he took, at first, to promote the subscription of the former, would be entirely unaccountable. Tickell's first book was now offered to the world; and Addison, though he bestowed great praise upon the version of Pope, gave the preference to that of his more intimate friend. A quarrel ensued between Pope and Addison; which is differently represented by their respective admirers and biographers. The clearest and most candid statement is from the pen of Sir William Blackstone; which we copy, as a masterly specimen of literary disquisition.

'The quarrel between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, like others of the same kind, would deservedly have fallen into oblivion, had it not been perpetuated by Mr. Pope's satirie muse. And the true grounds will never be cleared up to the entire satisfaction of the inquisitive public, as one of the parties had been dead many years before any of the particulars were divulged, and those which are now given us come only from Mr. Pope himself. For neither the bishop of Gloucester himself, nor the digester of his materials, Mr. Ruffhead, could have any personal knowledge of the circumstances of that transaction.

'The first notice we find of it in print, is in that bitter, but elegant, character of Atticus, which was written (we are told) in Mr. Addison's life-time, and sent privately to him in manuscript in the year 1715; but was certainly not made public till two years after his death, was afterwards printed in Mr. Pope's Miscellanies, and finally ingrafted into his Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot in 1733. The cause is obscurely glanced at in letters published by Mr. Pope in his Correspondence; was more openly avowed in Mr. Warburton's notes on the Epistle to

Arbuthnot, verse 193, which were published in 1752; and the whole was drawn up into a regular charge by Mr. Ruffhead in his Life of Mr. Pope, printed in 1769.

'The account given is shortly this: 'that Mr. Addison's and Mr. Pope's friendship commenced in 1713, and continued for some time with reciprocal esteem and affection; that during this period the translation of the Iliad was set on foot, and the subscription promoted by Mr. Addison; and, on the other hand, Mr. Pope defended his friend against the brutal attack of Dennis. At length, Addison became jealous of Pope's genius, and encouraged Philips to asperse his character with respect to his political connections; and *soon after* his jealousy discovered itself by a very peculiar circumstance. For, upon Pope's advising with Mr. Addison about altering the Rape of the Lock, by inserting the machinery, he dissuaded him from so noble an improvement. That this circumstance first opened Mr. Pope's eyes with regard to the real character of his friend; and his suspicions were *soon after* confirmed by the publication of Mr. Tickell's translation of the first book of Homer, in opposition to Mr. Pope's, which he was fully convinced, from many odd concurring circumstances, was indeed Mr. Addison's own performance. That *this* occasioned an open breach between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, which Mr. Jervas and other common friends endeavoured to reconcile; but that Mr. Addison's unbecoming behaviour and cool contempt at an interview between them, attended by Sir Richard Steele and Mr. Gay, rendered a reconciliation impracticable. That Mr. Pope, while yet warm with this provocation, wrote the character above mentioned of Mr. Addison. That, *about this time*, the earl of Warwick, Mr. Addison's son-in-law, told Mr. Pope that it was in vain to think of being well with his father, who was naturally a

jealous man, and was hurt by Mr. Pope's superior talents in poetry to such a degree, that he had secretly encouraged Gildon to write something about Wycherley, in which he had taken occasion to abuse Mr. Pope and his family in a virulent manner, and that Mr. Addison paid him ten guineas as the wages of his scurrility. That the next morning after he had received this information, he wrote Mr. Addison an expostulatory letter, in which he enclosed the verses containing his character; which had so good an effect upon him, that from that period to the time of his death he always treated Mr. Pope with civility, and (as he believed) with justice.'

'If this account, and especially the latter part of it, be founded in truth, Mr. Addison very justly deserved that severity with which his memory has been treated by Mr. Pope, and his professed panegyrists. But in justice to a character so amiable as that of Mr. Addison, now unable to vindicate himself, we may be allowed to suspend our belief of it till the accusation is better proved; especially as it is evident from dates and facts, chiefly extant in Mr. Pope's own works, (but which his biographer has strangely misplaced and confounded,) that the account given by Mr. Ruffhead cannot possibly be altogether true, and is hardly accurate in a single particular.

'It may be doubted whether the acquaintance between Addison and Pope did not commence as early as 1712. For Steele promised to bring them acquainted in February 1711-12. And we find Mr. Addison in October 1712, warmly recommending Mr. Pope to the world as a rising genius; and in the succeeding month advising his publication of the Temple of Fame. This acquaintance was probably improved into friendship by Mr. Pope's writing the prologue to Cato, in April 1713. And as in the same year 1713, the improved edition of the

Rape of the Lock was published, Mr. Addison's supposed advice, discouraging the proposed alterations, must, therefore, have been given in the very infancy, and not at the close, of their friendship. If he gave such advice, it was probably his real opinion. He might think it dangerous to tamper with so beautiful a poem as the original; and had perhaps no conception of the art and ingenuity with which Mr. Pope was able to interweave the machinery without the breaking the unity of design. It is not suggested that Mr. Addison disliked the improvement when made, or dissuaded him from publishing the poem in such its improved state, which might have been a reasonable ground of suspicion. But so trifling a circumstance as the difference of opinion upon the propriety of the hint when first started, could never be of itself sufficient to open Mr. Pope's eyes, and mark Mr. Addison's character as a compound of meanness and jealousy.

'Indeed it is plain that Mr. Pope at the time thought otherwise, or else was himself insincere. He drew his pen in defence of Cato 1713, by writing a Narration of John Dennis's Frenzy, contrary to the wish of Mr. Addison (who disapproved so illiberal an attack), and published it, though against his consent. And his letters to Mr. Addison in October, November, December, and January following (which must have been written after his eyes are thus said to have been opened), are full of the strongest expressions of friendship and confidence. He then entrusted to this man (whose jealousy he perceived had been raised by the very mention of the sylphs and the gnomes) his original design of translating and commenting upon Homer. Mr. Addison (who, it seems, did not think Achilles half so formidable as Ariel in the hands of his poetical rival) received this design with great warmth of encouragement, and he was the first

whose adviee determined Mr. Pope to undertake that task. He also pressed him to turn it to the best peeuniary advantage, and for that purpose to avoid engaging in any party disputes; into whieh he feared he might be drawn by his intimaey with Dr. Swift, and the attentions paid him by many of the Tory ministry. The suspieions, if any, which Mr. Pope entertained of Mr. Addison's sincerity, from his adviee about the Rape of the Lock, had surely by this time subsided; as indeed they might well do if nothing happened to *confirm* them till the publieation of Mr. Tiekell's Homer; whieh, instead of being *soon*, was not till about *two years* after.

'In the mean time a quarrel broke out between Mr. Pope and Ambrose Philips, whieh involved Mr. Addison in its eonsequenees, and put a period to the cordiality of their friendship. Stung with the reputation which Philips had acquired as a writer of pastorals, Pope wrote an ironieal paper in the Guardian, April 27, 1713, in ridicule of Philips. Mr. Addison immediately perceived the drift of it, and joined with Mr. Pope in the laugh; but Steele understood and published it as a serious panegyrie upon his friend. When the jest was discovered, Philips seems to have been outrageously angry, and to have harboured a deep resentment. For, in the spring of 1714 he took oceasion to abuse Mr. Pope at Button's coffee-house as a Tory and one united with Dr. Swift to write against the Whig interest, and undermine the reputation of himself, Steele, and Addison. Addison upon this eame to Pope, and assured him of his disbelief of this idle story, and hoped their friendship would still continue. Yet he seems to have been somewhat staggered in respeet to Mr. Pope's party attachments, against which he had eautioned him more than onee in the preeeding year; and a eoolness certainly ensued, whieh continued for several months. During this estrange-

ment the interview mentioned by Mr. Ruffhead is more likely to have happened than at the period in which he places it, the latter end of the year 1715, when in reality there was no rupture between them. Mr. Pope, it is confessed by his biographer, conducted himself at this interview with great impetuosity and warmth; and Mr. Addison, who was of a colder constitution, and much Mr. Pope's superior both in age and station, might possibly behave with too much hauteur and reserve. But that he harboured no malice against him appears from his subsequent conduct.

'For the sudden revolution in politics that happened at the death of queen Anne, and brought Mr. Addison and his friends into power and office, most certainly gave him an opportunity of mortifying, if not crushing, his competitor, in case he had been mean enough to wish it. On the contrary, from that instant, he was inclined to forget all animosities, and offered his services, nay, his interest at court, to Mr. Pope, to which he returned a very waspish and disdainful answer; but however, in a few weeks afterwards, Pope softened his tone, and wrote a more complaisant letter to Mr. Addison himself, yet mixed with some distrust and resentment. Civilities, upon this, were again renewed between them; insomuch that in April, 1715, we find Mr. Pope going to Mr. Jervas's on purpose to meet Mr. Addison; and in the same year he wrote his panegyrical epistle in verse to be prefixed to Mr. Addison's Dialogues on Medals.

'At length, the great and inexpiable offence was given by Mr. Addison to Mr. Pope, by permitting Mr. Tickell, his dependant and afterwards his under-secretary, to publish a translation of the first book of the Iliad in the beginning of June, 1715, just at the time when the first volume of Mr. Pope's work was delivered to the subscribers. Whether this book was translated by Mr. Addison himself in

his younger days, or whether he only revised and corrected Mr. Tickell's performance, cannot be pronounced with certainty; unless the public were in possession of those *odd concurring circumstances* which convinced Mr. Pope himself that it was Mr. Addison's own translation, although he certainly thought otherwise when he penned the character of Atticus. To apologise for its publication at so critical a juncture, the following advertisement was prefixed by Mr. Tickell, though that circumstance was industriously suppressed in all Mr. Pope's publications on the subject: 'I must inform the reader, that when I began this first book I had some thoughts of translating the whole Iliad; but I had the pleasure of being diverted from that design by finding the work was fallen into a much abler hand. I would not, therefore, be thought to have any other view in publishing this small specimen of Homer's Iliad, than to bespeak, if possible, the favour of the public to a translation of Homer's Odyssey, wherein I have already made some progress.'

'Whether, on the supposition that the specimen was Mr. Addison's own (and it is not unworthy of him), he chose to indulge the vanity of an author, by shewing him how well he could have performed the whole; or whether (supposing it Mr. Tickell's, whom he loved and patronised with all the affection of a father), he really meant to have conferred on him a pecuniary obligation by promoting a subscription for his Odyssey, as he had before done for Mr. Pope's Iliad; it must be acknowledged that in either case the publication was indiscreet and ill-timed. It is true that Mr. Pope's finances could not be materially affected had the public decided in favour of Tickell's translation: for his subscription was full, and his contract with Lintot was complete. But it certainly bore too much the appearance of rivalship and competition; and was, in

either light a weakness below Mr. Addison's station and character. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that a man of so irritable a disposition as Mr. Pope is acknowledged to have been, was hurt beyond measure by this transaction: and it is probable that the character of Atticus was written in the heat of his resentment on this occasion; as he expressed the very same sentiments to Mr. Craggs in his letter of 15th of July, 1715. But it does not appear (as Mr. Ruffhead asserts) that there was any open breach between Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope upon *this* occasion; and Pope expressly tells Mr. Craggs there was none. Had any such happened, and had Mr. Addison then shown the temper ascribed to him by Mr. Pope's biographer, he would hardly in the Freeholder of May 7, 1716, have bestowed such encomiums on Mr. Pope's translation of the Iliad.

'Upon the whole, however Mr. Pope may be excusable for penning such a character of his friend in the first transports of poetical indignation, it reflects no great honour on his feelings, to have kept it in petto for six years, till after the death of Mr. Addison, and then to permit its publication (whether by recital or copy makes no material difference); and at length, at the distance of eighteen years, hand it down to posterity engrafted into one of his capital productions. Nothing, surely, could justify so long and so deep a resentment; unless the story be true of the commerce between Addison and Gildon, which will require to be very fully proved before it can be believed of a gentleman who was so amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own case) had, two years before, expressly disapproved of a personal abuse upon Mr. Dennis. The person indeed from whom Mr. Pope is said to have received this anecdote about the time of his writing the character (viz. about July, 1715,) was no other than the earl of

Warwiek, son-in-law to Mr. Addison himself. And the something about Wycherley (in whieh the story supposes Addison hired Gildon to abuse Pope and his family) is explained by a note in the Dunciad, I. 296, to mean a pamphlet eontaining Mr. Wyeherley's life. Now it appears, that in July, 1715, the earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in August, 1721) was only a boy of seventeen, and not likely to be intrusted with sueh a secret by a statesman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear that he was any way connected or acquainted.* For Mr. Addison was not married to his mother, the countess of Warwiek, till the following year, 1716. Nor eould Gildon have been employed in July, 1715, to write Mr. Wycherley's life, who lived till the December following. As therefore so many ineonsisteneies are evident in the story itself, whieh never found its way into print till near sixty years after it is said to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to suppose that the whole of it was founded in some misapprehension in either Mr. Pope or the earl; and unless better proof ean be given, we shall readily aequit Mr. Addison of this, the most odious, part of the eharge.'†

The prominent eharaeteristies of Addison were judgment and wisdom: judgment, which sometimes passed into fastidiousness; and wisdom, which often degenerated into eunning. His notions were just and exact; and, being skilful in the applieation of moral tests, he suffered no fault to eseape him, and often deteeted impurity in eonduct, whieh seemed perfeetly sincere. This severity made it difficult to please himself, or to be pleased by others. When he had adjusted the plan, and

* This is not quite correct; for Addison was intimately connected with the young earl of Warwick some years before his marriage to the countess.

† Ana, vol. ii. p. 74. *et seq.*

digested the materials of an essay, he soon reduced it to manuscript; but then commenced the work of emendation; which was slow, difficult, and laborious. At every re-perusal, he found something to alter; and, though the manuscript was taken to the printer, the whole had been so perfectly committed to memory by repetition that he still continued the process of amendment, and would frequently suspend the press to insert a comma, or substitute a new preposition. Nor did his care stop here. Lists of errata were published, in the original editions of the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*; and the reader will perceive, from the following specimen, that those of Addison were not always confined to merely typographical mistakes.

For TATLER, No. CXVII.

'Column 1,* line 15, for *tastes*, read *relishes*.
Ibidem. line 29, for *times*, read *ages*.
Ibidem. line 38, for *the* whole, read *a* whole.
Ibidem. line 47, for *these*, read *this*.
Ibidem. line 41, for *satisfaction*, read *pleasure*.
Column 2, line 19, dele *own*.
Ibidem. line 35, for *embraces*, read *embrace*.
Column 3, line 18, dele *the*.
Ibidem. line 19, idem.
Ibidem. line 60, for *scare*, read *scarce*.'

When the works of others were submitted to his correction, he never overlooked a fault, lest he should offend the author. In the short poem of *Baucis and Philemon*, Swift, at his suggestion, erased forty verses, altered forty, and added forty.† An obscure maker of verses, who fancied himself a poet, had written some lines, upon which he wished the judgment of Mr. Addison: and, being introduced by a friend, he left his manuscript for criticism and amendment. He had taken, as a motto, nearly a dozen lines from Homer. Addison found

* The original editions were in folio, with four columns; one or two of which were commonly filled with advertisements. Ana, vol. i. p. 25.

† Scot. Sw. vol. i. pp. 347. 485.

his own verses past all remedy from alteration; and, striking off the verses from Homer, he returned the paper, with every line of the original matter untouched. The author was at a loss to conceive the meaning of this; but his vanity suggested, that Addison might think his own verses sufficiently excellent without the aid of Homer's; and he solicited his friend to enquire, whether he was thus to interpret the transaction. Addison is said to have answered, 'that, while the statues of Caligula remained all of a piece, they were little regarded by the people; but, that, when he fixed the heads of gods upon unworthy shoulders, he profaned them, and made himself ridiculous. I, therefore, made no more conscience to separate Homer's verses from this poem, than the thief did who stole the silver head from the brazen body in Westminster.'*

Addison was never satisfied with the more important beauties of composition. He judged that there can be no true representation in an outline, and that every work of taste should be as scrupulously finished in the small parts, as in the great. A chin, a mouth, a nose, and a forehead may give us an idea of a face: as a stream, a wood, and a hill may indicate a landscape; but there is not a fibre of the countenance, in the one case, nor a blade of grass, in the other, which does not contribute to the general effect, and which should not be fashioned with care, and adjusted with precision. In relating a tale, Addison frequently mentions circumstances, which superficial criticism might pronounce impertinent; and he never constructed a sentence, without calculating the arrangement, in which his prepositions, as well as his nouns and verbs, would have the most complete effect.

This anxiety to be faithful in all things, arose chiefly from his dread of public censure. He was not satisfied to be right: he must be above the im-

* Ana, vol. i. p. 37

putation of wrong; and he not only supposed, that his whole celebrity depended upon each particular effort,—but that the success of each effort depended upon the perfection of every minute part. The world, to him, was a stern and merciless judge; and he was sometimes contented to win his cause by other artifices than those of composition. It was not enough, that every line of Cato had been polished to faultless elegance. No measure was left untried, to smooth its way to success; and, after its success was complete, the author was alarmed at the slightest indications of disfavour. In the first place, one of the *Spectators* instructed the town in the principles of criticism; and laboured to prove, that, to make virtue unsuccessful, is by no means a violation of poetical justice. Next, he trained the actors. 'I was this morning,' says Swift, 'at the rehearsal of Mr. Addison's play, called *Cato*, which is to be acted on Friday. There were not above half a score of us. We stood on the stage, and it was foolish enough to see the actors prompted every moment, and the poet directing them; and the drab that acted Cato's daughter out in the midst of a passionate part, and then calling out 'what's next?'* Pope, in writing the prologue, had apostrophised the audience with, 'Britons arise!' But this seemed too much like the line, 'Rise, fathers! rise;' and, lest the Britons should think, that an insurrection was intended, the line was altered as it stands now: 'Britons attend!' At last, the important Friday came. Steele had packed an audience, that there might be no possibility of failure; and the piece, as we have seen, was received with unexampled applause. It was not, however, a happy night to the author; who traversed the boards behind the scenes, and sweat with anxiety, during the whole performance.† Nor

* Scot. Sw. vol. iii. p. 200.
† Ana, vol. i. p. 189. Letter from Pope to Sir William Trumbull.

did his perspiration stop here. After the tragedy was published, some person wrote a burlesque of eight or ten lines; and Addison did not rest, until he procured their suppression.

He was equally scrupulous in all his pecuniary dealings. What he owed, he always paid; and what was due to himself, he never released. He was obliged to leave the university with many debts; but he afterwards discharged them all, with interest. In his office, he would never receive a penny beyond the legal fees; and those he exacted from his most intimate friends. 'For,' said he 'I may have a hundred friends; and, if my fee be two guineas, I shall, by relinquishing my right, lose two hundred guineas, and no friend gain more than two; there is, therefore, no proportion between the good imparted and the evil suffered.' Colonel Dunbar sent him a bank-note of three hundred pounds, to purchase his influence, in obtaining a commission. 'Believe me, sir,' said Addison, in his answer, 'when I assure you, I never did, nor ever will, on any pretence whatsoever, take more than the stated and customary fees of my office.' Col. Dunbar then invested the 300 pounds in a diamond ring; and was so little acquainted with Addison as to suppose, that he would accept it.

It would scarcely be supposed, that the writer of the *Spectator*, should lack words in his intercourse with mankind. But Lord Chesterfield pronounced him, 'the most timorous and awkward man he ever saw;' and Addison himself, conscious of his stupidity among strangers, used to say, that, 'though he could draw bills for a thousand pounds, he had not a guinea in his pocket.' This impotence arose from no real defect of powers, but from a settled awe of the world,—a fearful apprehension, that he must always say something important, and that without time for preparation, he might appear mean or frivolous. His intimates never found him

dull. Steele tells us, that 'he was above all other men in that talent called humour:' Swift says, he never knew any man so agreeable; and the *Tatler*, No. 252, is supposed to have been intended to depict his singular qualities as a companion.*

Swift has remarked one peculiarity in Addison's conversation. When he had to deal with a man, whom he thought in the wrong, and whose obstinacy defied argument, he would not only suffer himself to be led from assertion to assertion,—but continually pretend to go one step beyond his conductor, till at last, he betray him into such gross absurdity, that he was willing to acknowledge his error.† Practising this artifice himself, he was ever ready to suspect it in others; and he soon grew impatient of a man, who assented to every thing he said. Mr. Temple Stanyan, a person of considerable importance in that age, lived upon terms of friendship with him, and had been accustomed to controvert his opinions with freedom and keenness: but, happening in an evil hour, to borrow from him a sum of money, he afterwards concurr-

* 'I have the good fortune now to be intimate with a gentleman remarkable for this temper, who has an inexhaustible source of wit to entertain the curious, the grave, the humorous, and the frolic. He can transform himself into different shapes, and adapt himself to every company; yet in a coffee-house, or in the ordinary course of affairs, he appears rather dull than sprightly. You can seldom get him to the tavern; but when once he is arrived to his pint, and begins to look about and like his company, you admire a thousand things in him, which before lay buried. Then you discover the brightness of his mind, and the strength of his judgment, accompanied with the most grateful mirth. In a word, by this enlivening aid, he is whatever is pulite, instructive, and diverting. What makes him still more agreeable is, that he tells a story serious or comical, with as much delicacy of humour as Cervantes himself. And for all this, at other times, even after a long knowledge of him, you shall scarce discern in this incomparable person a whit more, than what might be expected from one of a common capacity. Doubtless there are men of great parts that are guilty of downright bashfulness, that by a strange hesitation or reluctance to speak, murder the finest and most elegant thoughts, and render the most lively conceptions flat and heavy.'—*Tatler*, No. 252.

† Scot. Sw. vol. ix. p. 499.

ed in every thing, that his creditor was pleased to avow. On one occasion, a subject was introduced, which they had formerly disputed with much warmth. Mr. Stanyan had no longer any power of resistance; but continued to acquiesce in every assertion; till, at length, Addison, enraged at such servility, cut short the conversation, by exclaiming, 'Sir, either contradict me, or pay me my money.'*

* Ana. vol. i, p. 51. On the authority of Dr. Birch. See Gen. Dict.

EPISTLES.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

THE AUTHOR'S AGE TWENTY-TWO.

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise?
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote,
Grief chill'd his breast and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping Muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.
Prevailing warmth has still thy mind possest,
And second youth is kindled in thy breast;
Thou mak'st the beauties of the Romans known,
And England boasts of riches not her own;
Thy lines have heighten'd Virgil's majesty,
And Horace wonders at himself in thee:
Thou teachest Persius to inform our isle
In smoother numbers and a clearer style;
And Juvenal, instructed in thy page,
Edges his satire and improves his rage.
Thy copy casts a fairer light on all,
And still outshines the bright original.

Now Ovid boasts the' advantage of thy song,
And tells his story in the British tongue;
Thy charming verse, and fair translations, show
How thy own laurel first began to grow;
How wild Lycaon, chang'd by angry gods,
And frighted at himself, ran howling through the woods.

O! may'st thou still the noble task prolong,
Nor age nor sickness interrupt thy song!
Then may we, wondering, read how human limbs
Have water'd kingdoms and dissolv'd in streams;
Of those rich fruits that on the fertile mould
Turn'd yellow by degrees, and ripen'd into gold,
How some in feathers, or a ragged hide,
Have liv'd a second life, and different natures tried.
Then will thy Ovid, thus transform'd reveal
A nobler change than he himself can tell.

Magd. College, Oxon.
June 2, 1693.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE GREATEST

ENGLISH POETS.

TO MR. HENRY SACHEVERELL*.

April 3, 1694.

Since, dearest Harry! you will needs request
A short account of all the Muse possest,
That, down from Chaucer's days to Dryden's times,
Have spent their noble rage in British rhymes,

* Afterwards Dr. Sacheverell.

Without more preface, writ in formal length,
To speak the undertaker's want of strength,
I'll try to make their several beauties known,
And show their verses' worth, though not my own.
Long had our dull forefathers slept supine,
Nor felt the raptures of the tuneful Nine,
Till Chaucer first, a merry bard, arose,
And many a story told in rhyme and prose;
But age has rusted what the poet writ,
Worn out his language, and obscur'd his wit;
In vain he jests in his unpolish'd strain,
And tries to make his readers laugh in vain.
Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age that, yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale that pleas'd of yore
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull mortal lies too plain below.
We view, well pleas'd, at distance all the sights
Of arms and palfries, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights;
But when we look too near the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.
Great Cowley then (a mighty genius!) wrote,
O'er-run with wit, and lavish of his thought;
His turns too closely on the reader press;
He more had pleas'd us had he pleas'd us less:
One glittering thought no sooner strikes our eyes
With silent wonder, but new wonders rise;

As in the Milky-way a shining white
O'erflows the heavens with one continued light,
That not a single star can show his rays,
Whilst jointly all promote the common blaze.
Pardon, great poet! that I dare to name
The' unnumber'd beauties of thy verse with blame;
Thy fault is only wit in its excess;
But wit like thine in any shape will please.
What Muse but thine can equal hints inspire,
And fit the deep-mouth'd Pindar to thy lyre?
Pindar! whom others, in a labour'd strain,
And forc'd expression, imitate in vain?
Well pleas'd in thee he soars with new delight,
And plays in more unbounded verse, and takes a nobler flight.

Bless'd man! whose spotless life and charming lays
Employ'd the tuneful prelate in thy praise;
Bless'd man! who now shall be for ever known
In Sprat's successful labours and thy own.

But Milton next, with high and haughty stalks,
Unfetter'd in majestic numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muse engage,
Nor earth's wide scene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! see! he upward springs, and, towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And sets the' almighty thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen describes, I more than see,
Whilst every verse, array'd in majesty,
Bold and sublime, my whole attention draws,
And seems above the critic's nicer laws.
How are you struck with terror and delight,
When angel with archangel copes in fight!

When great Messiah's outspread banner shines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What sound of brazen wheels, what thunder, scare
And stun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my spirits and my blood retire,
To see the seraphs sunk in clouds of fire;
But when, with eager steps, from hence I rise,
And view the first gay scenes of Paradise,
What tongue, what words of rapture can express
A vision so profuse of pleasantness!
Oh! had the poet ne'er profan'd his pen,
To varnish o'er the guilt of faithless men,
His other works might have deserv'd applause;
But now the language can't support the cause;
While the clean current, though serene and bright,
Betrays a bottom odious to the sight.

But now, my Muse, a softer strain rehearse,
Turn every line with art, and smooth thy verse;
The courtly Waller next commands thy lays:
Muse! tune thy verse with art to Waller's praise.
While tender airs and lovely dames inspire
Soft melting thoughts, and propagate desire,
So long shall Waller's strains our passion move,
And Sacharissa's beauty kindle love.
Thy verse, harmonious bard! and flattering song,
Can make the vanquish'd great, the coward strong;
Thy verse can show ev'n Cromwell's innocence,
And compliment the storm that bore him hence!
Oh, had thy Muse not come an age too soon,
But seen great Nassau on the British throne,
How had his triumphs glitter'd in thy page,
And warm'd thee to a more exalted rage!
What scenes of death and horror had we view'd,
And how had Boyne's wide current reek'd in blood.

Or if Maria's* charms thou would'st rehearse
In smoother numbers and a softer verse,
Thy pen had well describ'd her graceful air,
And Gloriana would have seem'd more fair.
Nor must Roscommon pass neglected by,
That makes e'en Rules a noble poetry;
Rules, whose deep sense and heavenly numbers show
The best of critics and of poets too.
Nor, Denham! must we e'er forget thy strains,
While Cooper's Hill commands the neigbouring plains.
But see where artful Dryden next appears,
Grown old in rhyme, but charming ev'n in years!
Great Dryden next! whose tuneful Muse affords
The sweetest numbers and the fittest words.
Whether in comic sounds or tragic airs
She forms her voice, she moves our smiles or tears.
If satire or heroic strains she writes,
Her hero pleases, and her satire bites
From her no harsh unartful numbers fall;
She wears all dresses, and she charms in all.
How might we fear our English poetry,
That long has flourished, should decay with thee,
Did not the Muses' other hope appear,
Harmonious Congreve! and forbid our fear:
Congreve! whose fancy's unexhausted store
Has given already much, and promised more:
Congreve shall still preserve thy fame alive,
And Dryden's Muse shall in his friend survive.
I'm tir'd with rhyming, and would fain give o'er,
But justice still demands one labour more:
The noble Montagu remains unnam'd,
For wit, for humour, and for judgment, famed:

* Queen Mary.

To Dorset he directs his artful Muse,
In numbers such as Dorset's self might use.
How negligently graceful he unreins
His verse, and writes in loose familiar strains!
How Nassau's godlike acts adorn his lines,
And all the hero in full glory shines!
We see his army set in just array,
And Boyne's dy'd waves run purple to the sea.
Nor Simois, chok'd with men, and arms, and blood,
Nor rapid Xanthus' celebrated flood,
Shall longer be the poet's highest themes,
Though gods and heroes fought promiscuous in their streams:
But now, to Nassau's secret councils raised,
He aids the hero whom before he prais'd.
I've done, at length; and now, dear friend! receive
The last poor present that my Muse can give.
I leave the arts of poetry and verse
To them that practise 'em with more success.
Of greater truths I'll now prepare to tell;
And so at once, dear Friend and Muse! farewell.

TO THE

RIGHT HON. SIR JOHN SOMERS,

LORD-KEEPER OF THE GREAT SEAL.

The author's age twenty-four.

If yet your thoughts are loose from state affairs,
Nor feel the burden of a kingdom's cares;
If yet your time and actions are your own,
Receive the present of a Muse unknown;
A Muse that in adventrous numbers sings
The rout of armies and the fall of kings,
Britain advanc'd, and Europe's peace restored,
By Somers' counsels and by Nassau's sword.

To you, my Lord, these daring thoughts belong,
Who help'd to raise the subject of my song;
To you the hero of my verse reveals
His great designs, to you in council tells
His inmost thoughts, determining the doom
Of towns unstorm'd and battles yet to come.
And well could you, in your immortal strains,
Describe his conduct and reward his pains;
But since the state has all your cares engrost,
And poetry in higher thoughts is lost,
Attend to what a lesser Muse indites,
Pardon her faults, and countenance her flights.

On you, my Lord, with anxious fear I wait,
And from your judgment must expect my fate

Who, free from vulgar passions, are above
Degrading envy or misguided love.
If you, well pleas'd, shall smile upon my lays,
Secure of fame, my voice I'll boldly raise,
For next to what you write is what you praise.

TO THE KING.

When now the business of the field is o'er,
The trumpets sleep and cannons cease to roar;
When every dismal echo is decay'd,
And all the thunder of the battle laid,
Attend, auspicious Prince! and let the Muse
In humble accents milder thoughts infuse.
Others, in bold prophetic numbers skill'd,
Set thee in arms, and led thee to the field;
My Muse, excepting, on the British strand
Waits thy return, and welcomes thee to land:
She oft has seen thee pressing on the foe,
When Europe was concern'd in every blow,
But durst not in heroic strains rejoice;
The trumpets, drums, and cannons, drown'd her voice:
She saw the Boyne run thick with human gore,
And floating corpse' lie beating on the shore;
She saw thee climb the banks, but tried in vain
To trace her hero through the dusty plain,
When through the thick embattled lines he broke,
Now plung'd amidst the foes, now lost in clouds of smoke.
O that some Muse, renown'd for lofty verse,
In daring numbers would thy toils rehearse!

Draw thee, belov'd in peace and fear'd, in wars,
Inur'd to noonday sweats and midnight cares!
But still the godlike man, by some hard fate,
Receives the glory of his toils too late:
Too late the verse the mighty act succeeds;
One age the hero, one the poet breeds.

A thousand years in full succession ran
Ere Virgil rais'd his voice, and sung the man
Who, driv'n by stress of Fate, such dangers bore
On stormy seas and a disastrous shore;
Before he settled in the promis'd earth,
And gave the empire of the world its birth.

Troy long had found the Grecians bold and fierce
Ere Homer muster'd up their troops in verse;
Long had Achilles quell'd the Trojans' lust,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust,
Before the towering Muse began her flight,
And drew the hero raging in the fight,
Engag'd in tented fields and rolling floods,
Or slaughtering mortals, or a match for gods.

And here, perhaps, by Fate's unerring doom,
Some mighty bard lies hid in years to come,
That shall in William's godlike acts engage,
And with his battles warm a future age.
Hibernian fields shall here thy conquests show,
And Boyne be sung when it has ceas'd to flow;
Here Gallic labours shall advance thy fame,
And here Seneffe shall wear another name.
Our late posterity, with secret dread,
Shall view thy battles, and with pleasure read
How, in the bloody field, too near advanc'd,
The guiltless bullet on thy shoulder glanc'd,

The race of Nassaus was by Heaven design'd
To curb the proud oppressors of mankind,

To bind the tyrants of the earth with laws,
And fight in every injur'd nation's cause,
The world's great patriots: they for justice call,
And, as they favour, kingdoms rise or fall.
Our British youth, unus'd to rough alarms,
Careless of fame, and negligent of arms,
Had long forgot to meditate the foe,
And heard, unwarm'd, the martial trumpet blow;
But now, inspir'd by thee, with fresh delight,
Their swords they brandish, and require the fight;
Renew their ancient conquest on the main,
And act their fathers' triumphs o'er again;
Fir'd when they hear how Agincourt was strow'd
With Gallic corpse', and Cressy swam in blood,
With eager warmth they fight, ambitious all
Who first shall storm the breach or mount the wall.
In vain the thronging enemy, by force,
Would clear the ramparts, and repel their course;
They break through all, for William leads the way
Where fires rage most, and loudest engines play.
Namur's late terrors and destruction show
What William, warm'd with just revenge, can do:
Where once a thousand turrets rais'd on high
Their gilded spires, and glitter'd in the sky;
An undistinguish'd heap of dust is found,
And all the pile lies smoking on the ground.
His toils, for no ignoble ends design'd,
Promote the common welfare of mankind;
No wild ambition moves, but Europe's fears
The cries of orphans, and the widows' tears:
Oppress'd Religion gives the first alarms,
And injur'd Justice sets him in his arms;
His conquests freedom to the world afford,
And nations bless the labours of his sword.

Thus when the forming Muse would copy forth
A perfect pattern of heroic worth,
She sets a man triumphant in the field,
O'er giants cloven down, and monsters kill'd,
Reeking in blood, and smear'd with dust and sweat,
Whilst angry gods conspire to make him great.
Thy navy rides on seas before unprest,
And strikes a terror through the haughty East;
Algiers and Tunis, from their sultry shore,
With horror hear the British engines roar;
Fain from the neighbouring dangers would they run,
And wish themselves still nearer to the sun.
The Gallic ships are in their ports confin'd,
Denied the common use of sea and wind,
Nor dare again the British strength engage;
Still they remember that destructive rage
Which lately made their trembling host retire,
Stunn'd with the noise, and wrapt in smoke and fire;
The waves with wide unnumber'd wrecks were strow'd,
And planks, and arms, and men, promiscuous flow'd.
Spain's numerous fleet, that perish'd on our coast,
Could scarce a longer line of battle boast,
The winds could hardly drive 'em to their fate,
And all the ocean labour'd with the weight.
Where'er the waves in restless errors roll,
The sea lies open now to either pole;
Now may we safely use the northern gales,
And in the Polar Circle spread our sails;
Or deep in southern climes, secure from wars,
New lands explore, and sail by other stars;
Fetch uncontroll'd each labour of the sun,
And make the product of the world our own.

At length, proud prince! ambitious Louis! cease
To plague mankind, and trouble Europe's peace;
Think on the structures which thy pride has rais'd
On towns unpeopled, and on fields laid waste;
Think on the heaps of corpse' and streams of blood,
On every guilty plain and purple flood
Thy arms have made, and cease an impious war,
Nor waste the lives entrusted to thy care:
Or if no milder thought can calm thy mind,
Behold the great avenger of mankind!
See mighty Nassau through the battle ride,
And see thy subjects gasping by his side!
Fain would the pious prince refuse the' alarm,
Fain would he check the fury of his arm,
But when thy cruelties his thoughts engage,
The hero kindles with becoming rage,
Then countries stol'n, and captives unrestor'd,
Give strength to every blow, and edge his sword.
Behold with what resistless force he falls
On towns besieg'd, and thunders at thy walls!
Ask Villeroy, for Villeroy beheld
The town surrender'd and the treaty seal'd;
With what amazing strength the forts were won,
Whilst the whole power of France stood looking on.
But stop not here: behold where Berkeley stands,
And executes his injur'd King's commands;
Around thy coast his bursting bombs he pours
On flaming citadels and falling tow'rs;
With hissing streams of fire the air they streak,
And hurl destruction round 'em where they brake;
The skies with long ascending flames are bright,
And all the sea reflects a quivering light.
Thus Ætna, when in fierce eruptions broke,
Fills Heav'n with ashes and the earth with smoke;

Here crags of broken rocks are twirl'd on high,
Here molten stones and scatter'd cinders fly;
Its fury reaches the remotest coast,
And strows the Asiatic shore with dust.
Now does the sailor from the neighbouring main
Look after Gallic towns and forts in vain;
No more his wonted marks he can descry,
But sees a long unmeasur'd ruin lie,
Whilst pointing to the naked coast, he shows
His wondering mates where towns and steeples rose,
Where crowded citizens he lately view'd,
And singles out the place where once St. Maloes' stood.
Here Russel's actions should my Muse require,
And would my strength but second my desire,
I'd all his boundless bravery rehearse,
And draw his cannons thundering in my verse;
High on the deck should the great leader stand,
Wrath in his look, and lightning in his hand,
Like Homer's Hector, when he flung his fire
Amidst a thousand ships, and made all Greece retire.
But who can run the British triumphs o'er,
And count the flames disperst on every shore?
Who can describe the scatter'd victory,
And draw the reader on from sea to sea?
Else who could Ormond's godlike acts refuse?
Ormond! the theme of every Oxford Muse.
Fain would I here his mighty worth proclaim,
Attend him in the noble chase of fame,
Through all the noise and hurry of the fight
Observe each blow, and keep him still in sight.
Oh! did our British peers thus court renown,
And grace the coats their great forefathers won,

Our arms would then triumphantly advance,
Nor Henry be the last that conquer'd France.
What might not England hope, if such abroad
Purchas'd their country's honour with their blood?
When such, detain'd at home, support our state
In William's stead, and bear a kingdom's weight,
The schemes of Gallic policy o'erthrow,
And blast the counsels of the common foe,
Direct our armies, and distribute right,
And render our Maria's* loss more light?
But stop, my Muse, the' ungrateful sound forbear,
Maria's name still wounds each British ear;
Each British heart Maria still does wound,
And tears burst out unbidden at the sound;
Maria still our rising mirth destroys,
Darkens our triumphs, and forbids our joys.
But see, at length, the British ships appear!
Our Nassau comes! and, as his fleet draws near,
The rising masts advance, the sails grow white,
And all his pompous navy floats in sight.
Come, mighty Prince! desir'd of Britain! come:
May Heaven's propitious gales attend thee home!
Come, and let longing crowds behold that look
Which such confusion and amazement strook
Through Gallic hosts; but, oh! let us descry
Mirth in thy brow, and pleasure in thine eye;
Let nothing dreadful in thy face be found,
But for a while forget the trumpet's sound;
Well pleas'd, thy people's loyalty approve,
Accept their duty, and enjoy their love:
For as, when lately mov'd with fierce delight,
You plung'd amidst the tumult of the fight,

* Queen Mary, who died in 1694.

Whole heaps of death encompass'd you around,
And steeds, o'erturn'd, lay foaming on the ground;
So, crown'd with laurels now, where'er you go,
Around you blooming joys and peaceful blessings
flow.

TO

SIR GODFREY KNELLER,

ON HIS PICTURE OF THE KING.

Kneller! with silence and surprise
We see Britannia's monarch rise,
A godlike form, by thee display'd
In all the force of light and shade,
And, aw'd by thy delusive hand,
As in the Presence-chamber stand.
The magic of thy art calls forth
His secret soul and hidden worth,
His probity and mildness shows,
His care of friends and scorn of foes:
In every stroke, in every line,
Does some exalted virtue shine,
And Albion's happiness we trace
Through all the features of his face.
O may I live to hail the day
When the glad nation shall survey
Their sovereign through his wide command,
Passing in progress o'er the land!
Each heart shall bend, and every voice,
In loud applauding shouts rejoice,

Whilst all his gracious aspect praise,
And crowds grow loyal as they gaze.
The image on the medal plac'd,
With its bright round of titles grac'd,
And, stamp'd on British coins, shall live,
To richest ores the value give,
Or, wrought within the curious mould,
Shape and adorn the running gold.
To bear this form the genial sun
Has daily, since his course begun,
Rejoic'd the metal to refine,
And ripen'd the Peruvian mine.
Thou, Kneller! long with noble pride,
The foremost of thy art, hast vied
With Nature in a generous strife,
And touch'd the canvass into life:
Thy pencil has, by monarchs sought,
From reign to reign in ermine wrought,
And, in the robes of state array'd,
The kings of half an age display'd.
Here swarthy Charles appears, and there
His brother with dejected air:
Triumphant Nassau here we find,
And with him bright Maria join'd:
There Anna, great as when she sent
Her armies through the Continent.
Ere yet her hero was disgrac'd:
O may fam'd Brunswick be the last,
(Though Heav'n should with my wish agree,
And long preserve thy art in thee)
The last, the happiest, British king,
Whom thou shalt paint, or I shall sing!
Wise Phidias thus, his skill to prove,
Through many a god advanc'd to Jove,

And taught the polish'd rocks to shine
With airs and lineaments divine,
Till Greece amaz'd, and half afraid,
The' assembled deities survey'd.
Great Pan, who wont to chase the fair,
And lov'd the spreading oak, was there:
Old Saturn, too, with up-cast eyes
Beheld his abdicated skies;
And mighty Mars, for war renown'd,
In adamantine armour frown'd;
By him the childless goddess rose,
Minerva, studious to compose
Her twisted threads; the web she strung,
And o'er a loom of marble hung:
Thetis, the troubl'd ocean's queen,
Match'd with a mortal, next was seen
Reclining on a funeral urn,
Her short-liv'd darling son to mourn;
The last was he whose thunder slew
The Titan race, a rebel crew,
That, from a hundred hills allied,
In impious leagues their king defied.
This wonder of the sculptor's hand
Produc'd, his art was at a stand;
For who would hope new fame to raise,
Or risk his well-establish'd praise,
That, his high genius to approve,
Had drawn a George, or carv'd a Jove?

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE PRINCESS OF WALES,

WITH THE TRAGEDY OF CATO, NOV. 1714.

The Muse that oft, with sacred raptures fir'd,
Has generous thoughts of liberty inspir'd,
And, boldly rising for Britannia's laws,
Engag'd great Cato in her country's cause,
On you submissive waits, with hopes assur'd,
By whom the mighty blessing stands secur'd,
And all the glories that our age adorn
Are promis'd to a people yet unborn.
No longer shall the widow'd land bemoan
A broken lineage and a doubtful throne,
But boast her royal progeny's increase,
And count the pledges of her future peace.
O born to strengthen and to grace our isle!
While you, fair Princess! in your offspring smile,
Supplying charms to the succeeding age,
Each heavenly daughter's triumph we presage,
Already see the' illustrious youths complain,
And pity monarchs doom'd to sigh in vain.
Thou, too, the darling of our fond desires,
Whom Albion, opening wide her arms, requires,
With manly valour and attractive air
Shalt quell the fierce and captivate the fair.
O England's younger hope? in whom conspire
The mother's sweetness and the father's fire!
For thee, perhaps, even now, of kingly race,
Some dawning beauty blooms in every grace,

Some Carolina, to Heaven's dictates true,
Who, while the seeptred rivals vainly sue,
Thy inborn worth with eonscious eyes shall see,
And slight the' imperial diadem for thee.
Pleas'd with the prospeet of sueeessive reigns,
The tuneful tribe no more in daring strains
Shall vindicate, with pious fears oppress'd,
Endanger'd rights, and liberty distress'd:
To milder sounds eaeh Muse shall tune the lyre,
And gratitude and faith to kings inspire,
And filial love; bid impious discord eease,
And sooth the madding faetions into peace;
Or rise ambitious in more lofty lays,
And teaeh the nation their new monarch's praise,
Deseribe his awful look and godlike mind,
And Cæsar's power with Cato's virtue join'd.
Meanwhile, bright Princess! who with graeeful ease
And native majesty art form'd to please,
Behold those arts with a propitious eye,
That suppliant to their great proteetress fly;
Then shall they triumph, and the British stage
Improve her manners and refine her rage,
More noble eharaeters expose to view,
And draw her finish'd heroines from you.
Nor you the kind indulgence will refuse,
Skill'd in the labours of the deathless Muse:
The deathless Muse with undiminish'd rays
Through distant time the lovely dame conveys.
To Gloriana Waller's harp was strung;
The queen still shines, beeause the poet sung:
Ev'n all those graees in your frame combin'd,
The eommon fate of mortal eharms may find,
(Content our short-liv'd praises to engage,
The joy and wonder of a single age)

Unless some poet in a lasting song
To late posterity their fame prolong,
Instruct our sons the radiant form to prize,
And see your beauty with their fathers' eyes.

THE CAMPAIGN.

TO HIS GRACE THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.

——— Rheni pacator et Istri.
Omnis in hoc uno variis discordia cessit
Ordinibus; lætatur eques, plauditque senator,
Votaque patricio certant plebeia favori.
CLAUD. de Laud. Stilic.

Esse aliquam in terris gentem quæ sua impensa, suo labore ac periculo, bella gerat pro libertate aliorum. Nec hoc finitimis, aut propinquæ vicinitatis hominibus, aut terris continenti junctis, præstet. Maria trajiciat: ne quod toto orbe terrarum injustum imperium sit, et ubique jus, fas, lex, protentissima sint.
LIV. Hist. lib. xxxiii.

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enrol your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And Anna's praises crown the vast applause,
Accept, great leader! what the Muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights.
Fir'd and transported with a theme so new,
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill the' important year;

Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one Campaign.
The haughty Gaul beheld, with towering pride,
His ancient bounds enlarg'd on every side;
Pyrene's lofty barriers were subdued,
And in the midst of his wide empire stood;
Ausonia's states, the victor to restrain,
Oppos'd their Alps and Appennines in vain,
Nor found themselves with strength of rocks im-
Behind their everlasting hills secur'd; [mur'd,
The rising Danube its long race began,
And half its course through the new conquests ran;
Amaz'd and anxious for her sovereign's fates,
Germania trembled through a hundred states;
Great Leopold himself was seiz'd with fear;
He gaz'd around, but saw no succour near;
He gaz'd, and half-abandon'd to despair
His hopes on Heav'n, and confidence in pray'r.
To Britain's Queen the nations turn their eyes;
On her resolves the western world relies,
Confiding still, amidst its dire alarms,
In Anna's councils and in Churchill's arms.
Thrice happy Britain! from the kingdoms rent,
To sit the guardian of the Continent!
That sees her bravest son advanc'd so high,
And flourishing so near her prince's eye:
Thy favourites grow not up by Fortune's sport,
Or from the crimes or follies of a court;
On the firm basis of desert they rise,
From long-tried faith, and friendship's holy ties:
Their sovereign's well-distinguish'd smiles they share
Her ornaments in peace, her strength in war;
The nation thanks them with a public voice,
By show'rs of blessings Heaven approves their
choice;

Envy itself is dumb, in wonder lost,
And factions strive who shall applaud 'em most.
Soon as soft vernal breezes warm the sky,
Britannia's colours in the zephyrs fly:
Her chief already has his march begun,
Crossing the provinces himself had won,
Till the Mosselle, appearing from afar,
Retards the progress of the moving war;
Delightful stream! had Nature bid her fall
In distant climes, far from the perjur'd Gaul:
But now a purchase to the sword she lies,
Her harvest for uncertain owners rise,
Each vineyard doubtful of its master grows,
And to the victor's bowl each vintage flows:
The discontented shades of slaughter'd hosts
That wander'd on her banks, her heroes' ghosts,
Hop'd, when they saw Britannia's arms appear,
The vengeance due to their great deaths was near.
Our godlike leader, ere the stream he past,
The mighty scheme of all his labours cast,
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glow'd with battles yet unfought.
The long laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow:
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.
Big with the fate of Europe, he renews
His dreadful course, and the proud foe pursues.
Infected by the burning Scorpion's heat,
The sultry gales round his chaf'd temples beat,
Till on the borders of the Mayne he finds
Defensive shadows and refreshing winds.

Our British youth, with inborn freedom bold,
Unnumber'd scenes of servitude behold,
Nations of slaves, with tyranny debas'd,
(Their Maker's image more than half defac'd)
Hourly instructed, as they urge their toil,
To prize their queen, and love their native soil.
Still to the rising sun they take their way
Through clouds of dust, and gain upon the day:
When now the Neckar on its friendly coast
With cooling streams revives the fainting host
That cheerfully his labours past forgets,
The midnight watches and the noonday heats.
O'er prostrate towns and and palaces they pass,
(Now cover'd o'er with woods, and hid in grass)
Breathing revenge, whilst anger and disdain
Fire every breast, and boil in every vein.
Here shatter'd walls, like broken rocks, from far
Rise up in hideous views, the guilt of war,
Whilst here the vine o'er hills of ruin climbs,
Industrious to conceal great Bourbon's crimes.
At length the fame of England's hero drew
Eugenio to the glorious interview.
Great souls by instinct to each other turn,
Demand alliance, and in friendship burn;
A sudden friendship, while with stretch'd-out rays
They meet each other, mingling blaze with blaze.
Polish'd in courts, and harden'd in the field,
Renown'd for conquest, and in council skill'd,
Their courage dwells not in a troubled flood
Of mounting spirits and fermenting blood:
Lodg'd in the soul, with virtue over-rul'd,
Inflam'd by reason, and by reason cool'd,
In hours of peace content to be unknown.
And only in the field of battle shown:

To souls like these, in mutual friendship join'd,
Heav'n dares intrust the cause of human-kind.
Britannia's graceful sons appear in arms,
Her harass'd troops the hero's presence warms,
Whilst the high hills and rivers all around
With thundering peals of British shouts resound:
Doubling their speed they march with fresh delight,
Eager for glory, and require the fight.
So the staunch hound the trembling deer pursues,
And smells his footsteps in the tainted dews,
The tedious track unrav'lling by degrees;
But when the scent comes warm in every breeze,
Fir'd at the near approach, he shoots away
On his full stretch, and bears upon his prey.
The march concludes, the various realms are past,
The' immortal Schellemberg appears at last:
Like hills the' aspiring ramparts rise on high,
Like vallies at their feet the trenches lie;
Batteries on batteries guard each fatal pass,
Threatening destruction; rows of bollow brass,
Tube behind tube, the dreadful entrance keep,
Whilst in their wombs ten thousand thunders sleep:
Great Churchill owns, charm'd with the glorious sight,
His march o'erpaid by such a promis'd fight.
The western sun now shot a feeble ray,
And faintly scatter'd the remains of day:
Evening approach'd; but, oh! what host of foes
Were never to behold that evening close!
Thickening their ranks, and wedg'd in firm array,
The close-compacted Britons win their way:
In vain the cannon their throng'd war defac'd
With tracts of death, and laid the battle waste;

Still pressing forward to the fight, they broke
Through flames of sulphur and a night of smoke,
Till slaughter'd legions fill'd the trench below,
And bore their fierce avengers to the foe.

High on the works the mingling hosts engage;
The battle, kindled into tenfold rage,
With showers of bullets, and with storms of fire,
Burns in full fury; heaps on heaps expire;
Nations with nations mix'd confus'dly die,
And, lost, in one promiscuous carnage lie.

How many generous Britons meet their doom!
New to the field, and heroes in the bloom!
The' illustrious youths, that left their native shore
To march where Britons never march'd before,
(O fatal love of fame! O glorious heat,
Only destructive to the brave and great!)
After such toils o'ercome, such dangers past,
Stretch'd on Bavarian ramparts breathe their last.
But hold, my Muse! may no complaints appear,
Nor blot the day with an ungrateful tear;
While Marlbrô lives Britannia's stars dispense
A friendly light, and shine in innocence:
Plunging through seas of blood his fiery steed,
Where'er his friends retire or foes succeed;
Those he supports, these drives to sudden flight,
And turns the various fortune of the fight.

Forbear, great Man! renown'd in arms! forbear
To brave the thickest terrors of the war,
Nor hazard thus, confus'd in crowds of foes,
Britannia's safety and the world's repose;
Let nations, anxious for thy life, abate
This scorn of danger and contempt of fate:
Thou liv'st not for thyself; thy Queen demands
Conquest and peace from thy victorious hands;

Kingdoms and empires in thy fortune join,
And Europe's destiny depends on thine.
At length the long-disputed pass they gain,
By crowded armies fortified in vain.
The war breaks in; the fierce Bavarians yield,
And see their camp with British legions fill'd.
So Belgian mounds bear on their shatter'd sides
The sea's whole weight increas'd with swelling tides;
But if the rushing wave a passage finds,
Enrag'd by watry moons and warring winds,
The trembling peasant sees his country round
Cover'd with tempests, and in oceans drown'd.
The few surviving foes dispers'd in flight,
(Refuse of swords, and gleanings of a fight)
In every rustling wind the victor hear,
And Marlbrô's form in every shadow fear,
Till the dark cope of night, with kind embrace,
Befriends the rout, and covers their disgrace.
To Donavert, with unresisted force,
The gay victorious army bends its course.
The growth of meadows, and the pride of fields,
Whatever spoils Bavaria's summer yields,
(The Danube's great increase) Britannia shares,
The food of armies and support of wars:
With magazines of death-destructive balls,
And cannon doom'd to batter Landau's walls,
The victor finds each hidden cavern stor'd,
And turns their fury on their guilty lord.
Deluded Prince! how is thy greatness crost,
And all the gaudy dream of empire lost,
That proudly set thee on a fancied throne,
And made imaginary realms thy own!
Thy troops, that now behind the Danube join,
Shall shortly seek for shelter from the Rhine,

Nor find it there: surrounded with alarms,
Thou hop'st the' assistance of the Gallic arms;
The Gallic arms in safety shall advance,
And crowd thy standards with the pow'r of France,
While, to exalt thy doom, the' aspiring Gaul
Shares thy destruction and adorns thy fall.
Unbounded courage and compassion join'd,
Tempering each other in the victor's mind,
Alternately proclaim him good and great,
And make the hero and the man complete.
Long did he strive the' obdurate foe to gain
By proffer'd grace, but long he strove in vain,
Till, fir'd at length, he thinks it vain to spare
His rising wrath, and gives a loose to war.
In vengeance rous'd, the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land;
A thousand villages to ashes turns,
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burns.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And, mix'd with bellowing herds, confus'dly bleat;
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake:
The listening soldier fix'd in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands;
The leader grieves, by generous pity sway'd,
To see his just commands so well obey'd.
But now the trumpet, terrible from far,
In shriller clangors animates the war,
Confederate drums in fuller consort beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat.
Gallia's proud standards, to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views

Stretch'd out in deep array and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.
The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain:
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul prefer'd,
Europe's loud cries, that Providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows at length prevail'd:
The day was come when Heaven design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.
Behold in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host.
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.
But, O! my Muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drums' tumultuous sound
The victors' shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlbrô's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd.

Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, pleas'd the' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm.

But see! the haughty household-troops advance,
The dread of Europe, and the pride of France:
The war's whole art each private soldier knows,
And with a general's love of conquest glows:
Proudly he marches on, and, void of fear,
Laughs at the shaking of the British spear.
Vain insolence! with native freedom brave,
The meanest Briton scorns the highest slave;
Contempt and fury fire their souls by turns,
Each nation's glory in each warrior burns;
Each fights as in his arm the' important day,
And all the fate of his great monarch, lay:
A thousand glorious actions, that might claim
Triumphant laurels and immortal fame,
Confus'd in crowds of glorious actions lie,
And troops of heroes undistinguish'd die.
O Dormer! how can I behold thy fate,
And not the wonders of thy youth relate?
How can I see the gay, the brave, the young,
Fall in the cloud of war, and lie unsung!
In joys of conquest he resigns his breath,
And, fill'd with England's glory, smiles in death.

The rout begins, the Gallic squadrons run,
Compell'd in crowds to meet the fate they shun;
Thousands of fiery steeds, with wounds transfix'd,
Floating in gore, with their dead masters mix'd,
Midst heaps of spears and standards driv'n around,
Lie in the Danube's bloody whirlpools drown'd,
Troops of bold youths, borne on the distant Soane,
Or sounding borders of the rapid Rhône,
Or where the Siene her flowery fields divides,
Or where the Loire through winding vineyards glides,
In heaps the rolling billows sweep away,
And into Scythian seas their bloted corpse' convey.
From Blenheim's towers the Gaul, with wild affright,
Beholds the various havoc of the fight;
His waving banners, that so oft had stood
Planted in fields of death and streams of blood,
So wont the guarded enemy to reach,
And rise triumphant in the fatal breach,
Or pierce the broken foe's remotest lines,
The hardy veteran with tears resigns.
Unfortunate Tallard! oh! who can name
The pangs of rage, of sorrow, and of shame,
That with mix'd tumult in thy bosom swell'd,
When first thou saw'st thy bravest troops repell'd!
Thine only son pierc'd with a deadly wound,
Chok'd in his blood, and gasping on the ground,
Thyself in bondage by the victor kept!
The chief, the father, and the captive, wept,
An English Muse is touch'd with generous woe,
And in the' unhappy man forgets the foe.
Greatly distress'd! thy loud complaints forbear;
Blame not the turns of Fate and chance of war;
Give thy brave foes their due, nor blush to own
The fatal field by such great leaders won;

The field whence fam'd Eugenio bore away
Only the second honours of the day.
With floods of gore that from the vanquish'd fell,
The marshes stagnate and the rivers swell.
Mountains of slain lie heap'd upon the ground,
Or midst the roarings of the Danube drown'd:
Whole captive hosts the conqueror detains
In painful bondage and inglorious chains:
Ev'n those who 'scape the fetters and the sword,
Nor seek the fortunes of a happier lord,
Their raging king dishonours, to complete
Marlbrô's great work, and finish the defeat.
From Memminghen's high domes and Augsburg's walls,
The distant battle drives the' insulting Gauls;
Freed by the terror of the victor's name,
The rescued states his great protection claim;
Whilst Ulm the' approach of her deliverer waits,
And longs to open her obsequious gates.
The hero's breast still swells with great designs;
In every thought the towering genius shines:
If to the foe his dreadful course he bends,
O'er the Wide Continent his march extends;
If sieges in his labouring thoughts are form'd;
Camps are assaulted, and an army storm'd;
If to the fight his active soul is bent,
The fate of Europe turns on its event.
What distant land, what region can afford
An action worthy his victorious sword?
Where will he next the flying Gaul defeat,
To make the series of his toils complete?
Where the swoln Rhine, rushing with all its force,
Divides the hostile nations in its course,

While each contracts its bounds, or wider grows,
Enlarg'd or straiten'd as the river flows,
On Gallia's side a mighty bulkwark stands,
That all the wide extended plain commands;
Twice, since the war was kindled, has it tried
The victor's rage, and twice has chang'd its side;
As oft whole armies, with a prize o'erjoy'd,
Have the long summer on its walls employ'd.
Hither our mighty chief his arms directs,
Hence future triumphs from the war expects,
And, though the Dog-star had its course begun,
Carries his arms still nearer to the sun:
Fix'd on the glorious action, he forgets
The change of seasons and increase of heats:
No toils are painful that can danger show,
No climes unlovely that contain a foe.
The roving Gaul, to his own bounds restrain'd,
Learns to encamp within his native land,
But soon as the victorious host he spies,
From hill to hill, from stream to stream, he flies;
Such dire impressions in his heart remain
Of Malbrô's sword and Hockstet's fatal plain.
In vain Britannia's mighty chief besets
Their shady coverts and obscure retreats;
They fly the conquerors approaching fame,
That bears the force of armies in his name.
Austria's young monarch, whose imperial sway
Sceptres and thrones are destin'd to obey,
Whose boasted ancestry so high extends,
That in the Pagan Gods his lineage ends,
Comes from afar, in gratitude to own
The great supporter of his father's throne.
What tides of glory to his bosom ran,
Clasp'd in the' embraces of the godlike man;

How were his eyes with pleasing wonder fix'd,
To see such fire with so much sweetness mix'd,
Such easy greatness, such a graceful port,
So turn'd and finish'd for the camp or court!
Achilles thus was form'd with every grace,
And Nireus shone but in the second place;
Thus the great father of Almighty Rome
(Divinely flush'd with an immortal bloom
That Cytherea's fragrant breath bestow'd)
In all the charms of his bright mother glow'd.
The royal youth by Malbrô's presence charm'd,
Taught by his counsels, by his actions warm'd,
On Landau with redoubled fury falls,
Discharges all his thunder on its walls,
O'er mines and caves of death provokes the fight,
And learns to conquer in the hero's sight.
The British chief, for mighty toils renown'd,
Increas'd in titles, and with conquest crown'd,
To Belgian coasts his tedious march renews,
And the long windings of the Rhine pursues,
Clearing its borders from usurping foes,
And bless'd by rescued nations as he goes.
Treves fears no more, freed from its dire alarms,
And Traerbach feels the terror of his arms,
Seated on rocks her proud foundations shake,
While Marlbrô presses to the bold attack,
Plants all his batteries, bids his cannon roar,
And shows how Landau might have fall'n before.
Scar'd at his near approach, great Louis fears
Vengeance reserv'd for his declining years,
Forgets his thirst of universal sway,
And scarce can teach his subjects to obey;
His arms he finds on vain attempts employ'd,
The' ambitious projects for his race destroy'd,

The works of ages sunk in one Campaign,
And lives of millions sacrific'd in vain.
Such are the' effects of Anna's royal cares:
By her Britannia, great in foreign wars,
Ranges through nations, whereso'er disjoin'd,
Without the wonted aid of sea and wind:
By her the' unfetter'd Ister's states are free,
And taste the sweets of English liberty:
But who can tell the joys of those that lie
Beneath the constant influence of her eye!
Whilst in diffusive showers her bounties fall
Like Heaven's indulgence, and descend on all,
Secure the happy, succour the distress'd,
Make every subject glad, and a whole people bless'd.
Thus would I fain Britannia's wars rehearse,
In the smooth records of a faithful verse,
That, if such numbers can o'er time prevail,
May tell posterity the wondrous tale.
When actions, unadorn'd, are faint and weak,
Cities and countries must be taught to speak;
Gods may descend in factions from the skies,
And rivers from their oozy beds arise;
Fiction may deck the truth with spurious rays,
And round the hero cast a borrow'd blaze:
Marlbrô's exploits appear divinely bright,
And proudly shine in their own native light;
Rais'd of themselves, their genuine charms they boast,
And those who paint 'em truest praise 'em most.

A

LETTER FROM ITALY.

TO THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.

IN THE YEAR. 1701.

Salve, magna parens frugum, Saturnia tellus,
Magna virum! tibi res antiquæ laudis et artis
Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes.
VIRG. Georg. ii.

While you, my Lord, the rural shades admire,
And from Britannia's public posts retire,
Nor longer, her ungrateful sons to please,
For their advantage sacrifice your ease;
Me, into foreign realms my fate conveys
Through nations fruitful of immortal lays,
Where the soft season and inviting clime
Conspire to trouble your repose with rhyme.
For whereso'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;
For here the Muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung,
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows.

How am I pleas'd to search the hills and woods
For rising springs and celebrated floods!
To view the Nar, tumultuous in his course,
And trace the smooth Clitumnus to his source!
To see the Mincio draw his watry store
Through the long windings of a fruitful shore!
And hoary Albula's infected tide
O'er the warm bed of smoking sulphur glide!
Fir'd with a thousand raptures, I survey
Eridanus through flowery meadows stray,
The king of floods; that, rolling o'er the plains,
The towering Alps of half their moisture drains,
And proudly swoln with a whole winter's snows,
Distributes wealth and plenty where he flows.
Sometimes, misguided by the tuneful throng,
I look for streams immortaliz'd in song,
That lost in silence and oblivion lie,
(Dumb are their fountains and their channels dry)
Yet run for ever by the Muses' skill,
And in the smooth description murmur still.
Sometimes to gentle Tiber I retire,
And the fam'd river's empty shores admire,
That, destitute of strength, drives its course
From thirfty urns and an unfruitful source.
Yet sung so often in poetic lays,
With scorn the Danube and the Nile surveys;
So high the deathless Muse exalts her theme!
Such was the Boyne, a poor inglorious stream,
That in Hibernian vales obscurely stray'd,
And, unobserv'd, in wild meanders play'd,
Till by your lines and Nassau's sword renown'd,
Its rising billows through the world resound,
Where'er the hero's godlike acts can pierce,
Or where the fame of an immortal verse.

Oh could the Muse my ravish'd breast inspire
With warmth like your's, and raise an equal fire,
Unnumber'd beauties in my verse should shine,
And Virgil's Italy should yield to mine!
See how the golden groves around me smile!
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle!
Or when transplanted, and preserv'd with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler taste and more exalted scents;
Ev'n the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats,
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the Seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers, together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies.
Immortal glories in my mind revive,
And in my soul a thousand passions strive,
When Rome's exalted beauties I descry
Magnificent in piles of ruin lie.
An amphitheatre's amazing height
Here fills my eye with terror and delight,
That on its public shows unpeopled Rome,
And held, uncrowded, nations in its womb:
Here pillars, rough with sculpture, pierce the skies;
And here the proud triumphal arches rise,
Where the old Romans deathless acts' display'd
Their base degenerate progeny upbraid:
Whole rivers here forsake the fields below, [flow.
And wondering at their height through airy channels
Still to new scenes my wandering Muse retires,
And the dumb show of breathing rocks admires,

Where the smooth chissel all its force has shown,
And soften'd into flesh the rugged stone.
In solemn silence, a majestic band,
Heroes, and gods, and Roman consuls, stand;
Stern tyrants, whom their cruelties renown,
And emperors in Parian marble frown;
While the bright dames, to whom they humbly sued,
Still show the charms that their proud hearts subdued.

Fain would I Raphael's godlike art rehearse,
And show the immortal labours in my verse,
Where from the mingled strength of shade and light
A new creation rises to my sight;
Such heavenly figures from his pencil flow,
So warm with life his blended colours glow,
From theme to theme with secret pleasure tost,
Amidst the soft variety I'm lost.
Here pleasing airs my ravish'd soul confound
With circling notes and labyrinths of sound;
Here domes and temples rise in distant views,
And op'ning palaces invite my Muse.

How has kind Heav'n adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand;
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heav'n and earth impart,
The smiles of Nature and the charms of Art,
While proud Oppression in her vallies reigns,
And Tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange and the swelling grain;
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines;

Starves, in the midst of Nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaden vineyard dies for thirst.
Oh, Liberty! thou goddess heav'nly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling Plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load Subjection grows more light,
And Poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of Nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess! thee Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine,
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil;
We envy not the warmer clime that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies,
Nor at the coarseness of our heav'n repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine;
'Tis Liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.
Others with tow'ring piles may please the sight,
And in their proud aspiring domes delight,
A nicer touch to the stretch'd canvass give,
Or teach their animated rocks to live;
'Tis Britain's care to watch o'er Europe's fate,
And hold in balance each contending state;
To threaten bold presumptuous kings with war,
And answer her afflicted neighbours' pray'r.

The Dane and Swede, rous'd up by fierce alarms,
Bless the wise conduct of her pious arms;
Soon as her fleets appear their terrors cease,
And all the Northern world lies hush'd in peace.
The' ambitious Gaul beholds with secret dread
Her thunder aim'd at his aspiring head,
And fain her godlike sons would disunite
By foreign gold, or by domestic spite;
But strives in vain to conquer or divide
Whom Nassau's arms defend and counsels guide.
Fir'd with the name which I so oft have found
The distant climes and different tongues resound,
I bridle in my struggling Muse, with pain,
That longs to launch into a bolder strain.
But I've already troubled you too long,
Nor dare attempt a more adventurous song:
My humble verse demands a softer theme,
A painted meadow or a purling stream;
Unfit for heroes, whom immortal lays,
And lines like Virgil's, or like your's, should praise.

MISCELLANIES.

A

SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY

AT OXFORD.

Cecilia? whose exalted hymns
With joy and wonder fill the blest,
In choirs of warbling seraphims
Known and distinguish'd from the rest,
Attend, harmonious Saint! and see
Thy vocal sons of Harmony;
Attend, harmonious Saint! and hear our pray'rs;
Enliven all our earthly airs,
And as thou sing'st thy God, teach us to sing of thee:
Tune every string and every tongue;
Be thou the Muse and subject of our song.

Let all Cecilia's praise proclaim,
Employ the echo in her name.
Hark how the flutes and trumpets raise,
At bright Cecilia's name, their lays!
The organ labours in her praise.
Cecilia's name does all our numbers grace;
From every voice the tuneful accents fly!
In soaring trebles now it rises high,
And now it sinks, and dwells upon the base.
Cecilia's name through all the notes we sing,
The work of every skilful tongue,
The sound of every trembling string,
The sound and triumph of our song.

For ever consecrate the day
To music and Cecilia;
Music! the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of Heaven we have below.
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspected eloquence can move,
And manage all the man with secret art.
When Orpheus strikes the trembling lyre,
The streams stand still, the stones admire;
The listening savages advance,
The wolf and lamb around him trip,
The bears in awkward measures leap,
And tigers mingle in the dance:
The moving woods attended as he play'd,
And Rhodope was left without a shade.

Music religious heats inspires;
It wakes the soul and lifts it high,
And wings it with sublime desires,
And fits it to bespeak the Deity.
The' Almighty listens to a tuneful tongue,
And seems well pleas'd, and courted with a song.
Soft moving sounds and heavenly airs
Give force to every word, and recommend our [pray'rs.
When time itself shall be no more,
And all things in confusion hurl'd,
Music shall then exert its pow'r,
And sound survive the ruins of the world;
Then saints and angels shall agree
In one eternal jubilee;
All Heav'n shall echo with their hymns divine,
And God himself with pleasure see
The whole creation in a chorus join.

CHORUS.

Consecrate the place and day
To music and Cecilia:
Let no rough winds approach, nor dare
Invade the hallow'd bounds,
Nor rudely shake the tuneful air,
Nor spoil the fleeting sounds;
Nor mournful sigh nor groan be heard,
But gladness dwell on every tongue,
Whilst all, with voice and strings prepar'd,
Keep up the loud harmonious song,
And imitate the bless'd above
In joy, and harmony, and love.

PROLOGUE.

TO PHÆDRA AND HIPPOLITUS. 1707.

Long has a race of heroes fill'd the stage,
That rant by note, and through the gamut rage;
In songs and airs express their martial fire,
Combat in trills, and in a fugue expire;
While lull'd by sound, and undisturb'd by wit,
Calm and serene you indolently sit,
And from the dull fatigue of thinking free,
Hear the facetious fiddle's repartee:
Our homespun authors must forsake the field,
And Shakspeare to the soft Scarlatti yield.
To your new taste the poet of this day
Was by a friend advis'd to form his play.

Had Valentini, musically coy,
Shun'd Phædra's arms, and scorn'd the proffer'd joy,
It had not mov'd your wonder to have seen
An eunuch fly from an enamour'd queen;
How would it please should she in English speak,
And could Hippolitus reply in Greek?
But he, a stranger to your modish way,
By your old rules must stand or fall to day,
And hopes you will your foreign taste command
To bear, for once, with what you understand.

PROLOGUE,

TO THE TENDER HUSBAND. 1705.

In the first rise and infancy of farce,
When fools were many, and when plays were scarce,
The raw unpractis'd authors could, with ease,
A young and unexperienc'd audience please:
No single character had e'er been shown,
But the whole herd of fops was all their own:
Rich in originals, they set to view,
In every piece, a coxcomb that was new.
But now our British theatre can boast
Drolls of all kinds, a vast unthinking host!
Fruitful of folly and of vice, it shows [beaux;
Cuckolds, and cits, and bawds, and pimps, and
Rough country knights are found of ev'ry shire,
Of every fashion gentle fops appear;
And punks of different characters we meet
As frequent on the stage as in the pit.

Our modern wits are forc'd to pick and cull,
And here and there by chance glean up a fool:
Long ere they find the necessary spark,
They search the Town, and beat about the Park.
To all his most frequented haunts resort,
Oft dog him to the ring, and oft to court,
As love of pleasure or of place invites,
And sometimes catch him taking snuff at White's.
  Howe'er, to do you right, the present age
Breeds very hopeful monsters for the stage,
That scorn the paths their dull forefathers trod,
And won't be blockheads in the common road.
Do but survey this crowded house to-night;
—Here's still encouragement for those that write.
  Our author, to divert his friends to-day,
Stocks with variety of fools his play,
And that there may be something gay and new,
Two ladies-errant has expos'd to view;
The first a damsel travell'd in romance,
The other more refin'd, she comes from France;
Rescue, like courteous knights, the nymph from
    danger,
And kindly treat, like well-bred men, the stranger.

EPILOGUE

TO THE BRITISH ENCHANTERS. 1706.

When Orpheus tun'd his lyre with pleasing woe,
Rivers forgot to run, and winds to blow,
While listening forests cover'd, as he play'd,
The soft musician in a moving shade.
That this night's strains the same success may find,
The force of music is to music join'd;
Where sounding strings and artful voices fail,
The charming rod and mutter'd spells prevail.
Let sage Urganda wave the circling wand
On barren mountains or a waste of sand,
The desert smiles, the woods begin to grow,
The birds to warble, and the springs to flow.
The same dull sights in the same landscape mix'd,
Scenes of still life, and points for ever fix'd,
A tedious pleasure on the mind bestow,
And pall the sense with one continued show:
But as our two magicians try their skill,
The vision varies, though the place stands still,
While the same spot its gaudy form renews,
Shifting the prospect to a thousand views.
Thus (without unity of place transgrest)
The' Enchanter turns the critic to a jest.
But howsoe'er, to please your wandering eyes,
Bright objects dissappear and brighter rise,
There's none can make amends for lost delight,
While from that circle we divert your sight,

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES, BOOK II.

THE

STORY OF PHAËTON.

The sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd,
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought,
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought,
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky,
A waving sea the' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd:
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton and Proteus (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train,
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their dropping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide.
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.

On earth a different landscape courts the eyes,
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural deities;
O'er all the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.
Here Phaëton, still gaining on the' ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went,
Till, pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god;
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.
The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages, stand:
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound,
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear,
And Hoary Winter shivers in the rear.
Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye which looks on all, was fix'd on one:
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place,
And cries aloud, 'What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'
'Light of the world! (the trembling youth replies)
Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'
The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head,

And bid the youth advance. 'My son, (said he)
Come to thy father's arms; for Clymenè
Has told thee true; a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son:
As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply;
By Styx I swear! whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'
The youth, transported, asks, without delay,
'To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.'
The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook:
'My son, (says he) some other proof require;
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality.
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree, but I;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength; yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight;
A mighty downfal steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage

Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course:
I steer against their motions; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could you resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole?
But you perhaps may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods,
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies:
For should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite;
Next him the bright Hæmonian bow is strung;
And next the Lion's grinning visage hung;
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent,
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows:
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require,
But, O! in time recal your rash desire:
You ask a gift that may your parent tell;
Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
And learn a father from a father's care:
Look on my face; or if my heart lay bare,
Could you but look you'd read the father there.
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies;
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask:

You ask a real mischief, Phaëton;
Nay, hang not thus about my neck, my son:
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice,
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice.'
Thus did the god the' unwary youth advise,
But he still longs to travel through the skies;
When the fond father (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads.
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold;
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight,
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright;
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the Morn disclos'd her purple rays:
The stars were fled, for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy Morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of Day,
To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat,
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said;—
'Take this at least, this last advice, my son:
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on;
The coursers of themselves will run too fast;
Your art must be to moderate their haste:

Drive 'em not on directly through the skies,
But where the Zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant South nor stormy North.
The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires or heaven or earth infest;
Keep the mid way; the middle way is best.
Nor where in radiant folds the Serpent twines
Direct your course, nor where the Altar shines:
Shun both extremes; the rest let Fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide!
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away,
Aurora gives the promise of a day;
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins; or still tho' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel, take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand,
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.'
He spoke in vain; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat,
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood;
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air,
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.

The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight;
But as at sea the' unballast vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides,
So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is hurried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey;
Then the Seven Stars first felt Apollo's ray,
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea:
The folded Serpent next the Frozen Pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes, too, that fain [Wain.
Thou would'st have fled, though cumber'd with thy

The' unhappy youth then bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread:
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request denied:
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the sun.
So fares the pilot when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost;
He gives her to the winds, and, in despair,
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.

What could he do? his eyes, if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past;

If forward, still a longer path they find;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind,
And sometimes casts an eye upon the East,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden West:
The horses' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold 'em tight.
Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies,
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size,
That deck'd with stars lie scatter'd o'er the skies.
There is a place above, where Scorpio, bent
In tail and arms, surrounds a vast extent;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half dead with sudden fear he dropt the reins;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day:
And now above and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.
The clouds disperse in fumes, the wondering Moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own;
The high lands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or, clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze:
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills; whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.
The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear;

Œagrian Hæmus (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame;
Taurus and Œte glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry:
Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodope, no longer cloth'd in snow:
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus, sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat:
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd:
Cover'd with flames, the towering Appennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine;
And where the long-extended Alps aspire
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

The' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could turn,
Beheld the universe around him burn:
The world was in a blaze; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd;
And now the axletree beneath him glow'd:
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove, nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Lybia first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coast;
Even Tanaïs, though fix'd in ice, was lost;

Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burnt once more:
The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
From his lov'd Babylon Euphrates flies;
The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies:
In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
And Tagus floating in his melted gold:
The swans, that on Caïster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died:
The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found;
His seven divided currents all are dry,
And where they roll'd seven gaping trenches lie:
No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
Nor Tiber of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
And startles Pluto with the flash of day:
The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose:
Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
The number of the scatter'd Cyclades:
The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
Gasping for breath the' unshapen Phocæ die,
And on the boiling wave extended lie:
Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
Seek out the last recesses of the main;
Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
And secret in their gloomy caverns pant:
Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrae'd
With scalding seas, that floated round her waist,
When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
Uplifted to the heavens her blasted head,
And clapt her hand upon her brows, and said;
(But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat)
'If you, great king of gods! my death approve,
And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
If I must perish by the force of fire,
Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke,
(For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke)
See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye
And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
And does the plough for this my body tear?
This the reward for all the fruits I bear,
Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year?
That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
And food for man, and frankincense for you?
But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
The wavy empire, which by lot was given,
Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?
If I, nor he, your pity can provoke,
See your own heavens; the heavens begin to smoke!
Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
All must again into their chaos turn.

Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
And succour Nature ere it be too late.'
She ceas'd; for choak'd with vapours round her spread,
Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.
Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.
Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his show'rs and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r,
Then aiming at the youth with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forky brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus the' almighty Sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.
At once from life and from the chariot driven,
The' ambitious boy fell thunder struck from heav'n:
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke;
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away,
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments lay:
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop,
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAËTON'S SISTERS

TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and amaz'd
On the dead youth, transfix'd with thunder, gaz'd,
And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise;
'Here he who drove the sun's bright chariot lies:
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died.'
Apollo hid his face, and pin'd for grief;
And if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun:
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day,
A day that still did Nature's face disclose;
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.
But Clymenè, enrag'd, with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires her passion vents:
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevell'd, round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast,
Till, on the borders of the Po, at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears:
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears,
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters, too, lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain;
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb, and weep.
Four times, revolving, the full moon return'd,
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd;
When now the eldest, Phaëthusa strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move;
Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground:
A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
Would rend her hair, but fills her hand with leaves:
One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs,
And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies stood
Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood;
But still above were female heads display'd,
And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
What could, alas! the weeping mother do?
From this to that with eager haste she flew,
And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew
She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
And from their verdant finger strips the leaves:
The blood came trickling where she tore away
The leaves and bark; the maids were heard to say,
'Forbear, mistaken parent, oh! forbear:
A wounded daughter in each tree you tear:
Farewell for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.
The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
Which, harden'd into value by the sun,

Distil for ever on the streams below;
The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
Mixt in the sand, whence the rich drops convey'd
Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS

INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd; allied
To their dead brother on the mortal side,
In friendship and affection nearer bound,
He left the cities and the realms he own'd,
Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range,
And woods, made thicker by the sisters' change,
Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
The melancholy monarch made his moan,
His voice was lessen'd, as he tried to speak,
And issued through a long extended neck;
His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
From both his sides the wings and feathers break,
And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
All Cycnus now into a swan was turn'd,
Who still remembering how his kinsman burn'd,
To solitary pools and lakes retires,
And loves the waters, as oppos'd to fires.
Meanwhile Apollo in a gloomy shade
(The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light:

The hidden griefs that in his bosom rise
Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes,
As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
And sullies, in a dim eclipse, the day.
Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
Now warm resentments to his grief he join'd,
And now renounc'd his office to mankind:
'Ere since the birth of Time, (said he) I've borne
A long ungrateful toil, without return;
Let now some other manage, if he dare,
The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
Or if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
And learn to lay his murd'ring thunder by;
Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.'
The gods stand round him as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night;
Jove, too, himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats,
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE

STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made;
But all was safe: the earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land, but on Arcadia most:
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains and with springing grass:
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and Nature smiles
again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun nor dress'd with artful pride;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd:
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd
O'er Mænalus, amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once; but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to a grove;

The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
She drop'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard:
'Here I am safe, (he cries) from Juno's eye,
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this,
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!'
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Soften'd his brows, and smooth'd his awful look,
And mildly in a female accent spoke,
'How fares my girl? how went the morning chase?'
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
'All-hail, bright Deity! whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.'
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.
He then salutes her with a warm embrace,
And ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stopp'd her with a kiss:
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin could;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove,
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove!
Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens the' insulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,

By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade,
And almost in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.
But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her;
But when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.
How in the look does conscious guilt appear!
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear.
Nor lightly tripp'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train,
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien,
That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright:
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.
A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd: 'And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle Maids! and wash, she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies:
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd:
In vain excus'd; her fellows round her press'd,
And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd,
In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd:

'Begone!' the goddess cries with stern disdain,
'Begone! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain.'
She fled, for ever banish'd from the train:

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
To punish the detested rival's crime:
The time was come; for to enrage her more,
A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
'It is enough; I'm fully satisfied:
This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
My husband's baseness and the strumpet's love.
But vengeance shall awake; those guilty charms
That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
No longer shall their wonted force retain,
Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'

This said, her hand within her hair she wound,
Swung her to earth, and dragg'd her on the ground:
The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r;
Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair;
Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws;
Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
To grow distorted in an ugly grin;
And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech:
Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
In savage sounds; her mind was still the same:
The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,
And begg'd his aid with inward groans; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows once her own:

How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew
How did she fear her fellow brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one!
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire!

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold,
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd: the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast;
But Jove forbade, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heav'n, and fix'd 'em there,
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods.
They ask what brings her there? 'Ne'er ask, (says she)
What brings me here; heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard and triumphant whore
Usurp the heavens; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altar wait,
When those she hates, grow greater by her hate?
I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast:

This, this was all my weak revenge could do;
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Io's rape,
Restore the' adultress to her former shape;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable Powers! be kind,
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams."
The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies,
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd,
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE

STORY OF CORONIS,

AND BIRTH OF ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was drest,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the Capitol,
Soft as the swan, a large and lovely fowl;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness from the purest white.
The story of his change shall here be told.
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind:

Apollo lov'd her till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true;
But his own bird, the raven, chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd;
Coronis begg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied,
The busy daw flew with him side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
The' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd:—
'Stay, silly Bird! the' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news;
Be warn'd by my example; you discern
What now I am, and what I was, shall learn:
My foolish honesty was all my crime;
Then hear my story.—Once upon a time
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to look
On what was hid within. I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright,
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight:
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd,
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,

The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.
Be then no telltale; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.
'But you, perhaps, may think I was remov'd,
As never by the heavenly maid belov'd:
But I was lov'd: ask Pallas if I lie;
Though Pallas hate me now, she wont deny;
For I, whom in a feather'd shape you view,
Was once a maid (by Heav'n the story's true)
A blooming maid, and a king's daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own'd my beauty's charms;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms;
Neptune, as on his shores I went to rove,
Observ'd me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess'd his pain,
And offer'd force when all his arts were vain:
Swift he pursued: I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
I shriek'd aloud; with cries I fill'd the air
To gods and men; nor god nor man was there:
A virgin goddess heard a virgin's prayer;
For as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground;
My garment turn'd to plumes and girt me round:
My hands to beat my naked bosom try;
Nor naked bosom now, nor hands had I.
Lightly I tript, nor weary, as before,
Sunk in the sand, but skimm'd along the shore,
Till, rising on my wings, I was preferr'd
To be the chaste Minerva's virgin bird;
Preferr'd in vain! I now am in disgrace;
Nyctimenè, the owl, enjoys my place.

'On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Lesbos still the horrid tale they tell)
And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'
The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw: the daw withdrew:
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.
The god was wroth; the colour left his look,
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook,
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast
That had so often to his own been prest.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound,
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried,
'Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?'
This said, in agonies she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft that sent her to the Fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates:
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.

Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,
With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corpse he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.
But, lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of the' immortal mixture in his make,
He ript her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the Centaur Chiron's charge,
Then in his fury black'd the raven o'er,
And bid him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYRRHÖE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy;
His daughter, too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevell'd on her shoulders came
To see the child, Ocyrrhöe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once, as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale;
'Hail, great Physician of the world! all hail!
Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind;

Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die; but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth,
How wilt thou toss and rave, and long to die,
And quit thy claim to immortality,
When thou shalt feel, enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins?
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of Fate.'
Thus, entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd:
More had she still to say, but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
'My voice (says she) is gone, my language fails:
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails:
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart?
What new desires are these? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more:
But why, alas! am I transform'd all o'er?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserves the man.'
Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mishapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings as declare
The human form confounded in the Mare,
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed exprest.

Her stooping body on her hands is borne,
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train:
The Mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS

TO A TOUCHSTONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd;
But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid?
Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
In Elis then a herd of beeves he drove,
And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke;
On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
And on his rural pipe to waste the day.
As once, attentive to his pipe, he play'd,
The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd:
The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
(They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
The thievish god suspected him and took
The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke;
'Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
'Go stranger, (cries the clown,) securely on;
That stone shall sooner tell;' and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
In speech and habit like a country swain,
And cries out, 'Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way?
In the recovery of my cattle join,
A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'
The peasant quick replies, 'You'll find 'em there
In yon dark vale:' and in the vale they were.
The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd:
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd;
'And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?' says he;
Then to a Touchstone turns the faithless spy,
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF

AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED

INTO A STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia, whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.
'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads, their mystic gifts they bore:
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain.
The god, well-pleas'd, beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below,

Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye;
So kept the god the virgin-choir in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.
As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or as the full-orb'd Phœbe Lucifer,
So much did Hersè all the rest outvy,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.
Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung;
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines, mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky,
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god:
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art:
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below,
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion tyes.
His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks the' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first the' approaching god descried,

And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came?
'I come, (replied the god) from heav'n, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you;
I am the son and messenger of Jove,
My name is Mercury, my business love;
Do you, kind damsel! take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart.'
She star'd him in the face, with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire,
And till he brings it, makes the god retire.
Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed,
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand,
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage exprest,
That heav'd the rising Ægis on her breast,
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood:
Shut from the winds, and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter, or disturbs the night.
Directly to the cave her course she steer'd;
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd;
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd.
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food,
Minerva loathing, turn'd away her eye:
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.

Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possest,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast:
Her teeth were brown with rust; and from her tongue,
In dangling drops the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite; while, watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy:
Foe to herself, distressing and distrest,
She bears her own tormenter in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abbor'd her sight)
A short command: 'To Athens speed thy flight;
On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.'
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound,
Flew off to heaven; the hag, with eyes askew,
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give;
Then takes her staff, hung round with wreaths of thorn,
And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year, laid waste:
On mortals next, and peopled towns, she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd,
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.
The' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress.
To execute Minerva's dire command
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid:
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.
To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate:
The' imaginary bride appears in state,
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows;
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.
Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run,
When feebly smitten by the distant sun;
Or like unwholesome weeds that, set on fire,
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire.
Given up to Envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision, wrought)
Oft did she call on Death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed;
To tell her awful father what had past,
At length, before the door herself she cast,
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the love-sick god denied.
The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words the' envenom'd maid:

In vain he sooth'd; 'Begone! (the maid replies)
Or here I keep my seat, and never rise.'
'Then keep thy seat for ever,' cries the god,
And touch'd the door, wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise, and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart,
Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone;
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid,
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and reascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And, as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will exprest:
'My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course,

There find a herd of heifers wandring oe'r
The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore."
Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore,
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.
The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung:
His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies;
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand;
His eyeballs roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light;
His every look was peaceful, and exprest
The softness of the lover in the beast.
Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight:
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head,
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand;

And now, perceiving all her fears deay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grisly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin drest
His bending horns, and kindly clap'd his breast,
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows, seated on the god.
He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow, and approach'd the seas;
Where now he dips his hoofs, and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in, and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.
Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

THE

STORY OF CADMUS.

When now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast,
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime,
Thus was the father pious to a crime.
The restless youth search'd all the world around;
But how can Jove in his amours be found?
When tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun this angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new-appointed home
Should end his wanderings and his toils relieve?
The Delphic oracles this answer give:
'Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plough;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls, and build thy town,
And from thy guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.'
No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,

When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude;
Her gently at a distance he pursued;
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephisus, cross'd thy silver brook,
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie,
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.

O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn;
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes;
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault;

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleepy serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring eyes.
The Tyrians dropt their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood;
Then floating on the ground in circles roll'd,
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
The Serpent in the Polar Circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.
In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain;
Some die entangled in the winding train:
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky,
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the' impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore;
Inur'd to blood, the far-destroying dart,
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass;
The scaly foe amidst their corpse' he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood.

'Such friends, (he cries) deserv'd a longer date;
But Cadmus will revenge or share their fate:'
Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe:
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook;
But nothing here the' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around:
With more success the dart uncrring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force:
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain,
And bit the spear, and wrench'd the wood away;
The point still buried in the marrow lay,
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the' infernal Stygian waters cast;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lics enroll'd,
Now all unravell'd, and without a fold;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage:
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear;

But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight:
For whilst the champion with redoubled might
Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.
The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in the' extended neck a passage found,
And piere'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak,
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.
Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
'Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man! what thou thyself shalt be?'
Astonish'd at the voice, he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd;
When Pallas, swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground,
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.
He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts;

O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms!
So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears,
By just degrees, till all the man arise,
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.
Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;
When one cried out, 'Forbear, fond man! forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.'
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.
The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand,
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.
Here Cadmus reign'd; and now one would have guess'd
The royal founder in his exile bless'd:
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods,
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told;
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd, before he die.
Actæon was the first of all his race,
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;

Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;
To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
And from their huntsman to become their prey.
And yet consider why the change was wrought,
You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault;
Or if a fault, it was the fault of chance;
For how can guilt proceed from ignorance?

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON

INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood,
Well-stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of blood:
Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey;
When thus Actæon calling to the rest:
'My friends, (says he,) our sport is at the best:
The sun is high advanc'd and downward sheds
His burning beams directly on our heads;
Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils,
And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
Take the cool morning to renew the chase.'
They all consent, and in a cheerful train
The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
Return in triumph from the sultry plain.

Down in a vale, with pine and cypress clad,
Refresh'd with gentle winds and brown with shade,

The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
Full in the centre of the darksome wood,
A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
With hoary moss, and arch'd with pumice-stone;
From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
And, trickling, swell into a lake below.
Nature had every where so play'd her part,
That every where she seem'd to vie with Art:
Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
While Crocalè, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose:
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns,
Fetch up the water, and unlade their urns.

Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin or the purple morn;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.

Surpris'd, at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke:
'Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.'
This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck, and pricks his ears;
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown.
Transform'd at length, he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast:
But as by chance, within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look,
Wretched Actæon! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan;
And as he wept, within the watry glass
He saw the big round drops, with silent pace,
Run trickling down a savage hairy face.
What should he do? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and sculk in woods?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each, by turns, his aching heart assails.
As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries;
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.
He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flowery plain;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring, where once he did pursue.

In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies;
From shouting men, and horns, and dogs, he flies,
Deafen'd and stun'd with their promiscuous cries.
When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him, straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there.
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
Tore the sad huntsman grovelling on the ground,
Who now appear'd but one continued wound.
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.
His servants with a piteous look he spies,
And turns about his supplicating eyes.
His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
And call'd their lord Actæon to the game;
He shook his head in answer to the name:
He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
Or only to have stood a looker-on:
But, to his grief, he finds himself too near,
And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
Their wretched master panting in a deer.

THE

BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings and Diana's rage
Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage:
Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault;
Others, again, esteem'd Aetæon's woes
Fit for a virgin goddess to impose:
The hearers into different parts divide,
And reasons are produe'd on either side.
Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
Nor would condemn the goddess nor exeuse:
She heeded not the justiee of the deed,
But joy'd to see the raee of Cadmus bleed,
For still she kept Europa in her mind,
And for her sake detested all her kind.
Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
How Semelè, to Jove's embrace preferr'd,
Was now grown big with an immortal load,
And earried in her womb a future god.
Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke:
'Are my reproaches of so small a foree?
'Tis time I then pursue another eourse:
It is deereed the guilty wreteh shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove.
(And none ean sure a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.

She boasts an honour I can hardly claim;
Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love;
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semelè she stood.
Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs,
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false fosterchild.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
'Tis well, (says she) if all be true that's said;
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd;
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from the' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity,
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms
With which he fills the' immortal Juno's arms.'
The' unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
To grant a certain gift which she would choose;
'Fear not, (replied the god) that I'll refuse

Whate'er you ask: may Styx confirm my voice:
Choose what you will, and you shall have your choice.'
'Then, (says the nymph) when next you seek my arms,
May you descend in those celestial charms
With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame.'
The god, surpris'd, would fain have stopp'd her voice;
But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.
To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds,
Whilst all around, in terrible array,
His thunders rattle, and his lightnings play:
And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
He set not out in all his pomp and state,
Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size;
Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain:
'Twas of a lesser mould, and lighter weight;
They call it thunder of a second rate:
For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
Thus dreadfully adorn'd with horror bright,
The' illustrious god, descending from his height,
Came rushing on her in a storm of light.
The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb;
And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
Inclos'd the' abortive infant in his thigh;
Here when the babe had all his time fulfil'd,
Ino first took him for her fosterchild,
Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now, while these transactions pass'd on earth,
And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth,
When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
Of public empire and the cares of state,
As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd,
'In troth,' says he, (and as he spoke he laugh'd,)
'The sense of pleasure in the male is far
More dull and dead, than what you females share.'
Juno the truth of what was said denied;
Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
For he the pleasure of each sex had tried.
It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke;
But after seven revolving years he view'd
The self-same serpents in the self-same wood;
'And if, (says he,) such virtue in you lie,
That he who dares your slimy folds untie
Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.'

Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
New sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
Him therefore both the deities create
The sovereign umpire in their grand debate;
And he declar'd for Jove; when Juno, fir'd
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him, in her fury, of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night:
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight

THE

TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him the' inquiring nations sought their doom;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first the' unerring prophet justified;
This nymph the god Cephisus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.
The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
'If ere he knows himself he surely dies.'
Long liv'd thedubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.
Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man;

Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a love-sick maid her flame confess'd:
Such was his pride, in vain the friend caress'd,
The love-sick maid in vain her flame confess'd.
Once in the woods as he pursued the chase,
The babling echo had descried his face;
She who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself, but when another speaks.
Echo was then a maid of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often, when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming, till the lovers slipp'd away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time, [crime,
And then she cried, 'That tongue, for this thy
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use.'
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds, and accents not her own.
This love-sick virgin, overjoyed to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes,

Where, pining, wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with eare,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voiee had nothing left,
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE

STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy,
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain,
'Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnusia pitied the negleeted fair,
And with just vengeanee answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests,
Unsullied by the toueh of men or beasts:
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and eoolness of the place,
And overheated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies:
But whilst within the erystal fount he tries
To queneh his heat, he feels new heat arise;
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastie shade,
And o'er the fair resemblanee hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.

The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead and the sparkling eyes,
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow,
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watry glass:
By his own flames consum'd, the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies:
To the cold water oft he joins his lips,
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips;
Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.
What could, fond youth! this helpless passion move?
What kindled in thee this unpitied love?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies,
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.
Still o'er the fountain's watry gleam he stood,
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food.
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd.
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain:
'You Tree! (says he,) and thou surrounding Grove!
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd, as I?
I who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there:
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost,
And yet no bulwark'd town nor distant coast

Prescrves the beautcous youth from being seen,
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace;
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth! and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant!
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop, he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his:
His eye with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps:
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.
'Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see;
The gay delusion is a part of me:
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return.
Whom should I court? how utter my complaint!
Enjoyment but produces my restraint,
And two much plenty makes me die for want.
How gladly would I from myself remove,
And at a distance set the thing I love!
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire.
I wish him absent whom I most desire;
And now I faint with grief; my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die.

Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve:
O might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But, oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'
This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears:
'Ah! whither, (cries Narcissus) dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further blest:'—
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,
Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine.
The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
And with a new redoubled passion dies:
As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
And trickle into drops before the sun,
So melts the youth, and languishes away,
His beauty withers, and his limbs decay,
And none of those attractive charms remain
To which the slighted Echo sued in vain.
She saw him in his present misery,
Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see;
She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan:
'Ah! youth belov'd in vain,' Narcissus cries;
'Ah! youth belov'd in vain,' the nymph replies.
'Farewell,' says he: the parting sound scarce fell
From his faint lips, but she replied, 'Farewell:'

Then on the' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
Till Death shuts up those self-admiring eyes;
To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
And in the Stygian waves itself admires.
For him the Naïads and the Driads mourn,
Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn:
And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn,
When, looking for his eorpse, they only found
A rising stalk with yellow blossoms erown'd.

THE

STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.
The' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
The cheated people, and their eyeless guide;
To whom the prophet in his fury said,
Shaking the hoary honours of his head,
'Twere well, presumptuous man! 'twere well for thee
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind, like me;
For the time eomes, nay, 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear,
Whieh if thou dost not with just rites adorn,
Thy impious eareass, into pieees torn,
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn.
Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.'
Still Pentheus seorns him and derides his skill,
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil:
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus rode,
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god.

All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps and fill the train,
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
'What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
Thus quell your courage? can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face,
Remember him to whom you stand allied;
The serpent for his well of waters died:
He fought the strong; do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.
If Thebes must fall, oh might the Fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword!
Then might the Thebans perish with renown;
But now a beardless victor sacks the town,
Whom nor the prancing steed nor pondrous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests and flowery garlands please.
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his godhead, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd [yield?
This boasted power; why then should Pentheus
Go quickly; drag the' imposter boy to me;

I'll try the force of his divinity.'
Thus did the audacious wretch those rites profane,
His friends dissuade the' audacious wretch in vain;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats; the wretch but raves the more.
So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide,
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.
But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But dragg'd a zealous votary along.

THE

MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands, while thus he spoke:
'Vile slave! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew,
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell.'
The captive views him with undaunted eyes,
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies.
'From high Meonia's rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name:
My sire was meanly born; no oxen plough'd
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low'd:
His whole estate within the waters lay:
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey.

His art was all his livelihood, which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath'd to me;
"In streams, my boy, and rivers take thy chance;
There swims (said he) thy whole inheritance."
'Long did I live on this poor legacy,
Till tir'd with rocks and my own native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin'd,
Observ'd the turns and changes of the wind,
Learn'd the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor's catalogue of stars.
'Once, as by chance for Delos I design'd,
My vessel, driv'n by a strong gust of wind,
Moor'd in a Chian creek; ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose, I sent my mates to bring
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor'd,
Then summon'd in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltes heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took;
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.
'I view'd him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face.
"I know not who (said I) this god should be,
But that he is a god I plainly see;
And thou, whoe'er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us'd, and oh, befriend our course!"

"Pray not for us," (the nimble Dictys cried)
Dictys, that could the main-top mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide:
To the same purpose Old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook'd the oars, and tim'd the stroke,
The same the pilot, and the same the rest;
Such impious avarice their souls possest:
"Nay, Heav'n forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,"
Said I, and stood to hinder their intent:
When Lycabas, a wretch, for murder sent
From Tuscany, to suffer banishment,
With his clench'd fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands in falling grasp'd a cord.
'His base confederates the fact approve,
When Bacchus (for 'twas he) begun to move,
Wak'd by the noise and clamours which they rais'd,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz'd.
"What means this noise? (he cries) am I betray'd?
Ah! whither, whither must I be convey'd?"
"Fear not, (said Proteus) child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care."
"To Naxos then direct your course, (says he)
Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me."
'By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur'd villains promise to comply,
And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship.
With eager joy I launch into the deep,
And, heedless of the fraud, for Naxos stand:
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And gave me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about and steer another way.

"Then let some other to my post succeed,
(Said I) I'm guiltless of so foul a deed."
"What, (says Ethalion) must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour and depend on you?"
And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.
'The beauteous youth now found himself betray'd,
And from the deck the rising wave survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said;
"And do you thus my easy faith beguile?
Thus do you bear me to my native isle?
Will such a multitude of men employ
Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"
'In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,
The more I begg'd, they thwarted me the more.
And now, by all the gods in heav'n that hear
This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,
The mighty miracle that did ensue,
Although it seems beyond belief, is true.
The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,
Unmov'd by all the beating billows, stood:
In vain the mariners would plough the main
With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain;
Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,
And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves;
The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,
And berries in the fruitful canvas seen;
Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.
'The god we now behold with open'd eyes:
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head;

And whilst he frowns, and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris'd with madness or with fear,
Leap'd overboard. First perjur'd Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround:
"Ah! what (cries one) has thus transform'd thy look?"
Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke.
And now himself he views with like surprise.
Still at his oar the' industrious Libys plies,
But as he plies each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion'd to a fin.
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew, transform'd around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep.
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play;
I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more;
With him I landed on the Chian shore,
And him shall ever gratefully adore.'

'This forging slave, (says Pentheus) would pre-
O'er our just fury by a far-fetch'd tale; [vail
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.'
The' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay;
But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd!
At liberty the' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE

DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song;
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound,
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mistic orgies spies:
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd,
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my Sisters! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'

Pentheus, astonish'd, heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round!
He sees and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
'Help, help! my aunt Autonöe, (he cried)
Remember how your own Actæon died.'
Deaf to his cries, the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops;
In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps present to view:

His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r,
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair,
'And this (she cried) shall be Agavè's share.'
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore,
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey,
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away,
As starting in the pangs of death it lay.
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.
By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF

SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams,
Softens the body and unnerves the limbs,
And what the secret cause shall here be shown;
The cause is secret, but the' effect is known.
The Naïads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
That Cytherea once to Hermes bore:
From both the' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years, in Ida's cool retreat,
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he crost,
And fields that border'd on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright,
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight:
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds,

But dealt enriching moisture all around,
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground.
A nymph presides, not practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race.
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the Main,
The only stranger to Diana's train:
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
'Fie! Salmacis, what, always idle? fie!
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease,
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide.
Now in the limpid stream she view'd her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams,
And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.
Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair.
'Bright Youth! (she cries) whom all thy features prove
A god, and, if a god, the god of Love;
But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters blest,
But, oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd thy bride,
Allied in bliss, if any yet allied:
If so, let mine the stol'n enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me.'

The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with shame,
He strove, and blush'd, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.
The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute, at least a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph! or I'll be gone.'
'Fair Stranger! then, (says she) it shall be so;'
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore;
Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
His airy garments on the banks he cast;
His godlike features and his heavenly hue,
And all his beauties were exposed to view.
His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies,
While hotter passions in her bosom rise,
Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
She longs, she burns, to clasp him in her arms,
And looks and sighs, and kindles at his charms.
Now all undress'd upon the bank he stood,
And clapp'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood;
His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
His limbs appear more lovely through the tide.

As lilies shut within a crystal case
Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
'He's mine, he's all my own;' the Naïad cries,
And flings off all, and after him she flies.
And now she fastens on him as he swims,
And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
The more the boy resisted, and was coy,
The more she clasp'd and kiss'd the struggling boy.
So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.
The restless boy still obstinately strove
To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd,
'And why, coy youth! (she cries) why thus unkind?
Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!
Oh, may we never, never part again!
So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain;
For now she finds him, as his limbs she prest,
Grow nearer still, and nearer to her breast,
Till piercing each the other's flesh, they run
Together, and incorporate in one:
Last in one face are both their faces join'd,
As when the stock and grafted twig combin'd
Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind,
Both bodies in a single body mix,
A single body with a double sex.
The boy thus lost in woman, now survey'd
The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd,
(He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own)

'You parent gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r;
Oh! grant that whomsoe'er these streams contain,
If man he enter'd, he may rise again
Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man!'
The heavenly parents answer'd, from on high,
Their two-shap'd son, the double votary;
Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

HORACE,

BOOK III. ODE III.

Augustus had a design to rebuild Troy, and make it the metropolis of the Roman empire: having closeted several Senators on the project, Horace is supposed to have written the following Ode on this occasion.

The man resolv'd, and steady to his trust,
Inflexible to ill, and obstinately just,
May the rude rabble's insolence despise,
Their senseless clamours and tumultuous cries;
The tyrant's fierceness he beguiles,
And the stern brow and the harsh voice defies,
And with superior greatness smiles.
Not the rough whirlwind that deforms
Adria's black gulf, and vexes it with storms,
The stubborn virtue of his soul can move,
Nor the red arm of angry Jove,

That flings the thunder from the sky,
And gives it rage to roar, and strength to fly.
Should the whole frame of Nature round him break,
In ruin and confusion hurl'd,
He, unconcern'd, would hear the mighty crack.
And stand secure amidst a falling world.
Such were the godlike arts that led
Bright Pollux to the bless'd abodes;
Such did for great Alcides plead,
And gain'd a place among the gods,
Where now Augustus, mix'd with heroes, lies.
And to his lips the nectar bowl applies;
His ruddy lips the purple tincture show,
And with immortal stains divinely glow.
By arts like these did young Lyæus rise.
His tigers drew him to the skies;
Wild from the desert, and unbroke,
In vain they foam'd, in vain they star'd,
In vain their eyes with fury glar'd;
He tam'd 'em to the lash, and bent 'em to the yoke
Such were the paths that Rome's great founder trod,
When in a whirlwind snatch'd on high
He shook off dull mortality,
And lost the monarch in the god.
Bright Juno then her awful silence broke,
And thus the' assembled deities bespoke:
'Troy, (says the goddess) perjur'd Troy, has felt
The dire effects of her proud tyrant's guilt;
The towering pile and soft abodes,
Wall'd by the hand of servile gods,
Now spreads its ruins all around,
And lies inglorious on the ground;

An umpire, partial and unjust,
And a lewd woman's impious lust,
Lay heavy on her head, and sunk her to the dust.

'Since false Laomedon's tyrannic sway,
That durst defraud the' immortals of their pay,
Her guardian gods renounc'd their patronage,
Nor would the fierce invading foe repel;
To my resentment, and Minerva's rage,
The guilty king and the whole people fell.

'And now the long-protracted wars are o'er,
The soft adulterer shines no more;
No more does Hector's force the Trojans shield,
That drove whole armies back, and singly clear'd the field.

'My vengeance sated, I at length resign
To Mars his offspring of the Trojan line:
Advanc'd to godhead let him rise,
And take his station in the skies,
There entertain his ravish'd sight
With scenes of glory, fields of light,
Quaff, with the gods, immortal wine,
And see adoring nations crowd his shrine.

'The thin remains of Troy's afflicted host
In distant realms may seats unenvied find,
And flourish on a foreign coast,
But far be Rome from Troy disjoin'd,
Remov'd by seas from the disastrous shore,
May endless billows rise between, and storms unnumber'd roar.

'Still let the curs'd detested place,
Where Priam lies, and Priam's faithless race,
Be cover'd o'er with weeds, and hid in grass:
There let the wanton flocks unguarded stray,
Or, while the lonely shepherd sings,

Amidst the mighty ruins play,
And frisk upon the tombs of kings.
'May tigers there, and all the savage kind,
Sad solitary haunts and silent deserts find;
In gloomy vaults and nooks of palaces,
May the' unmolested lioness
Her brinded whelps securely lay,
Or, couch'd, in dreadful slumbers waste the day.
'While Troy in heaps of ruins lies,
Rome and the Roman Capitol shall rise;
The' illustrious exiles unconfin'd
Shall triumph far and near, and rule mankind.
'In vain the sea's intruding tide
Europe from Afric shall divide,
And part the sever'd world in two:
Through Afric's sands their triumphs they shall spread,
And the long train of victories pursue
To Nile's yet undiscover'd head.
'Riches the hardy soldiers shall despise,
And look on gold with undesiring eyes,
Nor the disbowell'd earth explore
In search of the forbidden ore;
Those glittering ills conceal'd within the mine,
Shall lie untouch'd, and innocently shine.
To the last bounds that Nature sets,
The piercing colds and sultry heats,
The godlike race shall spread their arms,
Now fill the Polar Circle with alarms,
Till storms and tempests their pursuits confine,
Now sweat for conquest underneath the Line.
'This only law the victor shall restrain,
On these conditions shall he reign;
If none his guilty hand employ
To build again a second Troy,

If none the rash design pursue,
Nor tempt the vengeance of the gods anew.
'A curse there cleaves to the devoted place,
That shall the new foundations rase;
Greece shall in mutual leagues conspire
To storm the rising town with fire,
And at their army's head myself will show
What Juno, urg'd to all her rage, can do.
'Thrice should Apollo's self the city raise,
And line it round with walls of brass,
Thrice should my favourite Greeks his works confound,
And hew the shining fabric to the ground;
Thrice should her captive dames to Greece return,
And their dead sons and slaughter'd husbands mourn.'
But hold, my Muse, forbear thy towering flight,
Nor bring the secrets of the gods to light,
In vain would thy presumptuous verse
The' immortal rhetoric rehearse;
The mighty strains, in lyric numbers bound,
Forget their majesty, and lose their sound.

VIRGIL'S FOURTH GEORGIC.

EXCEPT THE STORY OF ARISTÆUS.

Ethereal sweets shall next my Muse engage,
And this, Mecænas, claims your patronage;
Of little creatures' wondrous acts I treat,
The ranks and mighty leaders of their state,
Their laws, employments, and their wars, relate:
A trifling theme provokes my humble lays,
Trifling the theme, not so the poet's praise,
If great Apollo and the tuneful Nine
Join in the piece, and make the work divine.
First, for your bees a proper station find,
That's fenc'd about, and shelter'd from the wind;
For winds divert them in their flight, and drive
The swarms, when loaden homeward, from their hive.
Nor sheep, nor goats, must pasture near their stores,
To trample under foot the springing flowers;
Nor frisking heifers bound about the place,
To spurn the dew-drops off, and bruise the rising grass;
Nor must the lizard's painted brood appear,
Nor woodpecks, nor the swallow, harbour near;
They waste the swarms, and as they fly along
Convey the tender morsels to their young.
Let purling streams, and fountains edg'd with moss
And shallow rills run trickling through the grass:
Let branching olives o'er the fountain grow,
Or palms shoot up, and shade the streams below,

That when the youth, led by their princes, shun
The crowded hive, and sport it in the sun,
Refreshing springs may tempt 'em from the heat,
And shady coverts yield a cool retreat.

Whether the neighbouring water stands or runs,
Lay twigs across, and bridge it o'er with stones,
That if rough storms or sudden blasts of wind
Should dip, or scatter those that lag behind,
Here they may settle on the friendly stone,
And dry their reeking pinions at the sun.
Plant all the flowery banks with lavender,
With store of savory scent the fragrant air;
Let running betony the field o'erspread,
And fountains soak the violet's dewy bed.

Though barks or plaited willows make your hive,
A narrow inlet to their cells contrive,
For colds congeal and freeze the liquors up,
And melted down with heat the waxen buildings
The bees, of both extremes alike afraid, [drop.
Their wax around the whistling crannies spread,
And suck out clammy dews from herbs and flow'rs
To smear the chinks, and plaster up the pores:
For this they hoard up glew, whose clinging drops
Like pitch or birdlime, hang in stringy ropes.
They oft, 'tis said, in dark retirements dwell,
And work in subterraneous caves their cell;
At other times the' industrious insects live
In hollow rocks, or make a tree their hive.

Point all their chinky lodgings round with mud,
And leaves must thinly on your work be strow'd;
But let no baleful yew-tree flourish near,
Nor rotten marshes send out steams of mire,
Nor burning crabs grow red, and crackle in the fire.

Nor neighbouring eaves return the dying sound,
Nor eehoing roeks the doubled voiee rebound.
Things thus prepar'd—— [night,
When the' under world is seiz'd with cold and
And summer here deseends in streams of light,
The bees through woods and forests take their flight;
They rifle every flower, and lightly skim
The erystal brook, and sip the running stream;
And thus they feed their young with strange delight,
And knead the yielding wax, and work the slimy sweet.
But when on high you see the bees repair,
Borne on the wind through distant traets of air,
And view the winged eloud all blaekening from afar,
While shady eoverts and fresh streams they ehoose,
Milfoil and eommon honeysuekles bruise,
And sprinkle on their hives the fragrant juiee:
On brazen vessels beat a tinkling sound,
And shake the eymbals of the goddess round;
Then all will hastily retreat, and fill
The warm resounding hollow of their eell.
If onee two rival kings their right debate,
And faetions and eabals embroil the state,
The people's aetions will their thoughts deelare;
All their hearts tremble, and beat thiek with war;
Hoarse broken sounds, like trumpet's harsh alarms,
Run through the hive, and eall 'em to their arms;
All in a hurry spread their shivering wings,
And fit their elaws, and point their angry stings;
In erowds before the king's pavilion meet,
And boldly challenge out the foe to fight!

At last, when all the heavens are warm and fair,
They rush together out, and join; the air
Swarms thick, and echoes with the humming war.
All in a firm round cluster mix, and strow
With heaps of little corps the earth below;
As thick as hailstones from the floor rebound,
Or shaken acorns rattle on the ground.
No sense of danger can their kings control,
Their little bodies lodge a mighty soul;
Each obstinate in arms pursues his blow,
Till shameful flight secures the routed foe:
This hot dispute, and all this mighty fray,
A little dust flung upward will allay.
But when both kings are settled in their hive,
Mark him who looks the worst, and lest he live
Idle at home in ease and luxury,
The lazy monarch must be doom'd to die;
So let the royal insect rule alone,
And reign without a rival in his throne.
The kings are different; one of better note
All speck'd with gold, and many a shining spot,
Looks gay, and glistens in a gilded coat;
But love of ease and sloth in one prevails,
That scarce his hanging paunch behind him trails.
The people's looks are different as their kings;
Some sparkle bright, and glitter in their wings;
Others look loathsome and diseas'd with sloth,
Like a faint traveller, whose dusty mouth
Grows dry with heat, and spits a maukish froth.
The first are best——
From their o'erflowing combs you'll often press
Pure luscious sweets, that, mingling in the glass,
Correct the harshness of the racy juice,
And a rich flavour through the wine diffuse:

But when they sport abroad and rove from home,
And leave the cooling hive, and quit the' unfinish'd comb,
Their airy ramblings are with ease confin'd;
Clip their kings' wings, and if they stay behind
No bold usurper dares invade their right,
Nor sound a march, nor give the sign for flight.
Let flowery banks entice 'em to their cells,
And gardens all perfum'd with native smells,
Where carv'd Priapus has his fix'd abode,
The robber's terror, and the scarecrow god.
Wild thyme and pine-trees from the barren hill
Transplant, and nurse 'em in the neighbouring soil;
Set fruit-trees round, nor e'er indulge thy sloth,
But water 'em, and urge their shady growth.
And here, perhaps, were not I giving o'er,
And striking sail, and making to the shore,
I'd show what art the gardener's toils require,
Why rosy pæstum blushes twice a year,
What streams the verdant succory supply,
And how the thirsty plant drinks rivers dry;
What with a cheerful green does parsley grace,
And writhes the bellying cucumber along the twisted grass;
Nor would I pass the soft acanthus o'er,
Ivy nor myrtle-trees, that love the shore;
Nor daffodils, that late from earth's slow womb
Unrumple their swoln buds, and show their yellow bloom.
For once I saw in the Tarentine vale,
Where slow Galesus drencht the washy soil,
An old Corician yeoman, who had got
A few neglected acres to his lot,
Where neither corn nor pasture grac'd the field,
Nor would the vine her purple harvest yield,

But savoury herbs among the thorns were found,
Vervain and poppy-flowers his garden crown'd,
And drooping lilies whiten'd all the ground.
Bless'd with these riches, he could empires slight,
And when he rested from his toils at night,
The earth unpurchas'd dainties would afford,
And his own garden furnish out his board.
The spring did first his opening roses blow,
First ripening autumn bent his fruitful bough:
When piercing colds had burst the brittle stone,
And freezing rivers stiffen'd as they run,
He then would prune the tenderest of his trees,
Chide the late spring and lingering western breeze;
His bees first swarm'd, and made his vessels foam
With the rich squeezing of the juicy comb.
Here lindens and the sappy pine increas'd;
Here, when gay flowers his smiling orchard dress'd,
As many blossoms as the spring could show,
So many dangling apples mellow'd on the bough.
In rows his elms and knotty pear-trees bloom,
And thorns, ennobled now to bear a plum;
And spreading plane-trees, where, supinely laid,
He now enjoys the cool, and quaffs beneath the shade:
But these for want of room I must omit,
And leave for future poets to recite.

Now I'll proceed their natures to declare,
Which Jove himself did on the bees confer;
Because, invited by the timbrel's sound,
Lodg'd in a cave the' almighty babe they found,
And the young god nurs'd kindly under ground.

Of all the wing'd inhabitants of air
These only make their young the public care;
In well-dispos'd societies they live,
And laws and statutes regulate their hive,

Nor stray, like others, unconfin'd, abroad,
But know set stations, and a fix'd abode:
Each, provident of cold, in summer flies [plies,
Through fields and woods, to seek for new sup-
And in the common stock unlades his thighs.
Some watch the food, some in the meadows ply,
Taste every bud, and suck each blossom dry;
Whilst others, labouring in their cells at home,
Temper Narcissus' clammy tears with gum,
For the first groundwork of the golden comb;
On this they found their waxen works, and raise
The yellow fabric on its glewy base.
Some educate the young, or hatch the seed
With vital warmth, and future nations breed;
Whilst others thicken all the slimy dews,
And into purest honey work the juice,
Then fill the hollows of the comb, and swell
With luscious nectar every flowing cell.
By turns they watch, by turns with curious eyes
Survey the heavens, and search the clouded skies,
To find out breeding storms, and tell what tem-
pests rise;
By turns they ease the loaden swarms, or drive
The drone, a lazy insect, from their hive;
The work is warmly plied through all the cells,
And strong with thyme the new-made honey smells.
So in their caves the brawny Cyclops sweat,
When with huge strokes the stubborn wedge
they beat,
And all the' unshapen thunderbolt complete;
Alternately their hammers rise and fall,
Whilst griping tongs turn round the glowing ball;
With puffing bellows some the flames increase,
And some in waters dip the hissing mass;

Their beaten anvils dreadfully resound,
And Ætna shakes all o'er, and thunders under ground.
Thus, if great things we may with small compare,
The busy swarms their different labours share:
Desire of profit urges all degrees;
The aged insects, by experience wise,
Attend the comb, and fashion every part,
And shape the waxen fret-work out with art:
The young at night, returning from their toils,
Bring home their thighs clog'd with the meadows' spoils:
On lavender and saffron buds they feed,
On bending osiers and the balmy reed;
From purple violets and the teil they bring
Their gather'd sweets, and rifle all the spring.
All work together, all together rest:
The morning still renews their labours past;
Then all rush out, their different tasks pursue,
Sit on the bloom, and suck the ripening dew.
Again, when evening warns 'em to their home,
With weary wings and heavy thighs they come,
And crowd about the chink, and mix a drowsy hum:
Into their cells at length they gently creep,
There all the night their peaceful station keep,
Wrapt up in silence, and dissolv'd in sleep.
None range abroad when winds and storms are nigh,
Nor trust their bodies to a faithless sky,
But make small journies with a careful wing,
And fly to water at a neighbouring spring;
And, lest their airy bodies should be cast
In restless whirls, the sport of every blast,
They carry stones to poise 'em in their flight,
As ballast keeps the' unsteady vessel right.

But of all customs that the bees can boast,
'Tis this may challenge admiration most,
That none will Hymen's softer joys approve,
Nor waste their spirits in luxurious love,
But all a long virginity maintain,
And bring forth young without a mother's pain:
From herbs and flowers they pick each tender bee,
And cull from plants a buzzing progeny;
From these they choose out subjects, and create
A little monarch of the rising state,
Then build wax-kingdoms for the infant prince,
And form a palace for his residence.
But often in their journies, as they fly,
On flints they tear their silken wings, or lie
Grovelling beneath their flowery load, and die.
Thus love of honey can an insect fire,
And in a fly such generous thoughts inspire.
Yet by repeopling their decaying state,
Though seven short springs conclude their vital date,
Their ancient stocks eternally remain,
And in an endless race their children's children reign.
No prostrate vassal of the East can more
With slavish fear his mighty prince adore;
His life unites 'em all; but when he dies,
All in loud tumults and distractions rise;
They waste their honey, and their combs deface,
And wild confusion reigns in every place.
Him all admire, all the great guardian own,
And crowd about his courts, and buz about his throne.
Oft on their backs their weary prince they bear,
Oft in his cause embattled in the air,
Pursue a glorious death, in wounds and war.

Some from such instances as these have taught
'The bees' extract is heavenly; for they thought
The universe alive; and that a soul,
Diffus'd throughout the matter of the whole,
To all the vast unbounded frame was given,
And ran through earth, and air, and sea, and all
the deep of heaven;
That this first kindled life in man and beast,
Life, that again flows into this at last;
That no compounded animal could die,
But when dissolv'd the spirit mounted high,
Dwelt in a star, and settled in the sky.'

Whene'er their balmy sweets you mean to seize,
And take the liquid labours of the bees,
Spirt draughts of water from your mouth, and drive
A loathsome cloud of smoke amidst their hive.

Twice in the year their flowery toils begin,
And twice they fetch their dewy harvest in;
Once when the lovely Pleiades arise,
And add fresh lustre to the summer skies,
And once when, hastening from the watry sign,
They quit their station, and forbear to shine.

The bees are prone to rage, and often found
To perish for revenge, and die upon the wound:
Their venom'd sting produces aching pains,
And swells the flesh, and shoots among the veins.

When first a cold hard winter's storms arrive,
And threaten death or famine to their hive,
If now their sinking state and low affairs
Can move your pity and provoke your cares,
Fresh burning thyme before their cells convey,
And cut their dry and husky wax away;
For often lizards seize the luscious spoils,
Or drones, that riot on another's toils;

Oft broods of moths infest the hungry swarms,
And oft the furious wasp their hive alarms
With louder hums, and with unequal arms;
Or else the spider at the entrance sets
Her snares, and spins her bowels into nets.
When sickness reigns (for they as well as we
Feel all the' effects of frail mortality)
By certain marks the new disease is seen,
Their colour changes, and their looks are thin;
Their funeral rites are form'd, and every bee
With grief attends the sad solemnity;
The few diseas'd survivors hang before
Their sickly cells, and droop about the door,
Or slowly in their hives their limbs unfold,
Shrunk up with hunger, and benumb'd with cold;
In drawling hums the feeble insects grieve,
And doleful buzzes echo through the hive,
Like winds that softly murmur through the trees,
Like flames pent up, or like retiring seas.
Now lay fresh honey near their empty rooms,
In troughs of hollow reeds, whilst frying gums
Cast round a fragrant mist of spicy fumes.
Thus kindly tempt the famish'd swarm to eat,
And gently reconcile 'em to their meat.
Mix juice of galls and wine, that grow in time
Condens'd by fire, and thicken to a slime;
To these dried roses, thyme, and centery, join,
And raisins ripen'd on the Psythian vine.
Besides, there grows a flower in marshy ground,
Its name Amellus, easy to be found;
A mighty spring works in its root, and cleaves
The sprouting stalk, and shows itself in leaves;
The flower itself is of a golden hue,
The leaves inclining to a darker blue;

The leaves shoot thick about the flower, and grow
Into a bush, and shade the turf below;
The plant in holy garlands often twines
The altar's posts, and beautifies the shrines;
Its taste is sharp; in vales new-shorn it grows,
Where Mella's stream in watry mazes flows;
Take plenty of its roots, and boil 'em well
In wine, and heap 'em up before the cell.

But if the whole stock fail, and none survive,
To raise new people and recruit the hive,
I'll here the great experiment declare
That spread the' Arcadian shepherd's name so far,
How bees from blood of slaughter'd bulls have fled,
And swarms amidst the red corruption bred.

For where the' Egyptians yearly see their bounds
Refresh'd with floods, and sail about their grounds,
Where Persia borders, and the rolling Nile
Drives swiftly down the swarthy Indians' soil,
Till into seven it multiplies its stream,
And fattens Egypt with a fruitful slime,
In this last practice all their hope remains,
And long experience justifies their pains.

First, then, a close contracted space of ground,
With straiten'd walls and low-built roof they found;
A narrow shelving light is next assign'd
To all the quarters, one to every wind;
Through these the glancing rays obliquely pierce;
Hither they lead a bull that's young and fierce,
When two-years growth of horn he proudly shows,
And shakes the comely terrors of his brows:
His nose and mouth, the avenues of breath,
They muzzle up, and beat his limbs to death.
With violence to life and stifling pain
He flings and spurns, and tries to snort in vain;

Loud heavy blows fall thick on every side,
Till his bruis'd bowels burst within the hide.
When dead, they leave him rotting on the ground,
With branches, thyme, and cassia, strow'd around.
All this is done, when first the western breeze
Becalms the year, and smooths the troubled seas,
Before the chattering swallow builds her nest,
Or fields in Spring's embroidery are drest.
Meanwhile the tainted juice ferments within,
And quickens as it works: and now are seen
A wondrous swarm, that o'er the carcass crawls
Of shapeless, rude, unfinish'd animals.
No legs at first the insect's weight sustain,
At length it moves its new-made limbs with pain;
Now strikes the air with quivering wings, and tries
To lift its body up, and learns to rise;
Now bending thighs and gilded wings it wears
Full grown, and all the bee at length appears:
From every side the fruitful carcass pours
Its swarming brood as thick as summer show'rs,
Or flights of arrows from the Parthian bows,
When twanging strings first shoot 'em on the foes.
Thus have I sung the nature of the bee,
While Cæsar, towering to divinity,
The frighted Indians with his thunder aw'd,
And claim'd their homage, and commenc'd a god:
I flourish'd all the while in arts of peace,
Retir'd and shelter'd in inglorious ease:
I who before the songs of shepherds made,
When gay and young my rural lays I play'd,
And set my Tityrus beneath his shade.

MILTON'S STYLE IMITATED.

IN A TRANSLATION OF A STORY OUT OF THE THIRD ÆNEID.

Lost in the gloomy horrors of the night,
We struck upon the coast where Ætna lies,
Horrid and waste, its entrails fraught with fire,
That now casts out dark fumes and pitchy clouds,
Vast showers of ashes hovering in the smoke;
Now belches molten stones and ruddy flame
Incens'd, or tears up mountains by the roots,
Or slings a broken rock aloft in air:
The bottom works with smother'd fire, involv'd
In pestilential vapours, stench, and smoke.
'Tis said that thunder-struck Enceladus,
Grovelling beneath the' incumbent mountain's weight,
Lies stretch'd supine, eternal prey of flames,
And when he heaves against the burning load,
Reluctant, to invert his broiling limbs,
A sudden earthquake shoots through all the isle,
And Ætna thunders dreadful under ground,
Then pours out smoke in wreathing curls convolv'd,
And shades the sun's bright orb, and blots out day.
Here in the shelter of the woods we lodg'd,
And frighted heard strange sounds and dismal yells,
Nor saw from whence they came; for all the night
A murky storm deep louring o'er our heads
Hung imminent, that with impervious gloom
Oppos'd itself to Cynthia's silver ray,
And shaded all beneath. Rut now the sun

With orient beams had chas'd the dewy night
From earth and heaven; all Nature stood disclos'd;
When looking on the neighbouring woods we saw
The ghastly visage of a man unknown,
An uncouth feature, meagre, pale, and wild;
Affliction's foul and terrible dismay
Sat in his looks, his face impair'd and worn
With marks of famine, speaking sore distress;
His locks were tangled, and his shaggy beard
Matted with filth; in all things else a Greek.
He first advanc'd in haste; but when he saw
Trojans and Trojan arms, in mid career
Stopt short, he back recoil'd as one surpris'd;
But soon recovering speed, he ran, he flew
Precipitant, and thus with piteous cries
Our ears assail'd: 'By Heaven's eternal fires!
By every god that sits enthron'd on high!
By this good light! relieve a wretch forlorn,
And bear me hence to any distant shore,
So I may shun this savage race accurst.
'Tis true I fought among the Greeks that late
With sword and fire o'erturn'd Neptunian Troy,
And laid the labour of the gods in dust;
For which, if so the sad offence deserves,
Plung'd in the deep, for ever let me lie
Whelm'd under seas; if death must be my doom
Let man inflict it, and I die well pleas'd.'
He ended here, and now, profuse of tears,
In suppliant mood fell prostrate at our feet:
We bade him speak from whence, and what he was,
And how by stress of fortune sunk thus low.
Anchises, too, with friendly aspect mild
Gave him his hand, sure pledge of amity;
When, thus encourag'd, he began his tale.

'I'm one, (says he) of poor descent, my name
Is Achæmenides, my country Greece,
Ulysses' sad compeer, who, whilst he fled
The raging Cyclops, left me here behind
Disconsolate, forlorn; within the eave
He left me, giant Polypheme's dark cave;
A dungeon wide and horrible, the walls
On all sides furr'd with mouldy damps, and hung
With clots of ropy gore, and human limbs,
His dire repast; himself of mighty size,
Hoarse in his voice, and in his visage grim,
Intractable, that riots on the flesh
Of mortal men, and swills the vital blood.
Him did I see snatch up with horrid grasp
Two sprawling Greeks, in either hand a man;
I saw him when with huge tempestuous sway
He dash'd and broke them on the grundsil edge;
The pavement swam in blood, the walls around
Were spatter'd o'er with brains: he lap'd the blood,
And chew'd the tender flesh still warm with life,
That swell'd and heav'd itself amidst his teeth
As sensible of pain. Not less, meanwhile,
Our chief ineens'd, and studious of revenge,
Plots his destruction, which he thus effects:
The giant, gorg'd with flesh, and wine, and blood,
Lay stretch'd at length and snoring in his den,
Belching raw gobbets from his maw, o'ercharg'd
With purple wine and eruddled gore confus'd:
We gather'd round, and to his single eye,
The single eye that in his forehead glar'd
Like a full moon, or a broad burnish'd shield,
A forky staff we dextrously apply'd,
Which in the spacious socket turning round,
Scoop'd out the big round jelly from its orb.

But let me not thus interpose delays;
Fly, Mortals! fly this curs'd detested race;
A hundred of the same stupendous size,
A hundred Cyclops live among the hills,
Gigantic brotherhood, that stalk along
With horrid strides o'er the high mountain's tops,
Enormous in their gait; I oft have heard
Their voice and tread, oft seen 'em as they past,
Sculking and scowering down, half dead with fear.
Thrice has the moon wash'd all her orb in light,
Thrice travell'd o'er, in her obscure sojourn,
The realms of Night inglorious, since I've liv'd
Amidst these woods, gleaning from thorns and [shrubs
A wretched sustenance.' As thus he spoke,
We saw descending from a neighbouring hill
Blind Polypheme: by weary steps and slow
The groping giant with a trunk of pine
Explor'd his way; around his woolly flocks
Attended grazing; to the well-known shore
He bent his course, and on the margin stood,
A hideous monster, terrible, deform'd:
Full in the midst of his high front there gap'd
The spacious hollow where his eyeball roll'd,
A ghastly orifice; he rins'd the wound,
And wash'd away the strings and clotted blood
That cak'd within; then stalking through the deep
He fords the ocean, while the topmost wave
Scarce reaches up his middle side: we stood
Amaz'd be sure; a sudden horror chill
Ran through each nerve, and thrill'd in every vein,
Till using all the force of wind and oars
We sped away; he heard us in our course,
And with his outstretch'd arms around him grop'd,
But finding nought within his reach, he rais'd

Such hideous shouts, that all the ocean shook;
Ev'n Italy, though many a league remote,
In distant echoes answer'd; Ætna roar'd,
Through all its inmost winding caverns roar'd.
Rous'd with the sound, the mighty family
Of one-ey'd brothers hasten to the shore,
And gather round the bellowing Polypheme,
A dire assembly; we with eager haste
Work every one, and from afar behold
A host of giants covering all the shore.
So stands a forest tall of mountain oaks
Advanc'd to mighty growth: the traveller
Hears from the humble valley where he rides
The hollow murmurs of the winds that blow
Amidst the boughs, and at the distance sees
The shady tops of trees unnumber'd rise,
A statcly prospect, waving in the clouds.

POEMATA.

HONORATISSIMO VIRO

CAROLO MONTAGU,

ARMIGERO, SCACCHARII CANCELLARIO, ÆRARII PRÆFECTO, REGI A SECRETIORIBUS CONSILIIS, ETC.

Cum tanta auribus tuis obstrepat vatum nequissimorum turba, nihil est cur queraris aliquid inusitatum tibi contigisse, ubi præclarum hoc orgumentum meis etiam numeris violatum conspexeris. Quantum virtute bellicâ præstant Britanni, recens ex rebus gestis testatur gloria; quàm verò in humanioribus Pacis studiis non emineamus, indicio sunt quos nuper in lucem emisimus versiculi. Quòd si Congrevius ille tuus divino, quo solet, furore correptus materiam hanc non exornasset, vix tanti esset ipsa Pax, ut illâ lætaremur tot perditissimis Poetis tam miserè decantatâ. At, dum alios insector, mei ipsius oblitus fuisse videor, qui haud minores forsan ex Latinis tibi molestias allaturus sum, quàm quas illi ex vernaculis suis carminibus attulerunt; nisi quod inter ipsos cruciatus lenimentum aliquod dolori tribuat tormenti varietas. Nec quidem unquam adduci possem, ut poëma patrio sermone conscriptum oculis tuis subjicerem, qui ab istis conatibus cæteros omnes scribendo non minus deterres, quam favendo excitaveris.

Humanitatis tuæ
Cultor devotissimus,
JOSEPHUS ADDISON.

POEMATA.

PAX GULIELMI

AUSPICIIS EUROPÆ REDDITA, 1697.

Postquam ingens clamorque virum, strepitusque tubarum,
Atque omnis belli cecidit fragor; aspice, Cæsar,
Quæ tibi soliciti, turba importuna, poetæ
Munera deducunt; generosæ à pectore flammæ,
Diræque armorum effigies, simulachraque belli
Tristia diffugiant: O tandem absiste triumphis
Explctus, penitusque animo totum excute Martem.
Non ultrà ante oculos numeroso milite campi
Miscentur, solito nec fervent arva tumultu;
Stat circum alta quies, curvoque innixus aratro
Desertas fossas, et castra minantia castris
Rusticus invertit, tacita formidine lustrans
Horroremque loci, et funestos stragibus agros.
Jamque super vallum et munimina longa virescit
Expectata seges, jam propugnacula rident
Vere novo; insuetos mirabitur incola culmos,
Luxuriemque soli, et turgentem à sanguine messem.
Aspicis ut toto excitus venit advena mundo
Bellorum invisens sedem, et confusa ruinis
Oppida, et eversos flammarum turbine muros!
Ut trepidos rerum annales, tristemque laborum
Inquirit seriem, attonitis ut spectat ocellis

Semirutas turres, et adhuc polluta cruore
Flumina, famososque Ormondi volvere campos!
Hic, ubi saxa jacent disperso infecta cerebro.
Atque interruptis hiscunt divortia muris,
Vexillum intrepidus* fixit, cui tempora dudum
Budenses palmæ, peregrinaque laurus obumbrat.
Ille ruens aciem in mediam, qua ferrea grando
Sparsa furit circum, et plumbi densissimus imber,
Sulphuream noctem, tetrasque bitumine nubes
Ingreditur, crebroque rubentem fulgure fumum.
Ut vario anfractu, et disjectis undique saxis
Mœnia discedunt, scopulisque immane minantur
Desuper horrificis, et formidabile pendent!
Hic pestem occultam, et fœcundas sulphure moles
Cernere erat, magno quas inter mota tumultu
Prælia fervebant; subito cum claustra fragore
Horrendum disrupta tonant, semiustaque membra,
Fumantesque artus, laniataque corpora lethum
Corripit informe, et rotat ater in æthere turbo.
Sic, postquam enceladi dejecit fulmine fratres
Cœlicolum pater, et vetuit contemnere divos:
Divulsam terræ faciem, ingentesque ruinas
Mortales stupuere; altum hinc mirantur abesse
Pelion, invertique imis radicibus ossam;
Hic fluvium moles inter confusasque saxa
Reptare, atque aliis discentem currere ripis.
Stant dubii, et notos montes umbrasque requirunt,
Errore ambiguo elusi, et novitate lucorum.
Nempe hic Auriaci nuper vexilla secutæ
Confluxere acies, hic, aspera corda, Britanni,
Germanusque ferox, et juncto fœdere Belga;
Quique truci Boreæ, et cœlo damnatus iniquo

* Honoratissimus D. Dominus Cutts, Baro de Gowran, &c.

Vitam agit in tenebris; et qui dudum ore perusto
Decolor admoti prodit vestigia Phœbi:
Undique conveniunt, totum conscripta per orbem
Agmina, Nassovique latus sociabilus armis [cent,
Circumfusa tegunt, fremitusque et murmura mis-
Tam vario disjuncta situ, tot dissona linguis.
Te tamen è mediis, Ductor Fortissime,* turmis
Exere, Tu vitam (si quid mea carmina possunt)
Accipies, popolique encomia sera futuri,
Quem varias edoctum artes, studiisque Minervæ
Omnibus ornatum Marti Rhedycina furenti
Credidit invita, et tanto se jactat alumno. [æstus
Hunc nempe ardorem, atque immensos pectoris
Non jubar Arctoum, aut nostri penuria cœli,
Sed plaga torridior, quà sol intentius omnes
Effundit radios, totique obnoxia Phœbo
India progenuit, tenerisque incoxit ab annis
Virtutem immodicam, et generosæ incendia mentis.
Jam quoque torpentem qui infelix suspicit Arcton,
Brumamque æternam frigusque perambulat, ursæ
Horridus exuviis, Gulielmi ingentia facta
Describit sociis, pugnataque in ordine bella
Attentus numerat, neque bruman aut frigora curat.
En! vastos nivium tractus et pallida regna
Deserit, imperio extremum qui subjicit orbem†,
Indigenasque hyemes, Britonumque Heroa pererrat
Luminibus tacitis; subcunt nunc fusa Namurcæ
Mœnia, nunc tardo quæ sanguine plurima fluxit
Boinia, nunc dubii palma indiscreta Seneffi.
Quæ facies, et quanta viri! quo vertice in auras

* Insig. Dom. Christoph. Codrington, unus ex Regii Satellitii Præfectis.
† Moscoviæ Imperator.

Assurgit! quali firmat vestigia gressu,
Majestate rudi, et torvo spectabilis ore.
Sic olim Alcides, immania membra leonis
Instratus spoliis; vasta se mole ferebat,
Evandri amplexus dextramque adjungere dextræ
Cum peteret, tectisque ingens succederet hospes.
Dum pugnas, Gulielme, tuas, camposque cruentos
Accipit, in venis ebullit vividus humor,
Corda micant crebro, et mentem ferit æmulus ardor.
Non jam Riphæos hostis populabitur agros
Impune, aut agitabit inultas Sarmata prædas.
Quis tamen ille procul fremitus! quæ murmura vulgi
Nassovium ingeminant! video cava lttora circùm
Fervere remigibus, subitisque albescere velis.
Anglia solve metus, et inanes mitte querelas,
Nassovi secura tui, desiste tumentes
Prospicere in fluctus animo suspensa, trucesque
Objurgare notos, tardamque requirere puppim:
Optatus tibi Cæsar adest, nec ut ante videbis
Solicitum belli studiis, fatalia Gallo
Consilia et tacitas versantem in pectore pugnas.
Olli grata quies et pax tranquilla verendum
Composuit vultum, lætosque afflavit honores.
Ut denso circum se plurimus agmine miles
Agglomerat lateri! ut patriam veteresque penates,
Respicit exultans! juvat ostentare recentes
Ore cicatrices, et vulnera cruda, notasque
Mucronum insignes, afflataque sulphure membra.
Chara stupet conjux, reducisque incerta mariti
Vestigat faciem; trepida formidine proles
Stat procul, et patrios horrescit nescia vultus.
Ille graves casus, duri et discrimina belli
Enumerat, tumidisque instaurat prælia verbis.

Sic, postquam in patriam fœcunda heroibus Argo
Phryxeam attulerat pellem, lanamque rigentem
Exposuit Graiis, et tortile velleris aurum,
Navita terrificis infamia littora monstris
Describit, mixto spirantem incendia fumo
Serpentem, vigilesque feras, plaustroque gementes
Insolito tauros, et anhelos igne juvencos.
Te tamen, O quantis Gulielme erepte periclis,
Accipimus reducem: tibi Diva Britannia fundit
Plebemque et proceres: medias quacunque per urbes
Ingrederis, crebræ consurgunt undique pompæ,
Gaudiaque et plausus: mixto ordine vulgus euntem
Circumstat fremitu denso: tibi Jupiter annum
Seriùs invertit, luces mirata serenas
Ridet Hyems, festoque vacat cœlum omne triumpho.
Jamque Nepos* tivi parvus adest, lætoque juventæ
Incessu, et blando testatur gaudia risu.
Ut patrius vigor atque elati gratia vultus
Cæsareum spirant, majestatemque verendam
Infundunt puero! ut mater formosa serenat
Augustam frontem, et sublimia temperat ora!
Agnosco faciem ambiguam, mixtosque parentes.
Ille tuas, Gulielme, acies, et tristia bella,
Pugnasque innocuà dudum sub imagine lusit:
Nunc indignanti similis fugitiva pusillæ
Terga premit turmæ, et falsis terroribus implet,
Sternitque exiguum ficto cognomine Gallum.
Nunc simulat turres, et propugnacula parva
Nominibus signat variis; subitoque tumultu
Sedulus infirmas arces, humilemque Namurcam

*Celsissimus Princeps Dux Glocestrensis.

Diruit: interea generosæ in pectore flammæ
Assurgunt sensim juveni, notat ignis honestas
Purpureo fervore genas, et amabilis horror.
Quis tamen Augustæ immensas in carmine pom-
Instruet, in luteos ubi vulgò effusa canales [pas
Vina rubent, variatque infectas purpura sordes?
Quis lapsus referet stellarum, et fictile cœlum,
Qua laceram ostendunt redolentia compita chartam,
Sulphuris exuvias, tubulosque bitumine cassos?
En procul attonitam video clarescere noctem
Fulgore insolito! ruit undique lucidus imber,
Flagrantesque hyemes; crepitantia sidera passim
Scintillant, totoque pluunt incendia cœlo.
Nec minus in terris vulcanus mille figuras
Induit, ignivamosque feras, et fulgida monstra,
Terribiles visu formas! hic membra leonis
Hispida mentitur, tortisque comantia flammis
Colla quatit, rutilasque jubas; hic lubricus anguem
Ludit, subsiliens, et multo sibilat igne.
Lætitiam ingentem atque effusa hæc gaudia civis
Jam tandem securus agit, positoque timore
Exercet ventos, classemque per ultima mundi
Impune educit, pelagoque licentius errat:
Seu constricta gelu, mediisque horrentia Cancri
Mensibus arva videt; seu turgida malit olenti
Tendere vela noto, quà thurea flamina miscet
Æolus, et placidis perfundit odoribus auras.
Vos animæ illustres heroum, umbræque recentes,
Quarum trunca jacent et adhuc stillantia crudis
Corpora vulneribus, quibus hæc optabilis orbi
Parta quies, nondum Nassovo abducite vestro
Fida satellitia, at solitis stipate catervis
Ductorem, et tenues circùm diffundite turmas.
Tuque Maria, tuos non unquam oblita Britannos,

O Diva! O patiens magnum expectare maritum!
Ne terris Dominum invideas, quanquam amplius illum
Detineant, longamque agitent sub vindice pacem.

BAROMETRI DESCRIPTIO.

Qua penetrat fossor terræ cæca antra, metallo
Fœcunda informi, rudibusque nitentia venis;
Dum stupet occultas gazas, nummosque futuros,
Eruit argenti latices, nitidumque liquorem;
Qui nullo effusus prodit vestigia tractu,
Nec terram signo revolubilis imprimit udo,
Sed fractus sparsim in globulos formam usque rotundam
Servat, et in teretes lapsans se colligit orbes.
Incertum quâ sit naturâ, an negligat ultra
Perficier, jubar et maturus inutile temnat;
An potius solis vis imperfecta relinquat
Argentem malè coctum, divitiasque fluentes:
Quicquid erit, magno se jactat nobilis usu;
Nec Deus effulsit magis aspectabilis olim,
Cum Danaen flavo circum pretiosus amictu
Ambiit, et, gratam suadente libidine formam,
Depluit irriguo liquefactum Numen in Auro.
Quin age, sume tubum fragilem, cui densior aër
Exclusus; fundo vitri subsidat in imo
Argenti stagnum; ut pluvia impendente metallum
Mobile descendat, vel contra, ubi postulat æstus,
Prodeat hinc liquor emergens, et rursus inane
Occupet ascensu, tubulumque excurrat in omnem.

Jam cœli faciem, tempestatesque futuras,
Conscia lympha monet, brumamque et frigora narrat.
Nam quoties liquor insurgit, vitreoque canali
Sublatum nequeunt ripæ cohibere priores;
Tum lætos sperare dies licet, arva fatentur
Æstatem, et largè diffuso lumine rident.
Sin sese immodicum attollens argenteus humor,
Et nimium oppressus, contendat ad ardua vitri,
Jam sitiunt herbæ, jam succos flamma feraces
Excoquit, et languent consumto prata virore.
Cum verò tenues nebulas spiracula terræ
Fundunt, et madidi fluitant super æquora fumi,
Pabula venturæ pluviæ; tum fusile pondus
Inferiora petit; nec certior ardea cœlos
Indicat humentes, medias quando ætheris oras
Tranando, crassâ fruitur sublimius aurâ,
Discutit et madidis rorantia nubila pennis.
Nunc guttæ agglomerant, dispersas frigora stipant
Particulas, rarusque in nimbum cogitur humor:
Prata virent, segetem fœcundis imbribus æther
Irrigat, et bibulæ radici alimenta ministrat.
Quin ubi plus æquo descendens uda metalli
Fundum amat, impatiens pluviæ, mutuensque procellam,
Agricolæ caveant; non hoc impunè colonus
Aspicit; ostendet mox fœta vaporibus aura
Collectas hyemes, tempestatemque sonoram.
At licet argentum mole incumbente levatum
Subsidat, penitusque imo se condat in alveo,
Cætera quæque tument; eversis flumina ripis
Expatiata ruunt, spumantibus æstuat undis
Diluvium, rapidique effusa licentia ponti.

Nulla tacet secretra poli mirabile vitrum,
Quin varios cœli vultus et tempora prodit.
Antè refert, quando tenui velamine tutus
Incedes, quando sperabis frigidus ignem.
Augurio hoc fretus, quanquam atri nubila cœli
Dirumpunt obscura diem, pluviasque minantur;
Machina si neget, et sudum promittat apertum,
Audax carpat iter nimbo pendente viator;
Nec metuens imbrem, poscentes messor aristas
Prosternat: terræ jam bruma incumbit inermis,
Frigoraque haud nocitura cadunt, feriuntque paratos.

ΠΥΓΜΑΙΟ-ΓΕΡΑΝΟΜΑΧΙΑ:

SIVE, PRÆLIUM INTER PYGMÆOS ET GRUES COMMISSUM.

Pennatas acies, et lamentabile bellum
Pygmeadum refero: parvas tu, Musa, cohortes
Instrue; tu gladios, mortemque minantia rostra,
Offensosque Grues, indignantesque pusillam
Militiam celebra; volucrumque hominumque tumultus.
Heroüm ingentes animos et tristia bella
Pieridum labor exhausit, versuque sonoro
Jussit, et æternâ numerorum assurgere pompâ:
Quis lectos Graiûm juvenes, et torva tuentem
Thesea, quis pedibus velocem ignorat Achillem?
Quem dura Æneæ certamina, quem Gulielmi
Gesta latent? fratres Thebani, et flebile fatum
Pompeii quem non delassavere legentem?

Primus ego intactas acies, gracilemque tubarum
Carmine depingam sonitum, nova castra secutus;
Exiguosque canam pugiles, Gruibusque malignos
Heroas, nigrisque ruentem è nubibus hostem.
Qua solis tepet ortu, primitiisque diei
India læta rubet, medium inter inhospita saxa
(Per placidam vallem, et paucis accessa vireta)
Pygmæum quondam steterat, dum fata sinebant,
Imperium. Hinc varias vitam excoluere per artes
Seduli, et assiduo fervebant arva popello.
Nunc si quis dura evadat per saxa viator,
Desertosque lares, et valles ossibus albas
Exiguis videt, et vestigia parva stupescit.
Desolata tenet victrix impunè volucris
Regna, et securo crepitat Grus improba nido.
Non sic, dum multos stetit insuperabilis annos
Parvula progenies; tum, si quis cominus ales
Congredi, et immixtæ auderet se credere pugnæ,
Miles atrox aderat, sumptisque feroculus armis
Sternit humi volucrem moribundam, humerisque reportat
Ingentem prædam; cæsoque epulatur in hoste.
Sæpè improvisas mactabat, sæpè juvabat
Diripere aut nidum, aut ulcisci in prole parentem.
Nempe larem quoties multa construxerat arte,
Aut utcri posuisset onus, volucremque futuram;
Continuo vultu spirans immane minaci
Omnia vastaret miles, fœtusque necaret
Immeritos, vitamque abrumperet imperfectam,
Cum tepido nondum maturuit hostis in ovo.
Hinc causæ irarum, bella hinc, fatalia bella,
Atque acies letho intentæ, volucrumque virûmque
Commissæ strages, confusaque mortis imago.
Non tantos motus, nec tam memorabile bellum,

Mæonius quondam sublimi carmine vates
Lusit; ubi totam strepituque armisque paludem
Miscuit: hic (visu miserabile!) corpora murum
Sparsa jacent juncis transfixa, hic gutture rauco
Rana dolet, pedibusque abscisso poplite ternis
Reptat humi, solitis nec sese saltibus effert.
Jamque dies Pygmæo aderat, quo tempore cæsi
Pœnituit fœtus, intactaque maluit ova.
Nam super his accensa graves exarsit in iras
Grus stomachans; omnesque simul, quas Strymonis unda,
Aut stagnum Mareotidis, imi aut uda Caystri
Prata tenent, adsunt; Scythicaque excita palude,
Et conjurato volucris descendit ab Istro.
Stragesque immensas et vulnera cogitat absens,
Exacuitque ungues ictum meditata futurum,
Et rostrum parat acre, fugæque accommodat alas.
Tantus amor belli, et vindictæ arrecta cupido.
Ergo ubi ver nactus proprium, suspensus in alto
Aëre concussis exercitus obstrepit alis,
Terræque immensos tractus, semotaque longè
Æquora despiciunt, Boreamque et nubila tranant
Innumeri: crebro circum ingens fluctuat æther
Flamine, et assiduus miscet cœlum omne tumultus.
Nec minor in terris motus, dum bella facessit
Impiger, instituitque agmen, firmatque phalangas,
Et furit arreptis animosus homuncio telis:
Donec turma duas composta excurrat in alas,
Ordinibusque frequens, et marte instructa perito.
Jamque acies inter medias sese arduus infert
Pygmeadum ductor, qui majestate verendus,
Incessuque gravis, reliquos supereminet omnes
Mole gigantea, mediamque assurgit in ulnam.

Torvior aspectu (hostilis nam insculpserat unguis
Ore cicatrices) vultuque ostentat honesta
Rostrorum signa, et crudos in pectore morsus.
Immortali odio, æternisque exercuit iris
Alituum gentem, non illum impune volucris
Aut ore, aut pedibus peteret confisus aduncis.
Fatalem quoties Gruibus distrinxerat ensem,
Truncavitque alas, cclerique fugam abstulit hosti:
Quot fecit strages! quæ nudis funcra pullis
Intulit, heu! quoties implevit Strymona fletu!
Jamque procul sonus auditur, piceamque volantum
Prospectant nubem, bellumque hostesque ferentem.
Crebrescit tandem, atque oculis se plurimus offert
Ordinibus structus variis cxercitus ingens
Alituum, motisque eventilat aëra pennis.
Turba polum replet, specieque immanis obumbrat
Agmina Pygmæorum, et densa in nubibus hæret:
Nunc densa, at patriis mox reddita rarior oris.
Belli ardent studio Pygmæi, et lumine sævo
Suspiciunt hostem; nec longum tempus, et ingens
Turba Gruum horrifico sesc super agmina lapsu
Præcipitat gravis, et bellum sperantibus infert;
Fit fragor; avulsæ volitant circum aëra plumæ.
Mox defessa iterum levibus sesc eripit alis,
Et vires reparata iterum petit impete terras.
Armorum pendet fortuna: hic fixa volucris
Cuspide, sanguineo sese furibunda rotatu [tem
Torquet agens circum, rostrumque intendit in hos-
Imbelle, et curvos in morte recolligit ungues.
Pygmæi hic stillat lentus de vulnere sanguis,
Singultosque ciet crebros, pedibusque pusillis
Tundit humum, et moriens unguem execratur acutum.

Æstuat omne solum strepitu, tepidoque rubescit
Sanguine, sparguntur gladii, sparguntur et alæ,
Unguesque et digiti, commistaque rostra lacertis.
Pygmeadum sævit, mediisque in millibus ardet
Ductor, quem late hinc atque hinc pereuntia cingunt
Corpora fusa Gruum; mediâque in morte vagatur,
Nec plausu alarum, nec rostri concidit ictu.
Ille Gruum terror, illum densissima circum
Miscetur pugna, et bellum omne laborat in uno:
Cum, subito appulsus (sic Dî voluere) tumultu
Ex inopino ingens et formidabilis ales
Comprendit pedibus pugnantem; et (triste relatu)
Sustulit in cœlum; bellator ab unguibus hæret
Pendulus, agglomerat strepitu globus undique densus
Alituum; frustra Pygmæi lumine mœsto
Regem inter nubes lugent, solitoque minorem
Heroem aspiciunt Gruibus plaudentibus escam.
Jamque recrudescit bellum, Grus desuper urget
Pygmæum rostro, atque hostem petit ardua morsu;
Tum fugit alta volans! is sursum brachia jactat
Vulneris impatiens, et inanes sævit in auras.
Talis erat belli facies, cum Pelion ingens
Mitteret in cælum Briareus, solioque Tonantem
Præcipitem excuteret; sparguntur in æthere toto
Fulminaque scopulique: flagrantia tela deorsum
Torquentur Jovis acta manu, dum vasta gigantum
Corpora fusa jacent, semiustaque sulphure fumant.
Viribus absumptis penitùs Pygmeïa tandem
Agmina languescunt; ergo pars vertere terga
Horribili perculsa metu, pars tollere vocem
Exiguam; latè populus Cubitalis oberrat.
Instant à tergo volueres, lacerantque trahuntque
Immites, certæ gentem extirpare nefandam.

Sic Pygmæa domus multos dominata per annos,
Tot bellis defuncta, Gruum tot læta triumphis,
Funditus interiit: nempe exitus omnia tandem
Certus regna manet, sunt certi denique fines,
Quos ultra transire nefas: sic corruit olim
Assyriæ Imperium, sic magnæ Persidis imis
Sedibus eversum est, et majus utroque Latinum.
Elysii valles nunc agmine lustrat inani,
Et veterum Heroum miscetur grandibus umbris
Plebs parva: aut, si quid fidei mereatur anilis
Fabula, Pastores per noctis opaca pusillas
Sæpe vident umbras, Pygmæos corpore cassos.
Dum secura Gruum, et veteres oblita labores,
Lætitiæ penitùs vacat, indulgetque choreis,
Angustosque terit calles, viridesque per orbes
Turba levis salit, et lemurum cognomine gaudet.

RESURRECTIO DELINEATA.

AD ALTARE COLL. MAGD. OXON.

Egregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, et simulachra modis pallentia miris,
Terribilem visu pompam, tu carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim planitiem (quam nunc fœcunda colorum
Insignit pictura) inhonesto et simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem

Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, et rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Ne spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, et convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, et pallens alienos mitiùs ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris
Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Laceteus omne
Diffluere in cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam lusit primordia pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautiùs exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, et picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema ministris,
Sparsaque per totam cœlestis turba tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, et attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, et plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis Cadmus dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, crescitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum coëuntia membra.

Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nares
Manca, et adhuc deest informi de corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, et imagine totâ,
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos spectator, et, ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,
Quâ sedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipse, sereno
Lumine perfusus, radiisque inspersus acutis.
Circum tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor spirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget majestas numine toto.
Quantùm dissimilis, quantum, o ! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non sua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctatâ morte trahebat!
Sed frustra voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, et super æthera vectus
Despexit lunam exiguam, solemque minorem.
Jam latus effossum, et palmas ostendit utrasque,
Vulnusque infixum pede, clavorumque recepta
Signa, et transacti quondam vestigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numerosaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capessunt.
Matres, et longæ nunc reddita corpora vitæ
Infantûm, juvenes, pueri, innuptæque puellæ
Stant circum, atque avidos jubar immortale bibentes
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, et læto ridet cœlum omne triumpho.
His amor impatiens conceptaque gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitant, imoque in pectore fervent.
Non æquè exultat flagranti corde Sibylla,

Hospite cum tumet incluso, et præcordia sentit
Mota Dei stimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.
Quis tamen ille novus perstringit lumina fulgor?
Quam mitra effigiem distinxit pictor, honesto
Surgentem è tumulo, alatoque satellite fultam?
Agnosco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus*, sic ille oculos, sic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur imago!
Quando alium similem virtus habitura!——
Irati innocuas securus numinis iras
Aspicit, impavidosque in judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, et horrentem commixtis igne tenebris
Jam videas scenam; multo hic stagnantia fuco
Mœnia, flagrantem liquefacto sulphure rivum
Fingunt, et falsus tantâ arte accenditur ignis,
Ut toti metuas tubulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida serpat opus, tenuesque absumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpisque videri
Infrendet dentes, et rugis contrahit ora.
Vindex à tergo implacabile sævit, et ensem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante scelestos
Jam Paradiseis iterum depellit ob oris.
Heu; quid agat tristis? quo se cœlestibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantùm vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem suspiria ducit
Nequicquam, et sero in lachrymas effunditur; obstant
Sortes non revocandæ, et inexorabile numen.
Quam varias aperit veneres pictura! periti
Quot calami legimus vestigia! quanta colorum
Gratia se profert! tales non discolor Iris

* Coll. Magd. fundator.

Ostendat, vario cum lumine floridus imber
Rore nitet toto, et gutta scintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, ô pulchri durate colores!
Nec, pictura, tuæ languescat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipsa, supremam.

SPHÆRISTERIUM.

Hic ubi graminea in latum sese explicat æquor
Planities, vacuoque ingens patet area campo,
Cum solem nondum fumantia prata fatentur
Exortum, et tumidæ pendent in gramine guttæ,
Improba falx noctis parva incrementa prioris
Desecat, exiguam radens à cespite messem:
Tum motu assiduo saxum versatile terram
Deprimit extantem, et surgentes atterit herbas.
Lignea percurrunt vernantem turba palæstram
Uncta, nitens oleo, formæ quibus esse rotundæ
Artificis ferrum dederat, facilisque moveri.
Ne tamen offendant incauti errore globorum,
Quæque suis incisa notis stat sphæra; sed unus
Hanc vult, quæ infuso multùm inclinata metallo
Vertitur in gyros, et iniquo tramite currit;
Quin alii diversa placet, quam parciùs urget
Plumbea vis, motuque finit procedere recto.
Postquam ideò in partes turbam distinxerat æquas
Consilium, aut sors! quisque suis accingitur armis.
Evolat orbiculus, qua cursum meta futurum
Designat; jactique legens vestigia, primam,
Qui certamen init, sphæram demittit, at illa
Leniter effusa, exiguum quod ducit in orbem,

Radit iter, donec sensim primo impete fesso
Subsistat: subitò globus emicat alter et alter.
Mox ubi funduntur latè agmina crebra minorem
Sparsa per orbiculum, stipantque frequentia metam,
Atque negant faciles aditus; jam cautius exit,
Et leviter sese insinuat revolubile lignum.
At si fortè globum, qui misit, spectat inertem
Serpere, et impressum subitò languescere motum,
Pone urget sphæræ vestigia, et anxius instat,
Objurgatque moras, currentique imminet orbi.
Atque ut segnis honos dextræ servetur iniquam
Incusat terram, ac surgentem in marmore nodum.
Nec risus tacuere, globus cùm volvitur actus
Infami jactu, aut nimium vestigia plumbum
Allicit, et sphæram à recto trahit insita virtus.
Tum qui projecit, strepitus effundit inanes,
Et, variam in speciem distorto corpore, falsos
Increpat errores, et dat convitia ligno,
Sphæra sed, irarum temnens ludibria, cœptum
Pergit iter, nullisque movetur surda querelis.
Illa tamen laudes summumque meretur honorem,
Quæ non dirumpit cursum, absistitque moveri,
Donec turbam inter crebram dilapsa supremum
Perfecit stadium, et metæ inclinata recumbit.
Hostis at hærentem orbiculo detrudere sphæram
Certat, luminibusque viam signantibus omnes
Intendit vires, et missile fortiter urget:
Evolat adducto non segnis sphæra lacerto.
Haud ita prosiliens Eëlo carcere pernix
Auriga invehitur, cùm raptus ab axe citato
Currentesque domos videt, et fugientia tecta.
Si tamen in duros, obstructa satellite multo,
Impingat socios, confundatque orbibus orbes;
Tum fervet bilis, fortunam damnat acerbam,
Atque Deos atque astra vocat crudelia.——

Si verò incursus faciles, aditumque patentem
Inveniat, partoque hostis spolietur honore :
Turba fremit confusa, sonisque frequentibus, euge,
Exclamant socii : plausu strepit omni viretum.
Interea fessos inimico Sirius astro
Corripit, et salsas exudant corpora guttas ;
Lenia jam Zephyri spirantes frigora, et umbræ
Captantur, vultuque fluens abstergitur humor.

AD D. D. HANNES,

INSIGNISSIMUM MEDICUM ET POETAM.

O QUI canoro blandius Orpheo
Vocale ducis carmen, et exitu
Feliciore luctuosis
Sæpe animam revocas ab umbris,

Jam seu solutos in numerum pedes
Cogis, vel ægrum et vix animæ tenax
Corpus tueris, seu cadaver
Luminibus penetras acutis ;

Opus relinquens eripe te moræ,
Frontemque curis solicitam explica,
Scyphumque jucundus require
Purpureo gravidum Lyæo.

Nunc plena magni pocula postules
Memor Wilhelmi, nunc moveat sitim
Minister ingens, imperîque
Præsidium haud leve, Montacutus,

Omitte tandem triste negotium
Gravesque curas, heu nimium pius!
Nec cæteros cautus mederi
Ipse tuam minuas salutem.

Frustra cruorem pulsibus incitis
Ebullientem pollice comprimis,
Attentus explorare venam
Quæ febris exagitet tumentem:

Frustra liquores quot Chymica expedit
Fornax, et error sanguinis, et vigor
Innatus herbis te fatigant:
Seriùs aut citiùs sepulchro

Debemur omnes, vitaque deseret
Expulsa morbis corpus inhospitum,
Lentumque deflebunt nepotes
(Reliquias animæ) cadaver.

Manes videbis tu quoque fabulas,
Quos pauciores fecerit ars tua;
Suumque victorem vicissim
Subjiciet Libitina victrix.

Decurrit illi vita beatior
Quicunque lucem non nimis anxius
Reddit molestam, urgetque curas
Sponte sua satis ingruentes;

Ei quem dierum lene fluentium
Delectat ordo, vitaque mutuis
Felix amicis, gaudiisque
Innocuis benè temperata.

MACHINÆ GESTICULANTES.

ANGLICE

A PUPPETSHOW.

Admiranda cano levium spectacula rerum,
Exiguam gentem, et vacuum sine mente popellum;
Quem, non surreptis cœli de fornice flammis,
Innocua melior fabricaverat arte Prometheus.
Compita qua risu fervent, glomeratque tumultum
Histrio, delectatque inhiantem scommate turbam;
Quotquot lætitiæ studio aut novitate tenentur,
Undique congressi permissa sedilia complent,
Nec confusus honos; nummo subsellia cedunt
Diverso, et varii ad pretium stat copia scamni.
Tandem ubi subtrahitur velamen, lumina passim
Angustos penetrant aditus, qua plurima visum
Fila secant, ne, cùm vacuo datur ore fenestra,
Pervia fraus pateat; mox stridula turba penates
Ingreditur pictos, et mœnia squallida fuco.
Hic hûmiles inter scenas, angustaque claustra,
Quicquid agunt homines, concursus, bella, trium-
Ludit in exiguo plebecula parvo theatro. [phos,
Sed præter reliquos incedit Homuncio raucâ
Voce strepens; major subnectit fibula vestem,
Et referunt vivos errantia lumina motus;
In ventrem tumet immodicum; pone eminet ingens
A tergo gibbus: Pygmæum territat agmen
Major, et immanem miratur turba Gigantem.
Hic magna fretus mole, imparibusque lacertis
Confisus, gracili jactat convitia vulgo,
Et crebro solvit lipidum caput, ora cachinno.
Quanquam res agitur solenni seria pompa.

Spernit sollicitum intractabilis ille tumultum,
Et risu importunus adest, atque omnia turbat.
Nec rarò invadit molles, pictamque protervo
Ore petit nympham, invitoque dat oscula ligno,
Sed comitum vulgus diversis membra fatigant
Ludis, et vario lascivit mobile saltu.

Sæpe etiam gemmis rutila, et spectabilis auro,
Lignea gens prodit, nitidisque superbit in ostris.
Nam, quoties festam celebrat sub imagine lucem,
Ordine composito nympharum incedit honestum
Agmen, et exigui proceres, parvique Quirites.
Pygmæos credas positis mitiscere bellis,
Jamque, infensa Gruum temnentes prælia, tutos
Indulgere jocis, tenerisque vacare choreis.

Tales, cum medio labuntur sidera cœlo,
Parvi subsiliunt Lemures, populusque pusillus
Festivos, rediens sua per vestigia, gyros
Ducit, et angustum crebro pede pulsitat orbem.
Mane patent gressus; hic succos terra feraces
Concipit, in multam pubentia gramina surgunt
Luxuriem, tenerisque virescit circulus herbis.

At non tranquillas nulla abdunt nubila luces,
Sæpe gravi surgunt bella, horrida bella, tumultu.
Arma cient truculenta cohors, placidamque quietem
Dirumpunt pugnæ; usque adeo insincera voluptas
Omnibus, et mistæ castigant gaudia curæ.
Jam gladii, tubulique ingesto sulphure fœti,
Protensæque hastæ, fulgentiaque arma, minæque
Telorum ingentes subeunt; dant claustra fragorem
Horrendum, ruptæ stridente bitumine chartæ
Confusos reddunt crepitus, et sibila miscent.
Sternitur omne solum pereuntibus; undique cæsa
Apparent turmæ, civilis crimina belli.

Sed postquam insanus pugnæ deferbuit æstus,
Exuerintque truces animos, jam Marte fugato,

Diversas repetunt artes, curasque priores.
Nec raro prisci heroes, quos pagina sacra
Suggerit, atque olim peperit felicior ætas,
Hic parva redeunt specie. Cano ordine cernas
Antiquos prodire, agmen venerabile, patres.
Rugis sulcantur vultus, prolixaque barbæ
Canities mento pendet: sic tarda senectus
Tithonum minuit, cum moles tota cicadam
Induit, in gracilem sensim collecta figuram.
Nunc tamen unde genus ducat, quæ dextra latentes
Suppeditet vires, quem poscat turba moventem,
Expediam. Truncos opifex et inutile lignum
Cogit in humanas species, et robore natam
Progeniem telo efformat, nexuque tenaci
Crura ligat pedibus, humerisque accommodat armos,
Et membris membra aptat, et artubus insuit artus.
Tunc habiles addit trochleas, quibus arte pusillum
Versat onus, molique manu famulatus inerti
Sufficit occultos motus, vocemque ministrat.
His structa auxiliis jam machina tota peritos
Ostendit sulcos, duri et vestigia ferri:
Hinc salit, atque agili se sublevat incita motu,
Vocesque emittat tenues, et non sua verba.

AD INSIGNISSIMUM VIRUM

D. THO. BURNETTUM,

SACRÆ THEORIÆ TELLURIS AUTOREM.

Non usitatum carminis alitem,
Burnette poscis, non humiles modos:
Vulgare plectrum, languidæque
Respuis officium camœnæ.

Tu mixta rerum semina conscius,
Molémque cernis dissociabilem,
Terramque concretam, et latentem
Oceanum gremio capaci:

Dum veritatem quærere pertinax
Ignota pandis, solicitus parùm
Utcunque stet commune vulgi
Arbitriùm et popularis error.

Auditur ingens continuò fragor
Illapsa tellus lubrica deserit
Fundamina, et compage fracta
Supposítas gravis urget undas.

Impulsus erumpit medius liquor,
Terras aquarum effusa licentia
Claudit vicissim; has inter orbis
Reliquiæ fluitant prioris.

Nunc et recluso carcere lucidam
Balæna spectat solis imaginem,
Stellasque miratur nutantes,
Et tremulæ simulachra lunæ.

Quæ pompa vocum non imitabilis!
Qualis calescit spiritus ingeni!
Ut tollis undas! ut frementem
Diluvii reprimis tumultum!

Quis tam valenti pectore ferreus
Ut non tremiscens et timido pede
Incedat, orbis dum dolosi
Detegis instabiles ruinas?

Quin hæc cadentum fragmina montium
Natura vultum sumere simplicem
Coget refingens, in priorem
Mox iterum reditura formam.

Nimbis rubentem sulphureis Jovem
Cernas; ut udis sævit atrox hyems
Incendiis, commune mundo
Et populis meditata bustum!

Nodus liquentes plorat Athos nives,
Et mox liquescens ipse adamantinum
Fundit cacumen, dum per imas
Saxa fluunt resoluta valles.

Jamque alta cœli mœnia corruunt,
Et vestra tandem pagina (proh nefas!)
Burnette, vestra augebit ignes,
Heu socio peritura mundo.

Mox æqua tellus, mox subitus viror
Ubique rident: en teretem globum!
En læta vernantes Favoni
Flamina, perpetuosque flores!

O pectus ingens! O animum gravem,
Mundi capacem! si bonus auguror,
Te, nostra quo tellus superbit,
Accipiet renovata civem.

THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF GARTH.

SAMUEL GARTH, the descendant of a good family in Yorkshire, was educated at Peter House, in Cambridge. He was made a doctor of physic, on the 7th of July, 1691; and became a fellow of the College, in London, June 26th, 1693. His practice was soon extensive; and, while Radcliffe had one party for *his* patients, Garth is said to have been the physician of the other.

His first poem was written upon the London Dispensary. Dr. Johnson begins an account of this institution with a just tribute to the medical profession. 'I believe, (says he,) every man has found in physicians great liberality and dignity of sentiment, very prompt effusion of beneficence, and willingness to exert a lucrative art, where there is no hope of lucre.' He closes the account with observing, 'that the poor were, for a time, supplied with medicines; for how long a time, I know not. The medicinal charity, like others, began with ardour, but soon remitted, and at last died gradually away.' Such are the capricious animadversions of a man, who too often seems to write the last part of a story in order to subvert the first; who, in his penuriousness of praise, will generally give none at all, lest he should part with too much; or takes

back what is given, for fear he has bestowed it unworthily.

It was in July, 1678, that the College of Physicians published a manifesto, by which all the fellows, candidates, and licentiates, were required to give gratuitous advice to the poor. The circle of those who received medical visits was very suddenly and very greatly enlarged. Hundreds, who might purchase the medicine, but could not pay for the advice,—and who had heretofore been restrained from procuring either, because the one was useless without the other,—now, that the most expensive was afforded gratuitously, were induced to put themselves upon the doctor's list. There was, therefore, a large and sudden increase of the demand for medicine: the price, of course, increased with the demand; and, thus, what the College of Physicians, and Dr. Johnson after them, have attributed to the malignity of the apothecaries, was, in a great measure, at least, the natural and necessary effect of circumstances.

To counteract this evil, it was resolved, in August, 1679, to appropriate the college laboratory to the preparation of medicines; and to confide the distribution to those who bore the expense. But any attempt to restrict the natural course of trade is always pernicious, and most generally abortive. The College of Physicians could not regulate the price of medicine by a vote: that the apothecaries should afford their drugs for nothing, because the doctors chose to give their advice gratuitously, was more than these philanthropists could expect. They had themselves been the means of producing this very increase of price, which they were now so solicitous to reduce; and, after each side had made a vain appeal to the public, in favour of their respective claims, the invariable laws of commerce prevailed, and the apothecaries came off victorious.

A subscription was now set on foot; and for a time,

the poor were supplied with medicines at such prices as the makers chose to fix. But the tendency of all such institutions is, to increase the objects of charity beyond the means of relief. The College of Physicians probably soon discovered, that they could not manufacture medicine enough to supply the numerous applicants; and, though we cannot trace the decline, nor ascertain the final expiration, of this benevolent scheme, it is certain, that it survived but a few years. Never did a man keep open table, without finding more guests than he had places; and, whatever may be the liberality of charitable institutions, there will always be more beggars than alms.

In 1697, Garth spoke what is called the *Harvien* Oration; and he did not omit to lampoon the quacks, whom he suspected to be accessaries to the druggists. 'Non tamen telis vulnerat ista agyrtarum colluvies, sed theriacâ quadam perniciosâ, non pyro, sed pulvere nescio quo exotico certat, non globulis lumbeis, sed pilulis æque cathalibus interfecit.' The quacks *had little to fear from abuse*, if it were in no better taste than this.*

Our author was a zealous Whig; and belonged

* One of our countrymen has thought the passage worth imitation and paraphrase:—

Come on, begin the grand attack,
With aloes, quills, and ipecac.
* * *
Cram all the ninny hammers' gullets
With pills as big as pistol bullets.
* * *
Pelt the vile foe with weapons missile,
Make vials round their sconces whistle:
Shower on them a tremendous torrent
Of gallipots and bottles horrent.
Make at 'em now like mad Mendosas,
With forceps pinch and pull their noses.

And so on, in the same taste, through a Canto. *Modern Philosopher*, Canto IV.

to what was called the Kit-cat Club. When Lord Godolphin was dismissed in 1710, he wrote him a poem; which was attacked in the *Examiner*, and defended by Addison. At the accession of the present family, he was knighted, made physician in ordinary to the king, and physician-general of the army. His last literary undertaking was an edition of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*. He died on the 18th of January, 1718; and was buried at Harrow-on-the-Hill.

Garth belongs to that class of authors, who, without much poetical fire, will yet contrive to write verses, which must silence the critic, if they do not satisfy the reader. His thoughts are never magnificent,—but always just; and, if his verses do not always reach superior excellence, they seldom sink to mediocrity. He is neither stagnant, nor precipitous; but smooth, easy, and gentle; neither very fluent, nor very forcible. His conceptions are always fully expressed; but they are never strong and intense enough to describe objects, or delineate character, with fidelity and discrimination. The *Dispensary* was popular, while its subject was in vogue; but the institution and the poem have shared nearly the same fate. The one is extinct; and the other is neglected.

DEDICATION.

TO

ANTHONY HENLEY, ESQ.

A MAN of your character can no more prevent a Dedication, than he would encourage one; for merit, like a virgin's blushes, is still most discovered, when it labours most to be concealed.

'Tis hard, that to think well of you, should be but justice, and to tell you so, should be an offence. Thus, rather than violate your modesty, I must be wanting to your other virtues; and to gratify one good quality, do wrong to a thousand.

The world generally measures our esteem by the ardour of our pretences; and will scarce believe that so much zeal in the heart can be consistent with so much faintness in the expression; but when they reflect on your readiness to do good, and your industry to hide it; on your passion to oblige, and your pain to hear it owned; they will conclude that acknowledgments would be ungrateful to a person, who ever seems to receive the obligations he confers.

But though I should persuade myself to be silent upon all occasions; those more polite arts, which,

till of late, have languished and decayed, would appear under their present advantages, and own you for one of their generous restorers: insomuch, that Sculpture now breathes, Painting speaks, Music ravishes; and as you help to refine our taste, you distinguish your own.

Your approbation of this poem is the only exception to the opinion the world has of your judgment, that ought to relish nothing so much as what you write yourself. But you are resolved to forget to be a critic, by remembering you are a friend. To say more, would be uneasy to you; and to say less, would be injust in

Your humble servant.

THE

PREFACE.

Since this following poem in a manner stole into the world, I could not be surprised to find it incorrect; though I can no more say I was a stranger to its coming abroad, than that I approved of the publisher's precipitation in doing it. For a hurry in the execution, generally produces a leisure in reflection; so when we run the fastest, we stumble the oftenest. However, the errors of the printer have not been greater than the candour of the reader: and if I could but say the same of the defects of the author, he would need no justification against the cavils of some furious critics, who, I am sure, would have been better pleased if they had met with more faults.

Their grand objection is, that the fury Disease is an improper machine to recite characters, and recommend the example of present writers; but though I had the authority of some Greek and Latin poets, upon parallel instances, to justify the design; yet, that I might not introduce any thing that seemed inconsistent or hard, I started this objection myself to a gentleman, very remarkable in

this sort of criticism, who would by no means allow that the contrivance was forced, or the conduct incongruous.

Disease is represented a Fury as well as Envy: she is imagined to be forced by an incantation from her recess; and, to be revenged on the exorcist, mortifies him with an introduction of several persons eminent in an accomplishment he has made some advances in.

Nor is the compliment less to any great genius mentioned there; since a very fiend, who naturally repines at any excellency, is forced to confess how happily they have all succeeded.

Their next objection is, that I have imitated the Lutrin of Monsieur Boileau. I must own I am proud of the imputation: unless their quarrel be, that I have not done it enough: but he that will give himself the trouble of examining, will find I have copied him in nothing but in two or three lines in the complaint of Molesse, Canto II. and in one in his first Canto; the sense of which line is entirely his, and I could wish it were not the only good one in mine.

I have spoke to the most material objections I have heard of, and shall tell these gentlemen, that for every fault they pretend to find in this poem, I'll undertake to show them two. One of these curious persons does me the honour to say, he approves of the conclusion of it; but I suppose it is upon no other reason, but because it is the conclusion. However, I should not be much concerned not to be thought excellent in an amusement I have very little practised hitherto, nor perhaps ever shall again.

Reputation of this sort is very hard to be got, and very easy to be lost; its pursuit is painful, and its possession unfruitful: nor had I ever attempted any thing in this kind, till finding the animosities among the members of the College of Physicians increasing daily (notwithstanding the frequent exhortations of our worthy President* to the contrary) I was persuaded to attempt something of this nature, and to endeavour to rally some of our disaffected members into a sense of their duty, who have hitherto most obstinately opposed all manner of union; and have continued so unreasonably refractory, that it was thought fit by the College, to reinforce the observance of the statutes by a bond, which some of them would not comply with, though none of them had refused the ceremony of the customary oath; like some that will trust their wives with any body, but their money with none. I was sorry to find there could be any constitution that was not to be cured without poison, and that there should be a prospect of affecting it by a less grateful method than reason and persuasion.

The original of this difference has been of some standing; though it did not break out to fury and excess till the time of erecting the DISPENSARY; being an apartment in the College set up for the relief of the sick poor, and managed ever since with an integrity and disinterest, suitable to so charitable a design.

If any person would be more fully informed about the particulars of so pious a work, I refer him to a treatise, set forth by the authority of the

* Dr. Millington.

President and Censors, in the year 1697: it is called, 'A short Account of the Proceedings of the College of Physicians, London, in relation to the Sick Poor.' The reader may there not only be informed of the rise and progress of this so public an undertaking, but also of the concurrence and encouragement it met with from the most, as well as the most ancient members of the society; notwithstanding the vigorous opposition of a few men, who thought it their interest to defeat so laudable a design.

The intention of this preface is not to persuade mankind to enter into our quarrels, but to vindicate the author from being censured of taking any indecent liberty with a faculty he has the honour to be a member of. If the satire may appear directed at any particular person, it is at such only as are presumed to be engaged in dishonourable confederacies for mean and mercenary ends, against the dignity of their own profession. But if there be no such, then these characters are but imaginary, and by consequence ought to give no body offence.

The description of the battle is grounded upon a feud that happened in the Dispensary, betwixt a member of the College with his retinue, and some of the servants that attended there to dispense the medicines; and is so far real, though the poetical relation be fictitious. I hope no body will think the author too undecently reflecting through the whole, who, being too liable to faults himself, ought to be less severe upon the miscarriages of others. There is a character in this trivial performance, which the town, I find, applies to a particular person: it is a reflection which I should be sorry

should give offence; being no more than what may be said of any physician remarkable for much practice. The killing of numbers of patients is so trite a piece of raillery, that it ought not to make the least impression, either upon the reader, or the person it is applied to; being one, that I think in my conscience a very able physician, as well as a gentleman of extraordinary learning. If I am hard upon any one, it is my reader: but some worthy gentlemen, as remarkable for their humanity as their extraordinary parts, have taken care to make him amends for it, by prefixing something of their own.

I confess, those ingenious gentlemen have done me a great honour; but while they design an imaginary panegyric upon me, they have made a real one upon themselves; and by saying how much this small performance exceeds some others, they convince the world how far it falls short of theirs.

THE

COPY OF AN INSTRUMENT

SUBSCRIBED BY THE PRESIDENT, CENSOR, MOST OF THE ELECTS, SENIOR FELLOWS, CANDIDATES, &c. OF THE COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS, IN RELATION TO THE SICK POOR.

Whereas the several orders of the College of Physicians, London, for prescribing medicines gratis to the poor sick of the cities of London and Westminster, and parts adjacent, as also proposals made by the said College to the Lord Mayor, Court of Aldermen, and Common Council of London, in pursuance thereof, have hitherto been ineffectual; for that no method hath been taken to furnish the poor with medicines for their cure at low and reasonable rates; we, therefore, whose names are here underwritten, Fellows and Members of the said College, being willing effectually to promote so great a charity, by the counsel and good liking of the President and College declared in their Comitia, hereby (to wit, each of us severally and apart, and not the one for the other of us) do oblige ourselves to pay to Dr. Thomas Burwell, Fellow and Elect of the said College, the sum of ten pounds apiece of lawful money of England, by such proportions,

and at such times, as to the major part of the subscribers here shall seem most convenient: which money, when received by the said Dr. Thomas Burwell, is to be by him expended in preparing and delivering medicines to the poor at their intrinsic value, in such manner, and at such times, and by such orders and directions, as by the major part of the subscribers hereto shall in writing be hereafter appointed and directed for that purpose. In witness whereof we have hereunto set our hands and seals this twenty-second day of December, 1696.

Tho. Millington, *Preses.*
Tho. Burwell, *Elect. and Censor.*
Sam. Collins, *Elect.*
Edw. Browne, *Elect.*
Rich. Torless, *Elect. and Censor.*
Edw. Hulse, *Elect.*
Tho. Gill, *Censor.*
Will. Dawes, *Censor.*
Jo. Hutton.
Rob. Brady.
Hans Sloane.
Rich. Morton.
John Hawys.
Ch. Harel.
Rich. Robinson.
John Bateman.
Walter Mills.
Dan. Coxe.
Henry Sampson.
Thomas Gibson.
Charles Goodall.
Edm. King.
Sam. Garth.
Barnh. Soame.
Denton Nicholas.
Joseph Gaylard.
John Woollaston.
Steph. Hunt.
Oliver Horseman.
Rich. Morton, *Jun.*
David Hamilton.
Hen. Morelli.
Walter Harris.
William Briggs.
Th. Colladon.
Martin Lister.
Jo. Colbatch.
Bernard Connor.
W. Cockburn.
J. Le Feure.

P. Sylvestre.
Cha. Morton.
Walter Charlton.
Phineas Fowke.
Tho. Alvery.
Rob. Gray.
John Wright.
James Drake.
Sam. Morris.
John Woodward.
——Norris.
George Colebrook.
Gideon Harvey.

The design of printing the subscribers' names is to show, that the late undertaking has the sanction of a college act; and that it is not a project carried on by five or six members, as those that oppose it would unjustly insinuate.

THE

DISPENSARY.

A POEM.

IN SIX CANTOS.

—— Hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.

Hor. de Arte Poet.

THE

DISPENSARY.

CANTO I.

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to moderen discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own!
How by a journey to the' Elysian Plain
Peace triumph'd and old Time return'd again.
Not far from that most celebrated place,
Where angry Justice* shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome,† majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe plac'd high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill:
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Rais'd for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learn'd Society decline
The propagation of that great design;

* Old Baily. † College of Physicians.

In all her mazes Nature's face they view'd,
And as she disappear'd*, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learn'd unviels her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes:
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient show'rs,
Whence, their mechanic powers, the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashion'd to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain.
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To' extend its recent form, and stretch to man:
To how minute an origin we owe
Young Ammon, Cæsar, and the great Nassau;
Why paler looks impetuous rage proclaim,
And why chill virgins redden into flame;

VARIATION.

—— they still pursued.
They find her dubious now, and then, as plain,
Here' she's too sparing; there profusely vain.

Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay mirth sits smiling in the eyes;
All ice why Lucrece, or Sempronia, fire,
Why Southwell rages to survive desire.
Whence Milo's vigour at the' Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch*, or impudence to Sloane†;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores,
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.

Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind:
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire:
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are:
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen:
How quick the faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will.
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.

But now no grand inquiries are descried, [side,
Mean faction reigns, where knowledge should pre-
Feuds are increas'd, and learning laid aside.
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping Sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.

* This probably was Daniel Finch, Earl of Nottingham, and Secretary of State to Queen Anne.

VARIATION.

† Why Atticus polite, Brutus severe,
Why Methwin muddy, Montagu why clear.

No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching, drown'd:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.
This place, so fit for undisturb'd repose,
The God of Sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes
Supine with folded arms he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees;
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue, and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain,
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.
As at full length the pamper'd monarch lay
Batt'ning in ease, and slumbering life away;
A spiteful noise his downy chains unties,
Hastes forward, and increases as it flies.
First some to cleave the stubborn flint* engage,
Till urg'd by blows, it sparkles into rage:
Some temper lute, some spacious vessels move:
These furnaces erect, and those approve.
Here phials in nice discipline are set,
There gallipots are rang'd in alphabet.
In this place, magazines of pills you spy;
In that, like forage, herbs in bundles lie;
While lifted pestles, brandish'd in the air,
Descend in peals, and civil wars declare.
Loud strokes, with pounding spice, the fabric rend,
And aromatic clouds in spires ascend.

* The building of the Dispensary.

So when the Cyclops o'er their anvils sweat,
And swelling sinews echoing blows repeat:
From the volcano's gross eruptions rise,
And curling sheets of smoke obscure the skies.
The slumbering god, amaz'd at this new din,
Thrice strove to rise, and thrice sunk down again,
Listless he stretch'd, and gaping, rub'd his eyes,
Then falter'd thus betwixt half words and sighs.
'How impotent a deity am I!
With godhead born, but curs'd, that cannot die!
Through my indulgence, mortals hourly share
A grateful negligence, and ease from care.
Lull'd in my arms, how long have I witheld
The northern monarchs from the dusty field!
How have I kept the British fleet at ease,
From tempting the rough dangers of the seas?
Hibernia owns the mildness of my reign,
And my divinity's ador'd in Spain.
I swains to silvan solitudes convey,
Where, stretch'd on mossy beds, they waste away
In gentle joys the night, in vows the day.
What marks of wondrous clemency I've shown,
Some reverend worthies of the gown can own.
Triumphant plenty, with a cheerful grace,
Basks in their eyes, and sparkles in their face.
How sleek their looks, how goodly is their mien,
When big they strut behind a double chin;
Each faculty in blandishments they lull,
Aspiring to be venerably dull;
No learn'd debates molest their downy trance,
Or discompose their pompous ignorance;
But, undisturb'd, they loiter life away,
So wither green, and blossom in decay.

Deep sunk in down, they, by my gentle care,
Avoid the' inclemencies of morning air,
And leave to tatter'd Crape* the drudgery of prayer.

'Urim† was civil, and not void of sense,
Had humour, and a courteous confidence;
So spruce he moves, so gracefully he cocks,
The hallow'd rose declares him orthodox;
He pass'd his easy hours, instead of pray'r,
In madrigals, and Phillising the fair;
Constant at feasts, and each decorum knew,
And, soon as the desert appear'd, withdrew;
Always obliging, and without offence,
And fancied for his gay impertinence.
But see how ill-mistaken parts succeed;
He threw off my dominion, and would read;
Engag'd in controversy, wrangled well;
In convocation-language could excel;
In volumes prov'd the church without defence,
By nothing guarded but by Providence:
How grace and moderation disagree;
And violence advances charity:
Thus writ till none would read, becoming soon
A wretched scribbler of a rare buffoon.

'Mankind my fond propitious power has tried,
Too oft to own, too much to be denied.
And all I ask are shades and silent bow'rs,
To pass in soft forgetfulness my hours.
Oft have my fears some distant villa chose,
O'er their *quietus* where fat Judges dose,
And lull their cough and conscience to repose:

* See Boileau's Lutrin

† Dr. Atterbury, afterwards Bishop of Rochester.

Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore:
The peals of Nassau's * arms these eyes unclose,
Mine he molests, to give the world repose.
That ease I offer with contempt he flies,
His couch a trench, his canopy the skies.
Nor climes nor seasons his revolves control,
The' equator has no heat, no ice the pole,
With arms resistless o'er the globe he flies,
And leaves to Jove the empire of the skies.'

But as the slothful god to yawn begun,
He shook off the dull mist, and thus went on.†

''Twas in this reverend dome I sought repose,
These walls were that asylum I had chose.‡
Here have I rul'd, long undisturb'd with broils,
And laugh'd at heroes, and their glorious toils.
My annals are in mouldy mildews wrought,
With easy insignificance of thought.

* See Boil. Lut.

VARIATION.

† Sometimes among the Caspian cliffs I creep,
Where solitary bats and swallows sleep:
Or if some cloister's refuge I implore,
Where holy drones o'er dying tapers snore,
Still Nassau's arms a soft repose deny,
Keep me awake, and follow where I fly.
Since he has bless'd the weary world with peace,
And with a nod has bid Bellona cease;
I sought the covert of some peaceful cell,
Where silent shades in harmless raptures dwell;
That rest might past tranquillity restore,
And mortal never interrupt me more.

‡ Nought underneath this roof but damps are found,
Nought heard but drowsy beetles buzzing round:
Spread cobwebs hide the walls, and dust the floors,
And midnight silence guards the noiseless doors.

But now some busy, enterprising brain,
Invents new fancies to renew my pain,
And labours to dissolve my easy reign.'
With that, the god his darling Phantom calls,
And from his faltering lips this message falls:
'Since mortals will dispute my power, I'll try
Who has the greatest empire, they or I.
Find Envy out, some prince's court attend,
Most likely there you'll meet the famish'd fiend*;
Or where dull critics author's fate foretel;
Or where stale maids, or meagre eunuchs dwell.
Tell the bleak Fury what new projects reign
Among the homicides of Warwick Lane;
And what the' event, unless she straight inclines
To blast their hopes, and baffle their designs.'
More he had spoke, but sudden vapours rise,
And with their silken cords tie down his eyes.

CANTO II.

Soon as the evening veil'd the mountains heads,
And winds lay hush'd in subterranean beds;
Whilst sickening flowers drink up the silver dew,
And beaux, for some assembly, dress anew;
The city saints to prayers and play-house haste;
The rich to dinner, and the poor to rest:
Officious Phantom then prepar'd with care
To slide on tender pinions through the air.

VARIATION.

* Or in cabals, or camps, or at the bar,
Or where ill poets pennyless confer,
Or in the senate-house at Westminster.

Oft he attempts the summit of a rock,
And oft the hollow of some blasted oak;
At length approaching where bleak Envy lay;
The hissing of her snakes proclaim'd the way.
Beneath the gloomy covert of a yew,
That taints the grass with sickly sweats of dew;
No verdant beauty entertains the sight,
But baneful hemlock, and cold aconite;
In a dark grot the baleful haggard lay,
Breathing black vengeance, and infecting day.
But how deform'd, and worn with spiteful woes,
When Accius has applause, Dorsennus shows.
The cheerful blood her meagre checks forsook,
And basilisks sat brooding in her look;
A bald and bloated toad-stool rais'd her head;
The plumes of boding ravens were her bed;
From her chapt nostrils scalding torrents fall,
And her sunk eyes boil o'er in floods of gall.
Volcanos labour thus with inward pains,
Whilst seas of melted ore lay waste the plains.
Around the fiend in hideous order sate
Foul bawling Infamy, and bold Debate:
Gruff Discontent, through ignorance misled,
And clamorous Faction at her party's head:
Restless Sedition, still dissembling fear,
And sly Hypocrisy with pious leer*.
Glouting with sullen spite the Fury shook
Her clotted locks, and blasted with each look,
Then tore with canker'd teeth the pregnant scrolls,
Where Fame the acts of demi-gods enrols,
And as the rent records in pieces fell,
Each scrap did some immortal action tell.

* See Dryden's Fables.

This show'd how fix'd as fate Torquatus stood;
That the fam'd passage of the Granic flood;
The Julian Eagles, here, their wings display,
And there, like setting stars, the Decii lay:
This does Camillus as a god extol,
That points at Manlius in the capitol.
How Cocles did the Tiber's surges brave,
How Curtius plung'd into the gaping grave.
Great Cyrus, here, the Medes and Persians join,
And, there, the' immortal battle of the Boyne.

As the light messenger the Fury spied,
Awhile his curdling blood forgot to glide:
Confusion on his fainting vitals hung,
And faltering accents flutter'd on his tongue;
At length, assuming courage, he convey'd
His errand, then he shrunk into a shade.

The hag lay long revolving what might be
The blest event of such an embassy:
Then blazons in dread smiles her hideous form;
So lightning gilds the unrelenting storm*.

VARIATION.

* Then she: 'Alas how long in vain have I
Aim'd at those noble ills the Fates deny?
Within this isle for ever must I find
Disasters to distract my restless mind?
Good Tennison's celestial piety
At last has rais'd him to the sacred see.
Somers does sickening equity restore,
And helpless orphans are oppress'd no more.
Pembroke to Britain endless blessings brings:
He spoke; and Peace clap'd her triumphant wings;
Great Ormond shines, illustriously bright,
With blazes of hereditary right.
The noble ardour of a royal fire
Inspires the generous breast of Devonshire.
And Macclesfield is active to defend
His country with the zeal he loves his friend.

Thus she—'Mankind are bless'd, they riot still
Unbounded in exorbitance of ill.
By devastation the rough warrior gains,
And farmers fatten most when famine reigns:
For sickly seasons the physicians wait,
And politicians thrive in broils of state;
The lover's easy when the fair one sighs,
And gods subsist not but by sacrifice.
'Each other being some indulgence knows:
Few are my joys, but infinite my woes.
My present pain Britannia's Genius wills,
And thus the Fates record my future ills.
'A heroine shall Albion's sceptre bear,
With arms shall vanquish earth, and heaven with pray'r.
She on the world her clemency shall show'r,
And only to preserve, exert her pow'r.
Tyrants shall then their impious aims forbear,
And Blenheim's thunder more than Ætna's fear.*
'Since by no arts I therefore can defeat
The happy enterprizes of the great,
I'll calmly stoop to more inferior things,
And try if my lov'd snakes have teeth or stings.'
She said; and straight shrill Colon's† person took,
In morals loose, but most precise in look,

* In Ætna were forged the thunderbolts which Jove employed against the ambition of the giants.

† Birch, an apothecary.

VARIATION.

Like Leda's radiant sons divinely clear,
Portland and Jersey deck'd in rays appear,
To gild by turns the Gallic hemisphere.
Worth in distress is rais'd by Montague;
Augustus listens if Mæcenas sue;
And Vernon's vigilance no slumber takes,
Whilst faction peeps abroad, and anarchy awakes.'

Blackfriars annals lately pleas'd to call
Him, Warden of Apothecaries-hall.
And, when so dignified, did not forbear
That operation which the learn'd declare
Gives colics ease, and makes the ladies fair.
In trifling show his tinsel talent lies,
And form the want of intellects supplies.
In aspect grand and goodly he appears,
Rever'd as patriarchs in primeval years.
Hourly his learn'd impertinence affords
A barren superfluity of words;*
The patient's ears remorseless he assails,
Murders with jargon where his med'cine fails.

The Fury thus assuming Colon's grace,
So slung her arms, so shuffled in her pace.
Onward she hastens to the fam'd abodes,
Where Horoscope† invokes the infernal gods;
And, reach'd the mansion where the vulgar run,
For ruin throng, and pay to be undone.

This visionary various projects tries,
And knows, that to be rich is to be wise.
By useful observations he can tell
The sacred charms that in true sterling dwell.
How gold makes a patrician of a slave,
A dwarf an Atlas, a Thersites brave.
It cancels all defects, and in their place
Finds sense in Brownlow, charms in Lady Grace:‡
It guides the fancy, and directs the mind;
No bankrupt ever found a fair one kind.

† Houghton, an apothecary. ‡ Lady Grace Pierpoint.

VARIATION.

* In haste he strides along to recompense
The want of business with its vain pretence.

So truly Horoscope its virtues knows,
To this lov'd idol 'tis alone he bows;
And fancies such bright heraldry can prove
The vile plebeian but the third from Jove.
Long has he been of that amphibious fry,
Bold to prescribe, and busy to apply.
His shop the gazing vulgar's eyes employs
With foreign trinkets, and domestic toys:
Here mummies lay, most reverently stale,
And there, the tortoise hung her coat of mail;
Not far from some huge shark's devouring head
The flying-fish their finny pinions spread.
Aloft in rows large poppy-heads were strung,
And near, a scaly alligator hung:
In this place, drugs in musty heaps decay'd;
In that, dried bladders and drawn teeth were laid.
An inner room receives the numerous shoals
Of such as pay to be reputed fools.
Globes stand by globes, volumes on volumes lie,
And planetary schemes amuse the eye.
The sage, in velvet chair, here lolls at ease,
To promise future health for present fees.
Then, as from tripod, solemn shams reveals,
And what the stars know nothing of, foretels.
One asks how soon Panthea may be won,
And longs to feel the marriage fetters on:
Others, convinc'd by melancholy proof,
Inquire when courteous fates will strike them off.
Some by what means they may redress their wrong,
When fathers the possession keep too long.
And some would know the issue of their cause,
And whether gold can solder up its flaws.
Poor pregnant Lais his advice would have,
To lose by art what fruitful nature gave;

And Portia, old in expectation grown,
Laments her barren curse, and begs a son.
Whilst Iris his cosmetic wash would try,
To make her bloom revive, and lovers die.
Some ask for charms, and others philters choose,
To gain Corinna, and their quartans lose.
Young Hylas, botch'd with stains too foul to name,
In cradle here renews his youthful frame;
Cloy'd with desire, and surfeited with charms,
A hot-house he prefers to Julia's arms:
And old Lucullus would the' arcanum prove,
Of kindling in cold veins the sparks of love.
Bleak Envy these dull frauds with pleasure sees,
And wonders at the senseless mysteries.
In Colon's voice she thus calls out aloud
On Horoscope, environ'd by the crowd.

'Forbear, forbear, thy vain amusements cease,
Thy woodcocks from their gins awhile release;
And to that dire misfortune listen well,
Which thou should'st fear to know, or I to tell.
'Tis true, thou ever wast esteem'd by me
The great Alcides of our company.
When we with noble scorn resolv'd to ease
Ourselves from all parochial offices;
And to our wealthier patients left the care
And draggled dignity of scavenger;
Such zeal in that affair thou didst express,
Nought could be equal but the great success.
Now call to mind thy generous prowess past,
Be what thou shouldst, by thinking what thou wast;
The faculty of Warwick Lane design,
If not to storm, at least to undermine.
Their gates each day ten thousand night-caps crowd,
And mortars utter their attempts aloud.

If they should once unmask our mystery,
Each nurse, ere-long, would be as learn'd as we,
Our art expos'd to every vulgar eye,
And none, in complaisance to us, would die.
What if we claim their right to' assassinate,
Must they needs turn apothecaries straight?
Prevent it, gods! all stratagems we try,
To crowd with new inhabitants your sky.
'Tis we who wait the Destinies command,
To purge the troubled air, and weed the land.
And dare the College insolently aim
To equal our fraternity in fame?
Then let crabs-eyes with pearl for virtue try,
Or Highgate Hill with lofty Pindus vie;
So glow-worms may compare with Titan's beams,
And Hare-court pump with Aganippe's streams.
'Our manufactures now they meanly sell,
And their true value treacherously tell;
Nay, they discover too, their spite is such,
That health, than crowns more valued, cost not much*;
Whilst we must steer our conduct by these rules,
To cheat as tradesmen, or to starve as fools.'
At this fam'd Horoscope turn'd pale, and straight
In silence tumbled from his chair of state;
The crowd in great confusion sought the door,
And left the Magus fainting on the floor.
Whilst in his breast the fury breath'd a storm,
Then sought her cell, and re-assum'd her form:
Thus from the sore although the insect flies,
It leaves a brood of maggots in disguise,

VARIATION.

* Whilst we, at our expense, must persevere,
And, for another world, be ruin'd here.

Officious Squirt in haste forsook his shop,
To succour the expiring Horoscope.
Oft he assay'd the Magus to restore,
By salt of succinum's prevailing pow'r;
Yet still supine the solid lumber lay,
An image of searce animated clay;
Till Fates, indulgent when disasters call,
By Squirt's nice hand applied a urinal;
The wight no sooner did the stream receive,
But rous'd, and bless'd the stale restorative.
The springs of life their former vigour feel,
Such zeal he had for that vile utensil.
So when the great Pelides Thetis found,
He knew the sea-weed scent, and the' azure goddess own'd.

CANTO III.

All night the sage in pensive tumults lay,
Complaining of the slow approach of day;
Oft turn'd him round, and strove to think no more
Of what shrill Colon said the day before.
Cowslips and poppies o'er his eyes he spread,
And Salmon's works he laid beneath his head.
But those bless'd opiates still in vain he tries,
Sleep's gentle image his embraces flies:
Tumultuous cares lay rolling in his breast,
And thus his anxious thoughts the sage express'd:—
'Oft has this planet roll'd around the sun,
Since to consult the skies I first begun:
Such my applause, so mighty my success,
Some granted my predictions more than guess,
But, doubtful as I am, I'll entertain
This faith, there can be no mistake in gain:

For the dull world most honour pay to those
Who on their understanding most impose.
First man creates, and then he fears the elf,
Thus others cheat him not, but he himself;
He loathes the substance, and he loves the show;
You'll ne'er convince a fool, himself is so;
He hates realities, and hugs the cheat,
And still the only pleasure's the deceit.
So meteors flatter with a dazzling dye
Which no existence has, but in the eye.
As distant prospects please us, but when near,
We find but desert rocks, and fleeting air.
From stratagem to stratagem we run,
And he knows most, who latest is undone.
Mankind one day serene and free appear;
The next, they're cloudy, sullen, and severe:
New passions, new opinions still excite,
And what they like at noon, they leave at night.
They gain with labour what they quit with ease,
And health, for want of change, becomes disease.
Religion's bright authority they dare,
And yet are slaves to superstitious fear.
They counsel others, but themselves deceive,
And though they're cozen'd still, they still believe.
So false their censure, fickle their esteem,
This hour they worship; and the next blaspheme.
Shall I then, who with penetrating sight,
Inspect the springs that guide each appetite;
Who with unfathom'd searches hourly pierce
The dark recesses of the universe,
Be aw'd, if puny emmets would oppress;
Or fear their fury, or their name caress?
If all the fiends that in low darkness reign,
Be not the fictions of a sickly brain,

That projeet, the Dispensary* they call,
Before the moon ean blunt her horns, shall fall.
With that, a glance from mild Aurora's eyes
Shoots through the erystal kingdoms of the skies;
The savage kind in forests eease to roam,
And sots o'ercharg'd with nauseous loads reel home.
Drums, trumpets, hautboys wake the slumbering pair;
Whilst bridegroom sighs, and thinks the bride less fair.
Light's eheerful smiles o'er the' azure waste are spread,
And Miss from Inns o' Court bolts out, unpaid;
The sage, transported at the approaehing hour,
Imperiously thriee thunder'd on the floor;
Officious Squirt that moment had aeeess,
His trust was great, his vigilance no less.
To him thus Horoscope:—
'My kind eompanion in this dire affair,
Whieh is more light, sinee you assume a share;
Fly with what haste you us'd to do of old,
When clyster was in danger to be eold;
With expedition on the beadle eall,
To summon all the Company to the Hall.
Away the friendly coadjutor flies,
Swift as from phial steams of hartshorn rise.
The Magus, in the interim, mumbles o'er
Vile terms of art to some infernal pow'r
And draws mysterious eireles on the floor.
But from the gloomy vault no glaring sprite
Aseends, to blast the tender bloom of light:
No mystie sounds, from Hell's detested womb,
In dusky exhalations upwards come.

* Medicines made up there, for the use of the poor.

And now to raise an altar he decrees,
To that devouring harpy call'd Disease.
Then flowers in canisters he hastes to bring,
The wither'd product of a blighted spring:
With cold solanum from the Pontic shore,
The roots of mandrake and black hellebore,
The griper senna, and the puker rue,
The sweetener sassafras are added too;
And on the structure next he heaps a load
Of sulphur, turpentine, and mastic wood:
Gums, fossils too, the pyramid increas'd;
A mummy next, once monarch of the east.
Then, from the compter he takes down the file,
And with prescriptions lights the solemn pile.
Feebly the flames on clumsy wings aspire,
And smothering fogs of smoke benight the fire.
With sorrow he beheld the sad portent,
Then to the hag these orisons he sent:
'Disease! thou ever most propitious pow'r,
Whose kind indulgence we discern each hour:*
Thou well canst boast thy numerous pedigree,
Begot by Sloth, maintain'd by Luxury.
In gilded palaces thy prowess reigns,
But flies the humble sheds of cottage swains.
To you such might and energy belong,
You nip the blooming, and unnerve the strong.
The purple conqueror in chains you bind,
And are to us your vassals only kind.
'If, in return, all diligence we pay
To fix your empire, and confirm your sway,

VARIATION.

* Thou that would'st lay whole states and regions waste,
Sooner than we thy cormorants should fast.

Far as the weekly-bills can reach around,
From Kent-street end to fam'd St. Giles's pound;
Behold this poor libation with a smile,
And let auspicious light break through the pile.'
He spoke; and on the pyramid he laid
Bay leaves and vipers' hearts, and thus he said;
'As these consume in this mysterious fire,
So let the curs'd Dispensary* expire!
And as those crackle in the flames, and die,
So let its vessels burst, and glasses fly!'
But a sinister cricket straight was heard,
The altar fell, the offering disappear'd:
As the fam'd wight the omen did regret,
Squirt brought the news the Company was met.
Nigh where Fleet-ditch descends in sable streams,
To wash his sooty Naiads in the Thames,
There stands a structure† on a rising hill,
Where Tyros take their freedom out to kill.
Some pictures in these dreadful shambles tell,
How, by the Delian god, the Pithon fell;
And how Medea did the philter brew,
That could in Æson's veins young force renew;
How mournful Myrrha‡ for her crimes appears,
And heals hysteric matrons still with tears:
How Mentha and Althea, nymphs no more,
Revive in sacred plants, and health restore;
How sanguine swains their amorous hours repent,
When pleasures past, and pains are permanent;
And how frail nymphs, oft by abortion, aim
To lose a substance, to preserve a name.
Soon as each member in his rank was plac'd,
The' assembly Diasenna§ thus address'd:

* See the allusion. Theoc. Farm. † Apothecary's Hall.
‡ See Ov. Met. § Gilstorp, an apothecary.

'My kind confederates, if my poor intent,
As 'tis sincere, had been but prevalent,
We here had met on some more safe design,
And an no other business but to dine;
The Faculty had still maintain'd their sway,
And interest then had bid us but obey;
This only emulation we had known,
Who best could fill his purse and thin the town.
But now from gathering clouds destruction pours,
Which ruins with mad rage our halcyon hours;
Mists from black jealousies the tempest form,
Whilst late divisions reinforce the storm. [past,
Know, when tbese feuds, like those at law, were
The winners will be losers at the last.
Like heroes in sea-fights we seek renown,
To fire some hostile ship, we burn our own.
Whoe'er throws dust against the wind, descries
He throws it, in effect, but in his eyes.
That juggler which another's slight will show,
But teaches how the world his own may know.
'Thrice happy were those golden days of old,
When, dear as Burgundy, ptisans were sold;
When patients chose to die with better will
Than breathe, and pay the' apothecary's bill:
And cheaper than for our assistants call,
Might go to Aix or Bourbon, spring and fall.*

VARIATION.

* But now late jars or practices detect,
For mines, when once discover'd, lose the' effect.
Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen, they rise, but gather as they run.
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they advance, the more they still disjoin.

Then priests increas'd, and piety decay'd,
Churchmen the church's purity betray'd,
Their lives and doctrine, slaves and atheists made.
The laws were but the hireling judge's sense;
Juries were sway'd by venal evidence:
Fools were promoted to the council-board,
Tools to the bench, and bullies to the sword.
Pensions in private were the senate's aim;
And patriots, for a place, abandon'd fame.
'But now no influencing art remains,
For Somers has the seal, and Nassau reigns;
And we, in spite of our resolves, must bow,
And suffer by a reformation too.
For now late jars our practices detect,
And mines, when once discover'd, lose effect.
Dissentions, like small streams, are first begun,
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run:
So lines that from their parallel decline,
More they proceed, the more they still disjoin.
'Tis therefore my advice, in haste we send,
And beg the Faculty to be our friend;
Send swarms of patients, and our quarrels end:
So, awful beadles, if the vagrant treat
Straight turn familiar, and their fasces quit.
In vain we but contend, that planet's pow'r
Those vapours can disperse it rais'd before.'
As he prepar'd the mischief to recite,
Keen Colocynthus* paus'd and foam'd with spite.
Sour ferments on his shining surface swim,
Work up to froth, and bubble o'er the brim:
Not beauties fret so much if freckles come,
Or nose should redden in the drawing-room;

* Dare, an apothecary.

Or lovers that mistake the' appointed hour,
Or in the lucky minute want the pow'r.
Thus he—' Thou scandal of great Pæan's art,
At thy approach the springs of nature start,
The nerves unbrace: nay, at the sight of thee,
A scratch turns cancer, itch a leprosy.
Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel*, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consultation scarce can kill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth Street, Versailles with riding hoods;
The sick to the' Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
'To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the' insults of death defy;
The fools, through bless'd insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave;
Sought by the wretch, and vanquish'd by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

* A celebrated undertaker of funerals.

'Sound but to arms, the foe shall soon confess
Our force increases, as our funds grow less;
And what requir'd such industry to raise,
We'll scatter into nothing as we please.
Thus they'll acknowledge, to annihilate
Shows no less wondrous pow'r than to create.
We'll raise our num'rous cohorts, and oppose
The feeble forces of our pigmy foes;
Legions of quacks shall join us on the place,
From great Kirleus down to Doctor Case*.
Though such vile rubbish sink, yet we shall rise;
Directors still secure the greatest prize.
Such poor supports serve only like a stay;
The tree once fix'd, its rest is torn away.
'So patriots, in time of peace and ease,
Forget the fury of the late disease;
On dangers past serenely think no more,
And curse the hand that heal'd the wound before.
'Arm therefore, gallant friends, 'tis honour's call;
Or let us boldly fight, or bravely fall.'
To this the session seem'd to give consent,
Much lik'd the war, but dreaded much the' event.
At length the growing difference to compose,
Two brothers, nam'd Ascarides†, arose.
Both had the volubility of tongue,
In meaning faint, but in opinion strong.
To speak they both assum'd a like pretence;
The elder gain'd his just pre-eminence.
Thus he: ' 'Tis true, when privilege and right
Are once invaded, honour bids us fight;

* Dr. Case was a noted practitioner in physic and astrology; and is said to have got more by a distich affixed to his pillboxes than Dryden did by all his works.

† The Pearces, apothecaries.

But ere we once engage in honour's cause,
First know what honour is, and whence it was.
'Scorn'd by the base,'tis courted by the brave,
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air,
And both exists by hope and by despair.
Angry when e'er a moment's ease we gain,
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.
It lives, when in death's arms the hero lies:
But when his safety he consults, it dies.
Bigotted to this idol, we disclaim
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.
'Then let us to the field before we move,
Know, if the gods our enterprise approve.
Suppose the' unthinking faculty unveil
What we, through wiser conduct, would conceal:
Is't reason we should quarrel with the glass
That shows the monstrous features of our face?
Or grant some grave pretenders have of late
Thought fit an innovation to create;
Soon they'll repent what rashly they begun:
Though projects please, projectors are undone.
All novelties must this success expect,
When good, our envy; and when bad, neglect;*
If reason could direct, ere now each gate
Had borne some trophy of triumphal state.
Temples had told how Greece and Belgia owe
Troy and Namur to Jove and to Nassau.
'Then since no veneration is allow'd,
Or to the real, or the' appearing good;

VARIATION.

* If things of use were valued, there had been
Some workhouse where the Monument is seen.

The project that we vainly apprehend,
Must, as it blindly rose, as vilely end.
Some members of the Faculty there are,
Who interest prudently to oaths prefer.
Our friendship with feign'd airs they poorly court,
And boast their politics are our support.
Them we'll consult about this enterprise,
And boldly execute what they advise.'

But from below, while such resolves they took,
Some Aurum Fulminans the fabric shook;*
The champions, daunted at the crack, retreat,
Regard their safety, and their rage forget.

So when at Bathos earth's big offspring strove
To scale the skies, and wage a war with Jove;
Soon as the ass of old Silenus bray'd,
The trembling rebels in confusion fled.

CANTO IV.

Not far from that frequented theatre,
Where wandering punks each night at five repair;
Where purple emperors in buskins tread,
And rule imaginary worlds for bread:
Where Bentley, by old writers, wealthy grew,
And Briscoe† lately was undone by new:
Their triumphs a physician of renown,
To none, but such as rust in health, unknown.
None e'er was plac'd more fitly to impart
His known experience, and his healing art.
When Burgess deafens all the list'ning press
With peals of most seraphic emptiness;

* The room the apothecaries meet in, is over the Laboratory.
† Bentley and Briscoe were two booksellers.

Or when mysterious Freeman mounts on high,
To preach his parish to a lethargy;
This Æsculapius waits hard by, to ease
The martyrs of such christian cruelties.
Long has this darling quarter of the town
For lewdness, wit, and gallantry been known.
All sorts meet here, of whatso'er degree,
To blend and justle into harmony.
The critics each adventrous author scan,
And praise or censure, as they like the man.
The weeds of writings for the flowers they cull:
So nicely tasteless, so correctly dull!
The politicians of Parnassus prate,
And poets canvass the affairs of state;
The cits ne'er talk of trade and stock, but tell
How Virgil writ, how bravely Turnus fell.
The country dames drive to Hippolito's,
First find a spark, and after lose a nose.
The lawyer for lac'd coat the robe does quit,
He grows a madman, and then turns a wit.
And in the cloister pensive Strephon waits,
Till Chloe's hackney comes, and then retreats;
And if the' ungenerous nymph a shaft let's fly,
More fatally than from a sparkling eye,
Mirmillo*, that fam'd Opifer, is nigh.
The trading tribe oft thither throng to dine,
And, want of elbow-room, supply in wine.
Cloy'd with variety, they surfeit there,
Whilst the wan patients on thin gruel fare.
'Twas here the champions of the party met,
Of their heroic enterprise to treat.
Each hero a tremendous air put on,
And stern Mirmillo in these words begun;

* Dr. Gibbons.

'Tis with concern, my friends, I meet you here;
No grievance you can know, but I must share.
'Tis plain, my interest you've advanc'd so long,
Each fee, though I was mute, would find a tongue.
And, in return, though I have strove to rend
Those statutes, which on oath I should defend:
Such arts are trifles to a generous mind:
Great services, as great returns should find.
And you'll perceive this hand, when glory calls,
Can brandish arms as well as urinals.

'Oxford and all her passing bells can tell,
By this right arm! what mighty numbers fell.
Whilst others meanly ask'd whole months to slay,
I oft dispatch'd the patient in a day:
With pen in hand I push'd to that degree,
I scarce had left a wretch to give a fee.
Some fell by laudanum, and some by steel,
And death in ambush lay in every pill:
For save or slay this privilege we claim,
Though credit suffers, the reward's the same.

'What though the art of healing we pretend,
He that designs it least is most a friend.
Into the right we err, and must confess
To oversights we often owe success.
Thus Bessus got the battle in the play;
His glorious cowardice restor'd the day.
So the fam'd Grecian piece* ow'd its desert
To chance, and not the labour'd strokes of art.

'Physicians, if they're wise, should never think
Of any arms but such as pen and ink:
But the' enemy, at their expense shall find
When honour calls, I'll scorn to stay behind.'

He said; and seal'd the engagement with a kiss,
Which was return'd by younger Ascaris†;

* The picture of Jalisus by Protogenenes. † Mr. Parrot.

Who thus advanc'd: 'Each word, sir, you impart,
Has something killing in it, like your art.
How much we to your boundless friendship owe,
Our files can speak, and your prescriptions show.
Your ink descends in such excessive show'rs,
'Tis plain, you can regard no health but ours.
Whilst poor pretenders puzzle o'er a case,
You but appear, and give the *coup de grace*.
O that near Xanthus* banks you had but dwelt
When Ilium first Achaian fury felt,
The horned river then had curs'd in vain
Young Peleus' arm, that chok'd his stream with slain.
No trophies you had left for Greeks to raise;
Their ten years toil you'd finish'd in ten days.
Fate smiles on your attempts, and when you list,
In vain the cowards fly, or brave resist.
Then let us arm, we need not fear success;
No labours are too hard for Hercules.
Our military ensigns we'll display;
Conquest pursues, where courage leads the way.'
To this design shrill Querpo† did agree,
A zealous member of the faculty;
His sire's pretended pious steps he treads,
And where the doctor fails, the saint succeeds.
A conventicle flesh'd his greener years,
And his full age the righteous rancour shares.
Thus boys hatch game eggs under birds of prey,
To make the fowl more furious for the fray.
Slow Carus‡ next discover'd his intent,
With painful pauses muttering what he meant,
His sparks of life, in spite of drugs, retreat,
So cold, that only calentures can heat.

* See Homer's Il. ii. † Dr. Howe. ‡ Dr. Tyson.

In his chill veins the sluggish puddle flows,
And loads with lazy fogs his sable brows.
Legions of lunatics about him press,
His province is, lost reason to redress.
So when perfumes their fragrant scent give o'er,
Nought can their odour, like a jakes, restore.
When for advice the vulgar throng, he's found
With lumber of vile books besieg'd around.
The gazing throng acknowledge their surprise,
And, deaf to reason, still consult their eyes.
Well he perceives the world will often find,
To catch the eye is to convince the mind.
Thus a weak state, by wise distrust inclines
To numerous stores, and strength in magazines:
So fools are always most profuse of words,
And cowards never fail of longest swords.
Abandon'd authors here a refuge meet,
And from the world, to dust and worms retreat.
Here dregs and sediment of auctions reign,
Refuse of fairs, and gleanings of Duck Lane:
And up these walls much Gothic lumber climbs,
With Swiss philosophy, and Runic rhymes.
Hither, retriev'd from cooks and grocers, come
Mede's works entire, and endless reams of Brome.
Where would the long neglected Collins fly,
If bounteous Carus should refuse to buy?
But each vile scribbler's happy on this score,
He'll find some Carus still to read him o'er.
Nor must we the obsequious Umbra* spare,
Who soft by Nature, yet declar'd for war.
But when some rival power invades a right,
Flies set on flies, and turtles turtles fight.

* Dr. Gould.

Else courteous Umbra to the last had been
Demurely meek, insipidly serene.
With him*, the present still some virtues have,
The vain are sprightly, and the stupid, grave;
The slothful, negligent; the foppish, neat;
The lewed are airy; and the sly, discreet.
A wren an eagle, a baboon a beau;
Colt†, a Lycurgus, and a Phocion, Rowe‡.
Heroic ardour now the' assembly warms,
Each combatant breathes nothing but alarms.
For future glory, while the scheme is laid,
Fam'd Horoscope thus offers to dissuade:
'Since of each enterprise the' event's unknown,
We'll quit the sword, and hearken to the gown.
Nigh lives Vagellius§, one reputed long
For strength of lungs, and pliancy of tongue.
For fees, to any form he moulds a cause,
The worst has merits, and the best has flaws.
Five guincas make a criminal to-day,
And ten to-morrow wipe the stain away.
Whatever he affirms is undenied,
Milo's the lecher, Clodius the' homicide.
Cato pernicious, Catiline a saint,
Orford suspected, Duncomb innocent.
To law then, friends, for 'tis by fate decreed,
Vagellius, and our money, shall succeed.
Know, when I first invok'd Disease, by charms
To prove propitious to our future arms,
Ill omens did the sacrifice attend,
Nor would the Sibyl from her grot ascend.'

* See the Imitation, Hor. Sat. 3.
† Sir H. Dutton Colt.
‡ Mr. Anthony Rowe.
§ Sir Bart. Shower.

As Horoscope urg'd farther to be heard,
He thus was interrupted by a Bard*:

'In vain your magic mysteries you use,
Such sounds the Sibyl's sacred ears abuse.
These lines the pale divinity shall raise,
Such is the power of sound, and force of lays.

'Arms meet with arms, falchions with falchions clash†,
And sparks of fire, struck out from armour, flash.
Thick clouds of dust contending warriors raise,
And hideous war o'er all the region brays‡.
Some raging ran with huge Herculean clubs,
Some massy balls of brass, some mighty tubs
Of cinders bore.——
Naked and half-burnt hills with hideous wreck.§,
Affright the skies, and fry the Ocean's back,'

As he went rumbling on, the Fury straight
Crawl'd in, her limbs could scarce support her weight;
A rueful rag her meagre forehead bound,
And faintly her fur'd lips these accents sound:

'Mortal, how dar'st thou with such lines address
My awful seat, and trouble my recess?
In Essex' marshy Hundreds is a cell,
Where lazy fogs and drizzling vapours dwell:
Thither raw damps on drooping wings repair,
And shivering quartans shake the sickly air.
There, when fatigued, some silent hours I pass,
And substitute physicians in my place.
Then dare not, for the future, once rehearse
The dissonance of such untuneful verse:

* Sir Richard Blackmore.
† King Arthur, p. 307.
‡ King Arthur, p. 327.
§ Prince Arthur, p. 130.

But in your lines let energy be found,
And learn to rise in sense, and sink in sound.
Harsh words, though pertinent, uncouth appear;
None please the fancy, who offend the ear.
In sense and numbers if you would excel,
Read Wycherley, consider Dryden well.
In one, what vigorous turns of fancy shine!
In the' other, sirens warble in each line.
If Dorset's sprightly muse but touch the lyre,
The smiles and graces melt in soft desire,
And little Loves confess their amorous fire*.
The gentle Isis claims the ivy crown,
To bind the' immortal brows of Addison.
As tuneful Congreve tries his rural strains,
Pan quits the woods, the listening fawns the plains;
And Philomel, in notes like his, complains.
And Britain since Pausanias† was writ,
Knows Spartan virtue, and Athenian wit.
When Stepney paints the godlike acts of kings,
Or, what Apollo dictates, Prior sings,
The banks of Rhine a pleas'd attention show,
And silver Sequana forgets to flow.
'Such just examples carefully read o'er,
Slide, without falling; without straining, soar.
Oft though your strokes surprise, you should not choose
A theme so mighty for a virgin-muse.
Long did Apelles‡ his fam'd piece decline,
His Alexander was his last design.

* Pausanias, written by Mr. Norton.
† See Hor. b. ii. Ep. i. Plin. Plant. Cic. Ep. Val. Max.

VARIATION.

‡ The Tiber now no gentle Gallus sees,
But smiling Thames enjoys her Normanbys.

'Tis Montague's rich vein alone must prove,
None but a Phidias should attempt a Jove,'*
The Fury paus'd, till with a frightful sound
A rising whirlwind burst the' unhallow'd ground.
Then she—'The deity we Fortune call,
Though distant, rules and influences all.
Straight for her favour to her court repair;
Important embassies ask wings of air.'

Each wondering stood, but Horoscope's great soul,
That dangers ne'er alarm, nor doubts control,
Rais'd on the pinions of the bounding wind,
Outflew the rack, and left the hours behind.

The evening now with blushes warms the air,
The steer resigns the yoke, the hind his care;
The clouds above with golden edgings glow,
And falling dews refresh the earth below.
The bat with sooty wings flits through the grove,
The reeds scarce rustle, nor the aspins move,
And all the feather'd folk forbear their lays of love.
Through the transparent region of the skies,
Swift as a wish, the missionary flies:
With wonder he surveys the upper air,
And the gay gilded meteors sporting there.
How lambent jellies kindling in the night,
Shoot through the ether in a trail of light;
How rising streams in the' azure fluid blend,
Or fleet in clouds, or soft in showers descend;
Or if the stubborn rage of cold prevail,
In flakes they fly, or fall in moulded hail.

VARIATION.

* The Fury said; and vanishing from sight,
Cry'd out, 'To arms!' so left the realms of light.
The combatants to the' enterprise consent,
And the next day smil'd on the great event.

How honey-dews embalm the fragrant morn,
And the fair oak with luscious sweets adorn,
How heat and moisture mingle in a mass,
Or belch in thunder, or in lightning blaze.
Why nimble coruscations strike the eye,
And bold tornados bluster in the sky.
Why a prolific Aura upwards tends,
Ferments, and in a living shower descends.
How vapours hanging on the towering hills,
In breezes sigh, or weep in warbling rills:
Whence infant winds their tender pinions try,
And river-gods their thirsty urns supply.
The wondering sage pursues his airy flight,
And braves the chill unwholesome damps of night;
He views the tracts where luminaries rove,
To settle seasons here, and fates above.
The bleak Arcturus still forbid the seas,
The stormy Kids, the weeping Hyades;
The shining Lyre* with strains attracting more
Heav'n's glittering mansions now than hell's† before;
Glad Cassiopeia circling in the sky,
And each fair Churchill of the galaxy.
Aurora on Etesian breezes borne,
With blushig lips breathes out the sprightly morn:
Each flower in dew their short-liv'd empire weeps,
And Cynthia with her lov'd Endymion sleeps.
As through the gloom the Magus cuts his way,
Imperfect objects tell the doubtful day.
Dim he discerns majestic Atlas rise,
And bend beneath the burden of the skies.
His towering brows aloft no tempest know,
Whilst lightning flies, and thunder rolls below.

* Orpheus's harp made a constellation.
† See Manilius.

Distant from hence, beyond a waste of plains,
Proud Teneriffe his giant brother reigns;
With breathing fire his pitchy nostrils glow,
As from his sides he shakes the fleecy snow.
Around this hoary prince, from watry beds,
His subject islands raise their verdant heads;
The waves so gently wash each rising hill,
The land seems floating, and the ocean still.
Eternal spring with smiling verdure here
Warms the mild air, and crowns the youthful year.
From crystal rocks transparent riv'lets flow;
The tuberose ever breathes, and violets blow.
The vine undress'd her swelling clusters bears,
The labouring hind the mellow olive cheers;
Blossom and fruit at once the citron* shows,
And as she pays, discovers still she owes.
The orange to her sun her pride displays,
And gilds her fragrant apples with his rays:
No blasts e'er discompose the peaceful sky,
The springs but murmur, and the winds but sigh.
The tuneful swans on gliding rivers float,
And warbling dirges die on every note.
Where Flora treads, her Zephyr garlands flings,
And scatters odours from his purple wings; [groves
Whilst birds from woodbine bowers and jesmine
Chant their glad nuptials, and unenvied loves.
Mild seasons, rising hills, and silent dales,
Cool grottos, silver brooks, and flowery vales;
Groves, fill'd with balmy shrubs, in pomp appear,
And scent with gales of sweets the circling year.
These happy isles, where endless pleasures wait,
Are styl'd by tuneful bards—'The fortunate.'

* Waller.

On high, where no hoarse winds nor clouds resort,
The hoodwink'd goddess keeps her partial court.
Upon a wheel of amethyst* she sits,
Gives and resumes, and smiles and frowns by fits.
In this still labyrinth, around her lie
Spells, philters, globes, and schemes of palmistry:
A sigil in this hand the gipsy bears,
In the' other, a prophetic sieve and sheers.

The dame, by divination, knew that soon
The Magus would appear—and then begun:
'Hail sacred seer! thy embassy I know,
Wars must ensue, the Fates will have it so.
Dread feats shall follow, and disasters great,
Pills† charge on pills, and bolus bolus meet;
Both sides shall conquer, and yet both shall fail;
The mortar now, and then the urinal.

'To thee alone my influence I owe;
Where nature has denied, my favours flow.
'Tis I that give, so mighty is my power,
Faith to the Jew, complexion to the Moor.
I am the wretch's wish, the rook's pretence,
The sluggard's ease, the coxcomb's providence.
Sir Scrape-quill, once a supple smiling slave,
Looks lofty now, and insolently grave;
Builds, settles, purchases, and has each hour
Caps from the rich and curses from the poor.
Spadillio, that at table serv'd of late,
Drinks rich Tokay himself, and eats in plate;
Has levees, villas, mistresses in store,
And owns the racers which he rubb'd before.

* This stone reckoned fortunate; see the Hist. of Nat. Magic
† See the allusion in Lucan.

'Souls heavenly born, my faithless boons defy;
The brave is to himself a deity.
Though bless'd Astrea's gone, some soil remains
Where fortune is the slave, and merit reigns.
'The Tiber boasts his Julian progeny,
Thames his Nassau, the Nile his Ptolomy.
Iberia, yet for future sway design'd,
Shall, for a Hesse, a greater Mordaunt find.
Thus Ariadne* in proud triumph rode;
She lost a hero,† and she found a god.‡

CANTO V.

When the still night, with peaceful poppies crown'd,
Had spread her shady pinions o'er the ground;
And slumbering chiefs of painted triumphs dream,
While groves and streams are the soft virgin's theme;
The surges gently dash against the shore,
Flocks quit the plains, and galley-slaves the oar;
Sleep shakes its downy wings o'er mortal eyes,
Mirmillo is the only wretch it flies:
He finds no respite from his anxious grief;
Then seeks from this soliloquy relief.
'Long have I reign'd unrival'd in the town,
Oppress'd with fees and deafen'd with renown.
'None e'er could die with due solemnity,
Unless his passport first was sign'd by me.
My arbitrary bounty's undenied;
I give reversions, and for heirs provide.
None could the tedious nuptial state support,
But I to make it easy make it short.

* See Steph. † Theseus. ‡ Bacchus.

I set the discontented matrons free,
And ransom husbands from captivity.
Shall one of such importance then engage
In noisy riot, and in civil rage?
No: I'll endeavour straight a peace, and so
Preserve my character, and person too.'

But Discord, that still haunts with hideous mien
Those dire abodes where Hymen once hath been,
O'erheard Mirmillo's anguish, then begun
In peevish accents to express her own:

'Have I so often banish'd lazy peace
From her dark solitude, and lov'd recess?
Have I made South and Sherlock disagree,
And puzzle truth with learn'd obscurity?
And does the faithful Ferguson profess
His ardour still for animosities?
Have I, Britannia's safety to ensure,
Expos'd her naked, to be most secure!
Have I made parties opposite unite,
In monstrous leagues of amicable spite,
To curse their country, whilst the common cry
Is freedom, but their aim the ministry?
And shall a dastard's cowardice prevent
The war, so long I've labour'd to foment?
No, 'tis resolv'd, he either shall comply,
Or I'll renounce my wan divinity.'

With that, the hag approach'd Mirmillo's bed,
And taking Querpo's meagre shape, she said:
'At noon of night I hasten, to dispel
Those tumults in your pensive bosom dwell.
I dream'd but now, I heard your heaving sighs,
Nay, saw the tears debating in your eyes.
O that 'twere but a dream! but threats I find
Low'r in your looks, and rankle in your mind.

Speak, whence it is this late disorder flows,
That shakes your soul, and troubles your repose.
Mistakes in practice scarce could give you pain,
Too well you know the dead will ne'er complain,
'What looks discover,' said the homicide,
'Would be a fruitless industry to hide.
My safety first I must consult, and then
I'll serve our suffering party with my pen.'
'All should,' replied the hag, 'their talent learn;
The most attempting oft the least discern.
Let Peterborough speak, and Vanbrugh write,
Soft Acon court, and rough Cæcinna fight:
Such must succeed; but when the' enervate aim
Beyond their force, they still contend for shame.
Had Colbatch printed nothing of his own,
He had not been the Saffold of the town.
Asses and owls, unseen, their kind betray,
If these attempt to hoot, or those to bray.
Had Wesley never aim'd in verse to please,
We had not rank'd him with our Ogilbys.
Still censures will on dull pretenders fall,
A Codrus should expect a Juvenal.
Ill lines, but like ill paintings, are allow'd
To set off, and to recommend the good.
So diamonds take a lustre from their foyle;
And to a Bentley 'tis, we owe a Boyle.
'Consider well the talent you possess,
To strive to make it more would make it less;
And recollect what gratitude is due,
To those whose party you abandon now.
To them you owe your odd magnificence,
But to your stars your magazine of sense.

Hasp'd in a tombril, awkward have you shin'd,
With one fat slave before, and none behind*.
Then haste and join your true intrepid friends,
Success on vigour and dispatch depends.'
Labouring in doubts Mirmillo stood, then said,
'Tis hard to undertake, if gain dissuade;
What fool for noisy feuds large fees would leave?
Ten harvests more would all I wish for give.'
'True, man!' replied the elf, 'by choice diseas'd,
Ever contriving pain, and never pleas'd,
A present good they slight, an absent choose,
And what they have, for what they have not, lose.
False prospects all their true delights destroy,
Resolv'd to want, yet labouring to enjoy.
In restless hurries thoughtlessly they live.
At substance oft unmov'd, for shadows grieve.
Children at toys, as men at titles aim;
And in effect both covet but the same.
This Philip's son prov'd in revolving years;
And first for rattles, then for worlds, shed tears.
The Fury spoke, then in a moment fir'd
The hero's breast with tempests, and retir'd.
In boding dreams Mirmillo spent the night,
And frightful phantoms danc'd before his sight,
Till the pale Pleiads clos'd their eyes of light.
At length gay morn glows in the eastern skies,
The larks in rapture through the ether rise,

VARIATION.

But soon what they've exalted they'll discard,
And set up Carus, or the city bard.
Alarm'd at this, the hero courage took,
And storms of terror threaten'd in his look.
'My dread resolves,' he cried, 'I'll straight pursue?'
The Fury, satisfied, in smiles withdrew.

The azure mists scud o'er the dewy lawns,
The chanter at his early matins yawns,
The amaranth opes its leaves, the lys* its bells,
And Progne her complaint of Tereus tells.

As bold Mirmillo the grey dawn descries,
Arm'd *cap-à-pé*, where honour calls, he flies;
And finds the legions planted at their post;
Where mighty Querpo fill'd the eye the most.
His arms were made, if we may credit fame,
By Mulciber†, the mayor of Birmingham.
Of temper'd stibium the bright shield was cast,
And yet the work the metal far surpass'd‡.
A foliage of the vulnerary leaves
Grav'd round the brim the wondering sight deceives.
Around the centre Fate's bright trophies lay,
Probes, saws, incision knives, and tools to slay.
Emboss'd upon the field, a battle stood
Of leeches spouting hemorrhoidal blood.
The artist too express'd the solemn state
Of grave physicians at a consult met;
About each symptom how they disagree,
But how unanimous, in case of fee.
Whilst each assassin his learn'd colleague tires
With learn'd impertinence, the sick expires.

Beneath this blazing orb bright Querpo shone,
Himself an Atlas, and his shield a moon.
A pestle for his truncheon led the van,
And his high helmet was a close stool-pan.
His crest an ibis,§ brandishing her beak,
And winding in loose folds her spiral neck.

* Fleur de lys.

† See the allusion, Hom. Il. B. xviii. Virg. Æn. B. viii.

‡ See Ovid Met. B. ii.

§ This bird, according to the ancients, gives itself a clyster with its beak.

This, when the young Querpoïdes* beheld,
His face in nurse's breast the boy conceal'd;
Then peep'd, and with the' effulgent helm would play,
And, as the monster gap'd, would shrink away.
Thus sometimes joy prevail'd, and sometimes fear;
And tears and smiles alternate passions were.
As Querpo towering stood, in martial might,
Pacific Carus sparkled on the right.
An Oran Outang† o'er his shoulders hung,
His plume confess'd the capon whence it sprung.
His motley mail scarce could the hero bear,
Haranguing thus the tribunes of the war:
'Fam'd chiefs!
For present triumphs born, design'd for more,
Your virtue I admire, your valour more.
If battle be resolv'd, you'll find this hand
Can deal out destiny, and fate command.
Our foes in throngs shall hide the crimson plain,
And their Apollo interpose in vain.
Though gods themselves engage, a Diomede‡
With ease could show a deity can bleed.
'But war's rough trade should be by fools profess'd,
The truest rubbish fills a trench the best.
Let quinsies throttle, and the quartan shake,
Or dropsies drown, and gout and colics rack;
Let sword and pestilence lay waste, while we
Wage bloodless wars, and fight in theory.
Who wants not merit needs not arm for fame;
The dead I raise, my chivalry proclaim;

* Alluding to Astyanax. See Hom. Il.
† The skin of a dissected baboon, called so.
‡ See Hom. Il. B. v.

Diseases baffled, and lost health restor'd,
In Fame's bright list my victories record:
More lives from me their preservation own,
Than lovers lose if fair Cornelia frown.'
'Your cures,' shrill Querpo cried, 'aloud you tell,
But wisely your miscarriages conceal.
Zeno, a priest, in Samothrace of old,
Thus reason'd with Philopidas the bold;
"Immortal gods you own, but think them blind
To what concerns the state of human kind.
Either they hear not, or regard not pray'r,
That argues want of power, and this of care.
Allow that wisdom infinite must know;
Power infinite must act."—"I grant it so.
Haste straight to Neptune's fane, survey with zeal
The walls."—"What then?" replied the infidel.
"Observe those numerous throngs in effigy,
The gods have sav'd from the devouring sea.
'Tis true, their pictures that escap'd you keep,
But where are theirs that perish'd in the deep?"
'Vaunt now no more the triumph of your skill,
But, though unfeed, exert your arm, and kill.
Our scouts have learn'd the posture of the foe;
In war, surprises surest conduct show.'
But Fame, that neither good nor bad conceals,
That Pembroke's worth, and Ormond's valour tells;
How truth in Burnet, how in Cav'ndish reigns
Varro's magnificence with Maro's strains;
But how at church and bar all gape and stretch
If Winnington but plead, or South or Only preach;
On nimble wings to Warwick Lane repairs,
And what the enemy intends, declares.

Confusion in each countenance appear'd,
A council's call'd, and Stentor* first was heard;†
His labouring lungs the throng'd prætorium rent,
Addressing thus the passive President:
'Machaon,‡ whose experience we adore,
Great as your matchless merit is your pow'r.
At your approach, the baffled tyrant Death
Breaks his keen shafts, and grinds his clashing teeth.
To you we leave the conduct of the day;
What you command, your vassals must obey.
If this dread enterprise you would decline,
We'll send to treat, and stifle the design.
But if my arguments had force, we'd try
To humble our audacious foes, or die:§

* Dr. Goodall. ‡ Sir Thomas Millington

VARIATION.

† True to extremes, yet to dull forms a slave,
He's always dully gay, or vainly grave.
With indignation, and a daring air,
He paus'd awhile, and thus address'd the chair.

§ What Stentor offer'd was by most approv'd:
But several voices several methods mov'd.
At length the' adventrous heroes all agree
To' expect the foe, and act defensively.
Into the shop their bold battalions move,
And what their chief commands, the rest approve.
Down from the walls they tear the shelves in haste,
Which on their flank for palisades are plac'd;
And then, behind the compter rang'd they stand,
Their front so well secur'd, to' obey command.
And now the scouts the adverse host descry,
Blue aprons in the air for colours fly:
With unresisted force they urge their way,
And find the foe embattled in array.

Our spite, they'll find, to their advantage leans;
The end is good, no matter for the means,'
So modern casuits their talents try,
Uprightly, for the sake of truth, to lie.
He had not finish'd, till the' out-guards descried
Bright columns move in formidable pride;
The passing pomp so dazzled from afar,
It seem'd a triumph rather than a war.
Though wide the front, though gross the phalanx [grew,
It look'd less dreadful as it nearer drew.
The adverse host for action straight prepare;
All eager to unveil the face of war.
Their chiefs lace on their helms, and take the field,
And to their trusty 'squire resign the shield:
To paint each knight, their ardour and alarms,
Would ask the Muse that sung the frogs in arms.
And now the signal summons to the fray;
Mock falchions flash, and paltry ensigns play.
Their patron god his silver bow-strings twangs;
Tough harness rustles, and bold armour clangs;
The piercing caustics ply their spiteful pow'r;
Emetics ranch, and keen cathartics scour;
The deadly drugs in double doses fly;
And pestles peal a martial symphony.
Now from their level'd syringes they pour
The liquid volley of a missive show'r.
Not storms of sleet, which o'er the Baltic drive,
Push'd on by northern gusts, such horror give.
Like spouts in southern seas the deluge broke,
And numbers sunk beneath the' impetuous stroke.
So when Leviathans dispute the reign
And uncontroul'd dominion of the main;
From the rent rocks whole coral groves are torn,
And isles of sea-weed on the waves are borne:

Such watry stores from their spread nostrils fly,
'Tis doubtful which is sea, and which is sky.
And now the staggering braves, led by despair,
Advance, and to return the charge prepare.
Each seizes for his shield a spacious scale,
And the brass weights fly thick as showers of hail.
Whole heaps of warriors welter on the ground,
With gallipots and broken phials crown'd;
Whilst empty jars the dire defeat resound.
Thus, when some storm its crystal quarry rends,
And Jove in rattling showers of ice descends;
Mount Athos shakes the forest on his brow,
Whilst down his wounded sides fresh torrents flow,
And leaves and limbs of trees o'erspread the vale below.
But now, all order lost, promiscuous blows
Confus'dly fall; perplex'd the battle grows.
From Stentor's* arm a massy opiate flies,
And straight a deadly sleep clos'd Carus' eyes.
At Colon† great Sertorius buckthorn flung,
Who with fierce gripes, like those of death, was stung;
But with a dauntless and disdainful mien
Hurl'd back steel pills, and hit him on the spleen.
Chiron‡ attacked Talthibius with such might,
One pass had paunch'd the huge hydropic knight,
Who straight retreated to evade the wound,
But in a flood of apozem was drown'd.
This Psylas§ saw, and to the victor said,
'Thou shalt not long survive the' unwieldy dead,
Thy fate shall follow:' to confirm it, swore
By the' image of Priapus, which he bore;

* Dr. Goodhall against Dr. Tyson.
† Dr. Birch.
‡ Dr. Gill against Dr. Ridley.
§ Dr. Chamberlain.

And rais'd an eagle-stone.* invoking loud
On Cynthia, leaning o'er a silver cloud.
'Great queen of night, and empress of the seas,
If faithful to thy midnight mysteries,
If still observant of my early vows, [throes,
These hands have eas'd the mourning matron's
Direct this rais'd avenging arm aright;
So may loud symbols aid thy labouring light!'
He said, and let the pondrous fragment fly
At Chiron, but learn'd Hermes put it by.
Though the haranguing god survey'd the war,
That day the Muses' sons were not his care.
Two friends, adepts, the Trismegists by name,
Alike their features, and alike their flame,
As simpling near fair Tweed each sung by turn,
The listening river would neglect his urn.
Those lives they fail'd to rescue by their skill,
Their Muse† could make immortal with her quill;
But learn'd inquiries after nature's state
Dissolv'd the league, and kindled a debate.
The one for lofty labours fruitful known,
Fill'd magazines with volumes of his own.
At his once-favour'd friend a tome he threw,
That from its birth had slept unseen till now;
Stun'd with the blow the batter'd bard retir'd,
Sunk down, and in a simile expir'd.
And now the cohorts shake, the legions ply,
The yielding flanks confess the victory.
Stentor undaunted still, with noble rage
Sprung through the battle, Querpo to engage.
Fierce was the onset, the dispute was great,
Both could not vanquish, neither would retreat;

* See Plin. † See Tasso.

Each combatant his adversary mauls,
With batter'd bed-pans, and stav'd urinals.
On Stentor's crest the useful crystal breaks,
And tears of amber gutter'd down his cheeks:
But whilst the champion, as late rumours tell,
Design'd a sure decisive stroke, he fell;
And as the victor hovering o'er him stood,
With arms extended, thus the suppliant sued:
'When honour's lost, 'tis a relief to die;
Death's but a sure retreat from infamy.
But to the lost, if pity might be shown,
Reflect on young Querpoïdes, thy son;
Then pity mine, for such an infant grace
Smiles in his eyes, and flatters in his face.
If he was near, compassion he'd create,
Or else lament his wretched parent's fate.
Thine is the glory, and the field is thine;
To thee the lov'd Dispensary* I resign.'
At this the victors own such ecstasies,
As Memphian priests, if their Osiris sneeze:
Or champions, with Olympic clangor fir'd;
Or simpering prudes, with sprightly Nantz inspir'd;
Or Sultans rais'd from dungeons to a crown;
Or fasting zealots, when the sermon's done.
Awhile the chief the deadly stroke declin'd,
And found compassion pleading in his mind:
But whilst he view'd with pity the distress'd,
He spy'd Signetur† writ upon his breast.
Then tow'rds the skies he toss'd his threat'ning head,
And fir'd with more than mortal fury, said:

* See the allusion, Virg. Æn.

† Those members of the college that observe a late statute, are called by the apothecaries, Signetur men.

'Sooner than I'll from vow'd revenge desist,
His Holiness shall turn a Quietist,
Jansenius and the Jesuits agree,
The inquisition wink at heresy*,
Warm convocations own the church secure,
And more consult her doctrine than her pow'r.'
With that he drew a lancet in his rage,
To puncture the still supplicating sage:
But while his thoughts that fatal stroke decree,
Apollo interpos'd in form of fee.
The chief great Pæan's golden tresses knew,
He own'd the god, and his rais'd arm withdrew.
Thus often at the Temple Stairs we've seen
Two tritons, of a rough athletic mien,
Sourly dispute some quarrel of the flood,
With knuckles bruis'd, and face besmear'd in blood;
But at the first appearance of a fare,
Both quit the fray, and to their oars repair,
The hero so, his enterprise recals,
His fist unclenches, and the weapon falls.

CANTO VI.

While the shrill clangor of the battle rings,
Auspicious Health appear'd on zephyr's wings;
She seem'd a cherub most divinely bright,
More soft than air, more gay than morning light.
A charm she takes from each excelling fair,
And borrows Carlisle's shape, and Grafton's air.

VARIATION.

* Faith stands unmov'd, through Stillingfleet's defence,
And Locke for mystery abandon'd sense.

Her eyes like Ranelagh's their beams dispense,
With Churchill's bloom, and Berkeley's innocence;
On Iris thus the differing beams* bestow
The dye, that paints the wonders of her bow;
From the fair nymph a vocal music falls,
As to Machaon thus the goddess calls:
'Enough the' achievement of your arms you've shown,
You seek a triumph you should blush to own.
'Haste to the' Elysian fields, those bless'd abodes,
Where Harvey sits among the demi-gods.
Consult that sacred sage, he'll soon disclose
The method that must mollify these woes.
Let Celsus† for that enterprize prepare,
His conduct to the shades shall be my care.'
Aghast the heroes stood, dissolv'd in fear,
A form so heavenly bright they could not bear;
Celsus alone, unmov'd, the sight beheld,
The rest in pale confusion left the field.
So when the pigmies, marshal'd on the plains,
Wage puny war against the' invading cranes;
The poppets to their bodkin spears repair,
And scatter'd feathers flutter in the air:
But when the bold imperial bird of Jove
Stoops on his sounding pinions from above,
Among the brakes the fairy nation crowds,
And the Strimonian squadron seeks the clouds.
And now the delegate prepares to go
And view the wonders of the realms below:
Then takes Amomum for the golden bough.

* See Newton, of Colours. † Dr. Bateman.

Thrice did the goddess with her sacred wand
The pavement strike; and straight at her command
The willing surface opens, and descries
A deep descent that leads to nether skies.
Hygeia* to the silent region tends;
And with his heavenly guide the charge descends.
Thus Numa, when to hallow'd caves retir'd,
Was by Ægeria† guarded and inspir'd.

Within the chambers of the globe they spy
The beds, where sleeping vegetables lie,
Till the glad summons of a genial ray
Unbinds the glebe, and calls them out to day.
Hence pansies trick themselves in various hue,
And hence jonquils derive their fragrant dew;
Hence the carnation and the bashful rose
Their virgin blushes to the morn disclose;
Hence the chaste lily rises to the light,
Unveils her snowy breasts, and charms the sight;
Hence arbours are with twining greens array'd,
To' oblige complaining lovers with their shade;
And hence on Daphne's laurel'd forehead grow
Immortal wreaths, for Phebus and Nassau.

The insects here their lingering trance survive:
Benumb'd they seem, and doubtful if alive.
From winter's fury hither they repair,
And stay for milder skies and softer air,
Down to these cells obscener reptiles creep,
Where hateful newts and painted lizards sleep.
Where shivering snakes the summer solstice wait,
Unfurl their painted folds, and slide in state.

* Health, celebrated by the ancients as a goddess.

† See Ov. Met.

Here their new form the numb'd erucæ* hide,
Their numerous feet in slender bandage tied:
Soon as the kindling ear begins to rise,
This upstart race their native clod despise,
And, proud of painted wings, attempt the skies.

Now those profounder regions they explore,
Where metals ripen in vast cakes of ore.
Here, sullen to the sight, at large is spread
The dull unweildy mass of lumpish lead.
There, glimmering in their dawning beds, are seen
The light aspiring seeds of sprightly tin.
The copper† sparkles next, in ruddy streaks,
And in the gloom betrays its glowing cheeks.
The silver then with bright and burnish'd grace,
Youth and a blooming lustre in its face,
To the' arms of those more yielding metals flies,
And in the folds of their embraces lies.
So close they cling, so stubbornly retire;
Their love's more violent than the chemist's fire.

Near these the delegate with wonder spies
Where floods of living silver serpentise:
Where richest metals their bright looks put on,
And golden streams through amber channels run.
Where light's gay god descends to ripen gems,
And lend a lustre brighter than his beams.

Here he observes the subterranean cells,
Where wanton nature sports in idle shells.
Some helicoeids, some conical appear:
These, mitres emulate, those turbans are.
Here marcasites in various figure wait,
To ripen to a true metallic state:

* See Godort, of Caterpillars and Butterflies.
† See Yald, on Mines.

Till drops, that from impending rocks descend,
Their substance petrify, and progress end.
Nigh livid seas of kindled sulphur flow,
And, whilst enrag'd, their fiery surges glow,
Convulsions in the labouring mountains rise,
And hurl their melted vitals to the skies.
He views with horror next the noisy cave,
Where with hoarse dins imprison'd tempests rave;
Where clamorous hurricanes attempt their flight,
Or, whirling in tumultuous eddies, fight.
The warring winds unmov'd Hygeia heard,
Brav'd their loud jars, but much for Celsus fear'd.
Andromeda, so whilst her hero fought,
Shook for his danger, but her own forgot.
And now the goddess with her charge descends,
Where scarce one cheerful glimpse their steps be-friends.
Here his forsaken seat old Chaos keeps;
And, undisturb'd by form, in silence sleeps:
A grisly wight, and hideous to the eye,
An awkward lump of shapeless anarchy.
With sordid age his features are defac'd;
His lands unpeopled, and his countries waste.
To these dark realms much learned lumber creeps,
There copious Morton safe in silence sleeps,
Where mushroom libels in oblivion lie,
And, soon as born, like other monsters die.
Upon a couch of jet in these abodes,
Dull Night, his melancholy consort, nods.
No ways and means their cabinet employ;
But their dark hours they waste in barren joy.
Nigh this recess, with terror they survey
Where Death maintains his dread tyrannic sway;
In the close covert of a cypress grove,
Where goblins frisk, and airy spectres rove,

Yawns a dark cave, with awful horror wide,
And there the monarch's triumphs are descried.
Confus'd, and wildly huddled to the eye,
The beggar's pouch and prince's purple lie.
Dim lamps with sickly rays scarce seem to glow;
Sighs heave in mournful moans, and tears o'erflow.
Restless Anxiety, forlorn Despair,
And all the faded family of Care.
Old mouldering urns, racks, daggers, and distress,
Make up the frightful horror of the place.
Within its dreadful jaws those furies wait,
Which execute the harsh decrees of fate.
Febris* is first: the hag relentless hears
The virgin's sighs, and sees the infant's tears:
In her parch'd eye-balls fiery meteors reign;
And restless ferments revel in each vein.

Then Hydrops† next appears amongst the throng;
Bloated, and big, she slowly sails along.
But, like a miser, in excess she's poor,
And pines for thirst amidst her watry store.

Now loathsome Lepra,‡ that offensive sprite,
With foul eruptions stain'd, offends the sight;
Still deaf to beauty's soft persuading pow'r;
Nor can bright Hebe's charms her bloom secure.

While meagre Pthisis§ gives a silent blow,
Her strokes are sure, but her advances slow.
No loud alarms nor fierce assaults are shown:
She starves the fortress first, then takes the town.
Behind stood crowds of much inferior name,
Too numerous to repeat, too foul to name,
The vassals of their monarch's tyranny,
Who, at his nod, on fatal errands fly.

* Fever. † Dropsy. ‡ Leprosy. § Consumption.

Now Celsus, with his glorious guide, invades
The silent region of the fleeting shades;
Where rocks and rueful deserts are descried,
And sullen Styx rolls down his lazy tide;
Then shows the ferryman the plant he bore,
And claims his passage to the further shore.
To whom the Stygian pilot smiling said,
'You need no passport to demand our aid;
Physicians never linger on this strand:
Old Charon's present still at their command.
Our awful monarch and his consort owe
To them, the peopling of their realms below.'
Then in his swarthy hand he grasp'd the oar,
Receiv'd his guests aboard, and shov'd from shore.

Now, as the goddess and her charge prepare
To breathe the sweets of soft Elysian air;
Upon the left they spy a pensive shade,*
Who on his bended arm had rais'd his head:
Pale grief sat heavy on his mournful look;
To whom, not unconcern'd, thus Celsus spoke:

'Tell me, thou much afflicted shade, why sighs
Burst from your breast, and torrents from your eyes:
And who those mangled manes are, which show
A sullen satisfaction at your woe?'

'Since, (said the ghost) with pity you'll attend,
Know I'm Guaicum,† once your firmest friend,
And on this barren beach in discontent
Am doom'd to stay, till the' angry powers relent.
Those spectres, seam'd with scars, that threaten there,
The victims of my late ill conduct are:

* See the Allusion, Virg. Æn. 6.

† Dr. Morton.

They vex with endless clamours my repose:
This wants his palate; that demands his nose:
And here they execute stern Pluto's will,
And ply me every moment with a pill.'
Then Celsus thus: 'O much-lamented state!
How rigid is the sentence you relate?
Methinks I recollect your former air,
But ah, how much you're chang'd from what you were!
Insipid as your late ptisans you lie,
That once were sprightlier far than mercury.
At the sad tale you tell, the poppies weep,
And mourn their vegetable souls asleep;
The unctuous larix and the healing pine
Lament your fate in tears of turpentine;
But still the offspring of your brain shall prove
The grocer's care, and brave the rage of Jove.
When bonfires blaze, your vagrant works shall rise
In rockets, till they reach the wondering skies.
'If mortals e'er the Stygian powers could bend,
Intreaties to their awful seats I'd send.
But since no human arts the Fates dissuade,
Direct me how to find bless'd Harvey's shade.'
In vain the' unhappy ghost still urg'd his stay;
Then rising from the ground, he show'd the way.
Nigh the dull shore a shapeless mountain stood,
That with a dreadful frown survey'd the flood.
Its fearful brow no lively greens put on,
No frisking goats bound o'er the ridgy stone.
To gain the summit the bright goddess tried,
And Celsus follow'd, by degrees, his guide.
The' ascent thus conquer'd, now they tower on high,
And taste the' indulgence of a milder sky.

Loose breezes on their airy pinions play,
Soft infant blossoms their chaste odours pay,
And roses blush their fragrant lives away.
Cool streams through flowery meadows gently glide;
And as they pass, their painted banks they chide.
These blissful plains no blights nor mildews fear,
The flowers ne'er fade, and shrubs are myrtles here.
The morn awakes the tulip from her bed;
Ere noon in painted pride she decks her head:
Rob'd in rich dye, she triumphs on the green,
And every flower does homage to their queen.
So when bright Venus rises from the flood,
Around in throngs the wondering Nereids crowd:
The Tritons gaze, and tune each vocal shell,
And every grace unsung the waves conceal.

The delegate observes, with wondering eyes,
Ambrosial dews descend, and incense rise:
Then hastens onward to the pensive grove,
The silent mansion* of disastrous love.
Here Jealousy with jaundice looks appears,
And broken slumbers, and fantastic fears.
The widow'd turtle hangs her moulting wings,
And to the woods in mournful murmurs sings.
No winds but sighs there are, no floods but tears;
Each conscious tree a tragic signal bears;
Their wounded bark records some broken vow,
And willow garlands hang on every bough.

Olivia here in solitude he found,
Her downcast eyes fix'd on the silent ground:
Her dress neglected, and unbound her hair,
She seem'd the dying image of despair.

* See Virg. Æn. 6.

How lately did this celebrated thing
Blaze in the box and sparkle in the ring!
Till the green sickness and love's force betray'd
To Death's remorseless arms the' unhappy maid.
All o'er confus'd, the guilty lover stood,
The light forsook his eyes, his cheeks the blood:
An icy horror shiver'd in his look,
As to the cold-complexion'd nymph he spoke:
'Tell me, dear shade, from whence such anxious [care;
Your looks disorder'd, and your bosom bare? [flow'r,
Why thus you languish like a drooping
Crush'd by the weight of some relentless show'r?
Your languid looks, your late ill conduct tell;
Oh, that instead of trash you'd taken steel!'
Stab'd with the' unkind reproach, the conscious [maid
Thus to her late insulting lover said;
'When ladies listen not to loose desire,
You stile our modesty our want of fire:
Smile or forbid, encourage or reprove,
You still find reasons to believe we love:
Vainly you think a liking we betray,
And never mean the peevish things we say.
Few are the fair ones of Rufilla's make;
Unask'd, she grants; uninjur'd, she'll forsake;
But several Celia's several ages boast,
That like where reason recommends the most,
Where heavenly truth and tenderness conspire,
Chaste passion may persuade us to desire.'
'Your sex, (he cried,) as custom bids, behaves;
In forms the tyrant ties such haughty slaves.
To do nice conduct right, you nature wrong;
Impulses are but weak, where reason's strong.
Some want the courage, but how few the flame!
They like the thing, that startle at the name.

The lonely phenix, though profess'd a nun,
Warms into love, and kindles at the sun.
Those tales of spicy urns, and fragrant fires,
Are but the emblems of her scorch'd desires.'

Then as he strove to clasp the fleeting fair,
His empty arms confess'd the' impassive air,
From his embrace the' unbodied spectre flies,
And as she mov'd, she chid him with her eyes.

They hasten now to that delightful plain,
Where the glad manes of the bless'd remain:
Where Harvey gathers simples, to bestow
Immortal youth on heros' shades below.
Soon as the bright Hygeia was in view,
The venerable sage her presence knew;
Thus he———

'Hail blooming goddess! thou propitious pow'r,
Whose blessings mortals more than life implore!
With so much lustre your bright looks endear,
That cottages are courts where those appear.
Mankind, as you vouchsafe to smile or frown,
Finds ease in chains, or anguish in a crown.

'With just resentments and contempt you see
The foul dissentions of the faculty;
How your sad sickening art now hangs her head,
And, once a science, is become a trade.
Her sons ne'er rifle her mysterious store,
But study nature less, and lucre more.
Not so when Rome to the' Epidaurian rais'd
A temple*, where devoted incense blaz'd.
Oft father Tiber views the lofty fire,
As the learn'd son is worship'd like the sire:

* A temple built at Rome, in the island of Tiber, to Esculapius, son of Apollo.

The sage with Romulus like honours claim;
The gift of life and laws were then the same.
'I show'd of old, how vital currents glide,
And the meanders of their refluent tide.
Then Willis why spontaneous actions here,
And whence involuntary motions there:
And how the spirits by mechanic laws,
In wild careers tumultuous riots cause.
Nor would our Wharton, Bates, and Glisson lie
In the abyss of blind obscurity.
But now such wondrous searches are forborne,
And Pæan's art is by divisions torn.
Then let your charge attend, and I'll explain
How her lost health your science may regain.
'Haste, and the matchless Atticus* address,
From Heaven and great Nassau he has the mace.
The' oppress'd to his asylum still repair:
Arts he supports, and learning is his care.
He softens the harsh rigour of the laws, [claws;
Blunts their keen edge, and grinds their harpy
And graciously he casts a pitying eye
On the sad state of virtuous poverty. [throng
Whene'er he speaks, Heavens! how the listening
Dwells on the melting music of his tongue.
His arguments are emblems of his mien,
Mild, but not faint, and forcing, though serene;
And when the power of eloquence he'd try,
Here, lightning strikes you; there, soft breezes sigh.
'To him you must your sickly state refer,
Your charter claims him as your visiter.
Your wounds he'll close, and sovereignly restore
Your science to the height it had before.

* Lord Somers.

'Then Nassau's health shall be your glorious aim;
His life should be as lasting as his fame.
Some princes' claims from devastation spring;
He condescends in pity to be king:
And when, amidst his olives plac'd, he stands,
And governs more by candour than commands,
Ev'n then not less a hero he appears,
Than when his laurel diadem he wears.

'Would Phœbus, or his Granville, but inspire
Their sacred vehemence of poetic fire;
To celebrate in song that god-like pow'r,
Which did the labouring universe restore;
Fair Albion's cliffs would echo to the strain,
And praise the arm that conquer'd, to regain
The earth's repose, and empire o'er the main.

'Still may the' immortal man his cares repeat,
To make his blessings endless as they're great:
Whilst malice and ingratitude confess
They've strove for ruin long, without success.
When late Jove's Eagle* from the pile shall rise,
To bear the victor to the boundless skies,
Awhile the god puts off paternal care,
Neglects the earth, to give the heavens a star.
Near thee, Alcides†, shall the hero shine;
His rays resembling, as his labours, thine.

'Had some fam'd patriot, of the Latin blood,
Like Julius great, and like Octavius good,
But thus preserv'd the Latin liberties,
Aspiring columns soon had reach'd the skies:
Loud Ios the proud capitol had shook,
And all the statues of the gods had spoke.'

No more the sage his raptures could pursue:
He paus'd; and Celsus with his guide withdrew.

* Read the ceremony of the Apotheosis.

† Hercules, a constellation near Ariadne's Crown.

CLAREMONT.

ADDRESSED TO THE

RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF CLARE,

AFTERWARDS DUKE OF NEWCASTLE.

—Dryadum silvas, saltusque sequamur
Intactos, tua, Mæcenas, haud mollia jussa.
VIRG.

PREFACE.

THEY that have seen those two excellent Poems of Cooper's Hill and Windsor Forest; the one by Sir John Denham, the other by Mr. Pope; will show a great deal of candour if they approve of this. It was writ, upon giving the name of Claremont to a villa, now belonging to the Earl of Clare. The situation is so agreeable and surprising, that it inclines one to think, some place of this nature put Ovid at first upon the story of Narcissus and Echo. 'Tis probable he had observed some spring arising amongst woods and rocks, where echoes were heard; and some flower bending over the stream, and by consequence reflected from it. After reading the story in the third book of the Metamorphoses, 'tis obvious to object (as an ingenious friend has already done) that the renewing the charms of a nymph, of which Ovid had dispossessed her,

——vox tantùm atque ossa supersunt,

is too great a violation of poetical authority. I dare say the gentleman who is meant, would have

been well pleased to have found no faults. There are not many authors one can say the same of. Experience shows us every day that there are writers who cannot bear a brother should succeed, and the only refuge from their indignation is by being inconsiderable: upon which reflection, this thing ought to have a pretence to their favour.

They who would be more informed of what relates to the ancient Britons, and the Druids their priests, may be directed by the quotations to the authors that have mentioned them.

CLAREMONT.

What frenzy has of late possess'd the brain?
Though few can write, yet fewer can refrain.
So rank our soil, our bards rise in such store,
Their rich retaining patrons scarce are more:
The last indulge the fault the first commit;
And take off still the offal of their wit.
So shameless, so abandon'd are their ways,
They poach Parnassus, and lay snares for praise.
None ever can without admirers live,
Who have a pension or a place to give.
Great ministers ne'er fail of great deserts;
The herald gives them blood; the poet, parts.
Sense is of course annex'd to wealth and pow'r;
No Muse is proof against a golden show'r.
Let but his lordship write some poor lampoon,
He's Horac'd up in doggrel like his own.
Or, if to rant in tragic rage he yields,
False fame cries—'Athens!' honest truth—'Moorfields!'
Thus fool'd, he flounces on through floods of ink;
Flags with full sail; and rises but to sink.
Some venal pens so prostitute the bays,
Their panegyrics lash; their satires praise.
So nauseously, and so unlike they paint,
N——'s an Adonis; M——r a saint.

Metius with those fam'd heroes is compar'd,
That led in triumph Porus and Tallard.
But such a shameless Muse must laughter move,
That aims to make Salmoneus vie with Jove.

To form great works puts fate itself to pain,
Ev'n nature labours for a mighty man.
And to perpetuate her hero's fame,
She strains no less a poet next to frame.
Rare as the hero's is the poet's rage:
Churchills and Drydens rise but onee an age.
With earthquakes towering Pindar's birth begun;
And an eclipse produc'd Alemena's* son;
The sire of god's o'er Phœbus cast a shade;
But with a hero well the world repaid.

No bard for bribes should prostitute his vein;
Nor dare to flatter where he should arraign:
To grant big Thraso valour, Phormio sense,
Should indignation give, at least, offence.

I hate sueh mereenaries, and would try
From this reproaeh to reseue poetry.
Apollo's sons should seorn the servile art.
And to eourt-preaehers leave the fulsome part.

What then,—you'll say, must no true sterling pass,
Beeause impure alloys some eoin debase?
Yes, praise, if justly offer'd, I'll allow;
And, when I meet with merit, scribble too.

The man who's honest, open, and a friend,
Glad to oblige, uneasy to offend;
Forgiving others, to himself severe;
Though earnest, easy; eivil, yet sincere;
Who seldom but through great good-nature errs;
Detesting fraud as much as flatterers;

* Hercules.

'Tis he my Muse's homage should receeive;
If I could write, or Holles could forgive.
But pardon, learned youth, that I decline
A name so lov'd by me, so lately thine.
When Pelham you resign'd, what could repair
A loss so great, unless Neweastle's heir?
Hydaspes, that the Asian plains divides,
From his bright urn in purest crystal glides.
But when new-gathering streams enlarge his course,
He's Indus nam'd, and rolls with mighty force.
In fabled floods of gold his current flows,
And wealth on nations, as he runs, bestows.
Direct me, Clare, to name some nobler Muse,
That for her theme thy late recess may choose,
Such bright descriptions shall the subject dress;
Such varied scenes, such pleasing images,
That swains shall leave their lawns, and nymphs their bowr's,
And quit Arcadia for a seat like yours.
But say, who shall attempt the' adventrous part
Where nature borrows dress from Vanbrugh's art?
If, by Apollo taught, he touch'd the lyre,
Stones mount in columns, palaces aspire,
And rocks are animated with his fire.
'Tis he can paint in verse those rising hills,
Their gentle vallies, and their silver rills;
Close groves, and opening glades, with verdure spread,
Flowers sighing sweets, and shrubs that balsam bleed.
With gay variety the prospect crown'd,
And all the bright horizon smiling round.
Whilst I attempt to tell how ancient fame
Records, from whence the villa took its name.

In times of old, when British nymphs were known
To Love no foreign fashions like their own;
When dress was monstrous, and fig-leaves the mode,
And quality put on no paint but woad.*
Of Spanish red unheard was then the name;
For cheeks were only taught to blush by shame.
No beauty, to increase her crowd of slaves,
Rose out of wash, as Venus out of waves:
Not yet lead comb was on the toilet plac'd;
Not yet broad eye-brows were reduc'd by paste.
No shape-smith set up shop, and drove a trade,
To mend the work wise Providence had made.
Tires were unheard of, and unknown the loom,
And thrifty silk worms spun for times to come.
Bare limbs were then the marks of modesty;
All, like Diana, were below the knee.

The men appear'd a rough undaunted race,
Surly in show, unfashion'd in address.
Upright† in actions, and in thought sincere;
And strictly were the same they would appear.
Honour was plac'd in probity alone;
For villains had no titles but their own.
None travell'd to return politely mad;
But still what fancy wanted, reason had.
Whatever nature ask'd, their hands could give;
Unlearn'd in feasts, they only eat to live.
No cook with art increas'd physicians' fees;
Nor serv'd up death in soups and fricassees.
Their taste was, like their temper, unrefin'd,
For looks were then the language of the mind.

* Glastum. See Pliny and Dioscorides.

† Mores eis simplices, à versutiâ et improbitate nostræ tempestatis hominum longe remoti.

See Diod. Sic. Bib. Hist. Lib. 4. Vers. Lat.

Ere right and wrong, by turns, set prices bore;
And conscience had its rate, like common whore:
Or tools too great employments had pretence;
Or merit was made out by impudence;
Or coxcomb's look'd assuming in affairs;
And humble friends grew haughty ministers.

In those good days of innocence, here stood
Of oaks, with heads unshorn, a solemn wood,
Frequented by the Druids,* to bestow
Religious honours on the misseltoe.†

The naturalists are puzzled to explain
How trees did first this stranger entertain:
Whether the busy birds ingraft it there;
Or else some deity's mysterious care,
As Druids thought: for when the blasted oak
By lightning falls, this plant escapes the stroke.
So when the Gauls the towers of Rome defac'd,
And flames drove forward with outrageous waste;
Jove's favour'd capitol uninjur'd stood;
So sacred was the mansion of a god.

Shades honour'd by this plant the Druids chose,
Here, for the bleeding victims, altars rose.
To Hermes‡ oft they paid their sacrifice;
Parent of arts, and patron of the wise!
Good rules in mild persuasions they convey'd;
Their lives confirming what their lectures said.
None violated truth, invaded right;
Yet had few laws but will and appetite.

* Jam per se roborum eligunt lucos.—*Plin. Lib.* 16.

† Et nihil habent Druidæ visco, et arbore in quâ gignatur, si modo sit robur, sacratius. *Plin. ibid.* Et Viscum Druida. *Ovid.*

‡ Deum maximè Mercurium colunt: hunc omnium inventorem artium ferunt: post hunc, Jovem, Apollinem, &c.—*Cæs.*

The people's peace they studied, and profess'd
No politics* but public interest.
Hard was their lodging, homely was their food;
For all their luxury was doing good.
No miter'd priest did then with princes vie,
Nor o'er his master claim supremacy;
Nor were the rules of faith allow'd more pure,
For being several centuries obscure.
None lost their fortunes, forfeited their blood,
For not believing what none understood:
Nor simony nor sinecure were known;
Nor would the bee work honey for the drone:
Nor was the way invented, to dismiss
Frail Abigails with fat pluralities.
But then in fillets bound, a hallow'd band
Taught how to tend the flocks, and till the land:
Could tell what murrains in what months begun,
And how the seasons† travell'd with the sun:
When his dim orb seem'd wading through the air,
They told that rain on dropping wings drew near;
And that the winds their bellowing throats would try,
When reddening clouds reflect his blood-shot eye.
All their remarks on nature's laws require
More lines than would ev'n Alpin's readers tire.
This sect in sacred veneration held
Opinions, by the Samian Sage‡ reveal'd;
That matter no annihilation knows,
But wanders from these tenements to those.

* De republicâ, nisi per concilium, loqui non conceditur. *Cæs. Lib.* 6.

† Multa præterea de sideribus, et eorum motu, de rerum natura, &c.—*Cæs.*

‡ Pythagoras.

For when the plastic particles are gone,
They rally in some species like their own.
The self-same atoms, if new jumbled, will
In seas be restless, and in earth be still;
Can, in the truffle, furnish out a feast;
And nauseate, in the scaly squill, the taste.
Those falling leaves that wither with the year,
Will, in the next, on other stems appear.
The sap that now forsakes the bursting bud,
In some new shoot will circulate green blood.
The breath to-day, that from the jasmin blows,
Will, when the season offers, scent the rose;
And those bright flames, that in carnations glow,
Ere long will blanch the lily with a snow.

They hold that matter must be still the same,
And varies but in figure and in name:
And that the soul* not dies, but shifts her seat;
New rounds of life to run; or past repeat.
Thus when the brave and virtuous cease to live,
In beings brave and virtuous they revive.†
Again shall Romulus in Nassau reign;
Great Numa, in a Brunswick prince, ordain
Good laws; and halcyon years shall hush the world again.

The truths of old traditions were the theme;
Or gods descending in a morning-dream.
Past acts they cited; and to come, foretold;
And could events, not ripe for fate, unfold.

* Imprimis hoc volunt persuadere, non interire animas, sed ab aliis post mortem transire ad alios.—*Cæs.*

† Et vos Barbaricos ritus—Sacrorum Druidæ—redituræ parcere vitæ—regit idem spiritus artus.—*Lucan, Lib.* 1.

Beneath the shady covert of an oak,
In rhymes* uncouth, prophetic truths they spoke.
Attend then, Clare; nor is the legend long;
The story of thy villa is their song.†
The fair Montano, of the silvan race,
Was with each beauty bless'd, and every grace.
His sire, green Faunus, guardian of the wood;
His mother, a swift Naiad of the flood.
Her silver urn supplied the neighbouring streams,
A darling daughter of the bounteous Thames.
Not lovelier seem'd Narcissus to the eye;
Nor, when a flower, could boast more fragrancy.
His skin might with the down of swans compare,
More smooth than pearl, than mountain snow more fair.
In shape so poplars or the cedars please:
But those are not so straight, nor graceful these.
His flowing air in unforc'd ringlets hung;
Tuneful his voice, persuasive was his tongue.
The haughtiest fair scarce heard without a wound,
But sunk to softness at the melting sound.
The fourth bright lustre had but just begun
To shade his blushing cheeks with doubtful down.
All day he rang'd the woods, and spread the toils,
And knew no pleasures but in silvan spoils.
In vain the nymphs put on each pleasing grace;
Too cheap the quarry seem'd, too short the chase.
For though possession be the' undoubted view,
To seize is far less pleasure than pursue. [impair,
Those nymphs that yield too soon, their charms
And prove at last but despicably fair.

* Et magnum numerum versuum ediscere dicuntur.—*Cæs.*
† Superstitione vana Druidæ canebant, &c.—*Tacit. Lib.* 4.

His own undoing glutton Love decrees,
And palls the appetite he meant to please.
His slender wants too largely he supplies;
Thrives on short meals, but by indulgence dies.

A grot there was with hoary moss o'ergrown,
Rough with rude shells, and arch'd with moulder-
ing stone;
Sad silence reigns within the lonesome wall,
And weeping rills but whisper as they fall.
The clasping ivies up the ruin creep;
And there the bat and drowsy beetle sleep.

This cell sad Echo chose, by love betray'd,
A fit retirement for a mourning maid.
Hither, fatigued with toil, the Silvan flies,
To shun the calenture of sultry skies;
But feels a fiercer flame, Love's keenest dart
Finds through his eyes a passage to his heart.
Pensive the virgin sat with folded arms,
Her tears but lending lustre to her charms.
With pity he beholds her wounding woes;
But wants himself the pity he bestows.

'Oh, whether of a mortal born! (he cries)
Or some fair daughter of the distant skies;
That, in compassion, leave your crystal sphere,
To guard some favour'd charge, and wander here;
Slight not my suit, nor too ungentle prove,
But pity one, a novice yet in love.
If words avail not, see my suppliant tears;
Nor disregard those dumb petitioners!'

From his complaint the tyrant virgin flies,
Asserting all the empire of her eyes.

Full thrice three days he lingers out in grief,
Nor seeks from sleep, or sustenance, relief.

The lamp of life now easts a glimmering light;
The meeting lids his setting eyes benight.
What force remains, the hapless lover tries;
Invoking thus his kindred deities:
'Haste, parents of the flood, your race to mourn;
With tears replenish each exhausted urn.
Retake the life you gave, but let the maid
Fall a just vietim to an injur'd shade.'
More he endeavour'd; but the aeeents hung
Half form'd, and stop'd unfinish'd on his tongue.
For him the Graces their sad vigils keep;
Love broke his bow, and wish'd for eyes to weep.
What gods ean do, the mournful Faunus tries;
A mount erecting where the Silvan lies.
The rural powers the wondrous pile survey,
And piously their different honours pay.
The' aseent with verdant herbage Pales spread;
And nymphs, transform'd to laurels, lent their shade.
Her stream a Naiad from the basis pours;
And Flora strows the summit with her flowers.
Alone Mount Latmos elaims pre-eminenee,
When silver Cynthia lights the world from thence.
Sad Eeho now laments her rigour more,
Than for Narcissus her loose flame before.
Her flesh to sinew shrinks, her eharms are fled;
All day in rifted rocks she hides her head.
Soon as the evening shows a sky serene,
Abroad she strays, but never to be seen.
And ever as the weeping Naiads name
Her eruelty, the nymph repeats the same.
With them she joins, her lover to deplore,
And haunts the lonely dales he rang'd before.

Her sex's privilege she yet retains;
And though to nothing wasted, voice remains.
So sung the Druids—then, with rapture fir'd,
Thus utter what the Delphic* god inspir'd:
'Ere twice ten centuries shall flect away,
A Brunswick prince shall Britain's sceptre sway.
No more fair Liberty shall mourn her chains;
The maid is rescued, her lov'd Perseus reigns.
From Jove† he comes, the captive to restore;
Nor can the thunder of his sire do more.
Religion shall dread nothing but disguise;
And Justice need no bandage for her eyes.
Britannia smiles, nor fears a foreign lord;
Her safety to secure, two powers accord,
Her Neptune's trident, and her monarch's sword.
Like him, shall his Augustus shine in arms,
Though captive to his Carolina's charms.
Ages with future heroes she shall bless;
And Venus once more found an Alban race.
Then shall a Clare in honour's cause engage:
Example must reclaim a graceless age.
Where guides themselves for guilty views mislead,
And laws ev'n by the legislators bleed,
His brave contempt of state shall teach the proud,
None but the virtuous are of noble blood.
For tyrants are but princes in disguise,
Though sprung by long descents from Ptolemies.
Right he shall vindicate, good laws defend;
The firmest patriot, and the warmest friend.

* Et partim auguriis, partim conjecturâ, quæ essent futura, &c. —*Cic. de Divinatione.*

† Son of Jupiter and Danae.

Great Edward's* order early he shall wear;
New light restoring to the sullied star.
Oft will his leisure this retirement choose,
Still finding future subjects for the Muse,
And to record the Silvan's fatal flame,
The place shall live in song, and Claremont be the name.

* Theologi et vates erant apud eos. Druidas ipsi vocant, qui a victimarum extis de futuris divinant.—*Diod. Sic. Lat. Ver.*

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN HUGHES.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF HUGHES.

JOHN HUGHES was born at Marlborough, on the 29th of July, 1677. He was educated at a dissenting academy; and was a fellow student of Dr. Watts. At nineteen he drew the outline of a tragedy; and wrote a paraphrase of Horace's Ode *Ad Aristium Tuscum.** He also added to poetry, the kindred arts of music and painting; nor did all three together prevent him from engaging in business. He was some time in the office of ordinance; and acted as secretary to several commissions for purchasing lands about the royal docks at Chatham and Portsmouth.

In 1697, he wrote a poem on the peace of Ryswick; two years after, another upon the return of King William; and a third upon the Duke of Gloucester's birth-day. It was about the same time that he increased his fame by an *Essay*, in prose, on the pleasure of being deceived. He wrote a Pindaric Ode on the death of King William, in 1702; and paraphrased the *Otium Divos* of Horace. The next year brought forth his *Ode on Music*; and he afterwards attacked the Italian opera, in six *Cantatas*; which, though set to music by the greatest

* Integer vitae scelerisque purus, &c.——L. i. Od. 22.

master of the time, still left the opera in possession of its ground.

He translated Moliere's *Miser*, and Fontanelle's *Dialogues*; and, being now numbered among the wits, was a contributor to the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, and *Guardian*. In 1712, he englished Vertot's *History of the Revolution in Portugal*; and, besides an *Ode to the Creator of the World*, brought forward the opera of *Calypso and Telemachus*. In 1715, he produced *Apollo and Daphne*; and published an edition of Spenser, in 6 volumes, with a Life, a Glossary, and a Discourse on Allegorical Poetry. His fortune was small; and it was not till he was almost beyond the necessity of a greater, that he received the appointment of secretary to the commissions of the peace. This was in 1717. He afterwards wrote the *Seige of Damascus*; but died on the day of its performance, February 17, 1720. He lived to hear that it was successful; but the time was past, when such intelligence could give him satisfaction.

'A month ago, (Swift writes to Pope,) were sent me over, by a friend of mine, the Works of John Hughes, Esquire. They are in prose and verse. I never heard of the man in my life; yet I find your name as a subscriber. He is too grave a poet for me; and I think among the *Mediocrists* in prose as well as verse.' Pope answers, 'what he wanted in genius, he made up as an honest man; but he was of the class you think him.' This was not good in Mr. Pope; who, in an epigram of Hughes', is apostrophised as,—

> O, Thou, who, with a happy genius born,
> Canst tuneful verse in flowing numbers turn.

JOHN HUGHES.

TO A PAINTER.

PAINTER, if thou canst safely gaze
On all the wonders of that face;
If thou hast charms to guard a heart
Secure by secrets of thy art;
O! teach the mighty charm, that we
May gaze securely too, like thee.
Canst thou love's brightest lightning draw,
Which none e'er yet, unwounded, saw?
To what then wilt thou next aspire.
Unless to imitate Jove's fire!
Which is a less advent'rous pride,
Though 'twas for that Salmoneus died.
That beauteous, that victorious fair,
Whose chains so many lovers wear;
Who with a look can arts infuse,
Create a painter, or a muse;
Whom crowds with awful rapture view;
She sits serene, and smiles on you!
Your genius, thus inspir'd, will soar
To wondrous heights unknown before;
And to her beauty you will own
Your future skill and fix'd renown.

So when of old great Ammon's son,
Adorn'd with spoils in battle won,
In graceful picture chose to stand,
The work of fam'd Apelles' hand;
'Exert thy fire, (the monarch said)
Now be thy boldest strokes display'd,
To let admiring nations see
Their dreaded victor drawn by thee;
To others thou may'st life impart,
But I'll immortalize thy art!'

A FRAGMENT.

In every age, to brighter honours born,
Which loveliest nymphs and sweetest bards adorn,
Beauty and wit each other's aid require,
And poets sing what first the fair inspire:
The fair for ever thus their charms prolong,
And live rewarded in the tuneful song.
Thus Sacharissa shines in Waller's lays,
And she, who rais'd his genius, shares his praise:
Each does in each a mutual life infuse,
The' inspiring beauty, the recording muse.
* * * * * * * *

A THOUGHT IN A GARDEN.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1704.

Delightful mansion! bless'd retreat;
Where all is silent, all is sweet!

Here Contemplation prunes her wings,
The raptur'd muse more tuneful sings,
While May leads on the cheerful hours,
And opens a new world of flow'rs.
Gay pleasure here all dresses wears,
And in a thousand shapes appears.
Pursued by fancy, how she roves
Through airy walks, and museful groves;
Springs in each plant and blossom'd tree,
And charms in all I hear and see!
In this elysium while I stray,
And nature's fairest face survey,
Earth seems new-born, and life more bright;
Time steels away, and smooths his flight;
And thought's bewilder'd in delight.
Where are the crowds I saw of late?
What are those tales of Europe's fate?
Of Anjou, and the Spanish crown;
And leagues to pull usurpers down?
Of marching armies, distant wars;
Of factions, and domestic jars?
Sure these are last night's dreams, no more;
Or some romance, read lately o'er;
Like Homer's antique tale of Troy,
And powers confederate to destroy
Priam's proud house, the Dardan name,
With him that stole the ravish'd dame,
And, to possess another's right,
Durst the whole world to arms excite.
Come, gentle Sleep, my eye-lids close,
These dull impressions help me lose:
Let Fancy take her wing, and find
Some better dream to soothe my mind;

Or, waking, let me learn to live;
The prospect will instruction give.
For see, where beauteous Thames does glide
Serene, but with a fruitful tide;
Free from extremes of ebb and flow,
Not swell'd too high, nor sunk too low:
Such let my life's smooth current be,
Till, from time's narrow shore set free,
It mingled with the' eternal sea;
And, there enlarg'd, shall be no more
That trifling thing it was before.

THE MORNING APPARITION.

WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON-HOUSE, IN SURREY, THE SEAT OF MR. BRIDGES.

All things were hush'd, as noise itself were dead;
No midnight mice stirr'd round my silent bed;
Not e'en a gnat disturb'd the peace profound,
Dumb o'er my pillow hung my watch unwound;
No ticking deathworm told a fancied doom,
Nor hidden cricket chirrup'd in the room;
No breeze the casement shook, or fann'd the leaves,
Nor drops of rain fell soft from off the eaves;
Nor noisy splinter made the candle weep,
But the dim watchlight seem'd itself asleep,
When tir'd I clos'd my eyes—How long I lay
In slumber wrapt I list not now to say:
When hark! a sudden noise.—See! open flies
The yielding door—I, starting, rub'd my eyes,
Fast clos'd awhile; and as their lids I rear'd,
Full at my feet a tall thin form appear'd,

While through my parted curtains rushing broke
A light like day, ere yet the figure spoke.
Cold sweat bedew'd my limbs—Nor did I dream;
Hear, mortals, hear! for real truth's my theme.
And now, more bold, I rais'd my trembling bones
To look—when lo! 'twas honest master Jones*;
Who wav'd his hand, to banish fear and sorrow,
Well charg'd with toast and sack, and cried, 'Good morrow?'

THE HUE AND CRY.

O YES!—Hear, all the beaux and wits,
Musicians, poets, 'squires, and cits,
All, who in town or country dwell!
Say, can your tale or tidings tell
Of Tortorella's hasty flight?
Why in new groves she takes delight,
And if in concert, or alone,
The cooing murm'rer makes her moan?
Now learn the marks, by which you may
Trace out and stop the lovely stray!
Some wit, more folly, and no care,
Thoughtless her conduct, free her air;
Gay, scornful, sober, indiscreet,
In whom all contradictions meet;
Civil, affronting, peevish, easy,
Form'd both to charm you and displease you;
Much want of judgment, none of pride,
Modish her dress, her hoop full wide;
Brown skin, her eyes of sable hue;
Angel, when pleas'd; when vex'd, a shrew.

* The Butler.

Genteel her motion when she walks,
Sweetly she sings, and loudly talks;
Knows all the world, and its affairs,
Who goes to court, to plays, to prayers;

TO MR. CONSTANTINE,

ON HIS PAINTINGS.

While o'er the cloth thy happy pencil strays,
And the pleas'd eye its artful course surveys,
Behold the magic pow'r of shade and light!
A new creation opens to our sight.
Here tufted groves rise boldly to the sky,
There spacious lawns more distant charm the eye;
The crystal lakes in borrow'd tinctures shine,
And misty hills the fair horizon join,
Lost in the azure borders of the day,
Like sounds remote that die in air away.
The peopled prospect various pleasure yields,
Sheep grace the hills, and herbs or swains the fields;
Harmonious order o'er the whole presides,
And Nature crowns the work which Judgment guides.

Nor with less skill display'd by thee appear
The different products of the fertile year;
While fruits with imitated ripeness glow,
And sudden flowers beneath thy pencil blow.
Such, and so various, thy extensive hand,
Oft in suspense the pleas'd spectators stand,
Doubtful to choose, and fearing still to err,
When to thyself they would thyself prefer.

So when the rival gods at Athens strove,
By wondrous works, their power divine to prove,
As Neptune's trident struck the teeming earth,
Here the proud horse upstarted to his birth;
And there, as Pallas bless'd the fruitful scene,
The spreading olive rear'd its stately green;
In dumb surprise the gazing crowds were lost,
Nor knew on which to fix their wonder most.

MONUMENTAL ODE,

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES,

Late Wife of Edward Hughes, Esq. of Hertingfordbury in the County of Hertford, and Daughter of Richard Harrison, Esq. of Balls, in the same County. Obiit Nov. 15, 1714.

See! how those drooping monuments decay!
Frail mansions of the silent dead,
Whose souls, to uncorrupting regions fled,
With a wise scorn their mouldering dust survey.
Their tombs are rais'd from dust as well as they.
For see! to dust they both return,
And time consumes alike the ashes and the urn.

We ask the sculptor's art in vain
To make us for a space ourselves survive;
In Parian stone we proudly breathe again,
Or seem in figur'd brass to live.
Yet stone and brass our hopes betray,
Age steals the mimic forms and characters away.
In vain, O Egypt, to the wondering skies
With giant pride thy pyramids arise;
Whate'er their vast and gloomy vaults contain;
No names distinct of their great dead remain.

Beneath the mass, confus'd, in heaps thy monarchs lie,
Unknown, and blended in mortality.

To death ourselves and all our works we owe.
But is there nought, O muse, can save
Our memories from darkness and the grave,
And some short after-life bestow?
'That task is mine,' the muse replies:—
And hark! she tunes the sacred lyre!
Verse is the last of human works that dies,
When virtue does the song inspire.

Then look, Eliza, happy saint, look down!
Pause from immortal joys a while
To hear, and gracious with a smile
The dedicated numbers own;
Say how in thy life's scanty space,
So short a space, so wondrous bright,
Bright as a summer's day, short as a summer's night,
Could'st thou find room for every crowded grace?
As if the thrifty soul foreknew,
Like a wise envoy, Heaven's intent,
Soon to recal whom it had sent,
And all its task resolv'd at once to do.
Or wert thou but a traveller below,
That hither didst a while repair,
Curious our customs and our laws to know?
And, sickening in our grosser air,
And tir'd of vain repeated sights,
Our foolish cares, our false delights,
Back to thy native seats would'st go?
Oh! since to us thou wilt no more return,
Permit thy friends, the faithful few,
Who best thy numerous virtues knew,
Themselves, not thee, to mourn.

AN IMAGE OF PLEASURE.

IN IMITATION OF AN ODE IN CASIMIRE.

Solace of life, my sweet companion lyre!
On this fair poplar bough I'll hang thee high,
While the gay fields all soft delights inspire,
And not one cloud deforms the smiling sky.

While whispering gales, that court the leaves and flowers,
Play through thy strings, and gently make them sound,
Luxurious I'll dissolve the flowing hours
In balmy slumbers on the carpet ground.

But see—what sudden gloom obscures the air!
What falling showers impetuous change the day!
Let's rise, my lyre—Ah, pleasure, false as fair!
How faithless are thy charms, how short thy stay!

SUPPLEMENT AND CONCLUSION

TO MR. MILTON'S INCOMPARABLE POEM, ENTITLED 'IL PENSEROSO,' OR THE PENSIVE MAN.

It seems necessary to quote the eight foregoing lines for the right understanding of it.

'And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit, and rightly spell

Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew;
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.'
There let time's creeping winter shed
His hoary snow around my head;
And while I feel, by fast degrees,
My sluggard blood wax chill, and freeze,
Let thought unveil to my fix'd eye
The scenes of deep eternity,
Till life dissolving at the view,
I wake, and find those visions true!

SELECT POEMS

OF

JOHN SHEFFIELD,

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF SHEFFIELD.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, the descendant of an ancient and illustrious family, was born in 1649. He was placed under the care of a private tutor; but, at the immature age of twelve, he turned away his appointed guide, and undertook to direct himself. When the Dutch war broke out, in 1656, he sailed in the same ship with Prince Rupert and the Duke of Albemarle; but adverse winds prevented them from coming to action; and, rather than not serve the King at all, our young Lord accepted the command of one of the troops of horse, raised for the protection of the coast.

From the camp, he was, next year, summoned to the council-chamber; but a legislator at eighteen was such an anomaly to the Earl of Northumberland, that Sheffield was obliged to leave the summons unanswered. He quarrelled with the Earl of Rochester; and he considered the result as so honourable to himself, that he could not help relating the circumstance with too much ostentation. He received a keen rebuke from Lady Sandwich, Rochester's surviving sister; who showed him, that there was, at least, one of the family brave enough, were it proper on other accounts, to take up his gauntlet.

At the rupture of the second Dutch war, in 1672,

he went as a volunteer on board of Lord Ossery's ship; and it was in this expedition that he observed two things, which were not generally believed. 'One was, that the wind of a cannon-bullet, though flying ever so near, is incapable of doing the least harm and, indeed, were it otherwise, no man above deck could escape. The other is, that a gun shot may sometimes be avoided, even as it flies, by changing one's ground a little; for, when the wind sometimes blew away the smoke, it was so clear a sunshiny day, that we could easily perceive the bullets (that were half spent) fall into the water, and from thence bound up again among us, which gives sufficient time for making a step or two on any side; though, in so swift a motion, 'tis hard to judge well in what line the bullet comes, which, if mistaken, may by removing cost a man his life, instead of saving.'

It is not likely, that Sheffield himself was ever caught practising this new mode of tactics; for a dodger of cannon balls would not have been appointed to the command of the *Catherine*, the best second rate ship in the navy. His next service was upon land, in the capacity of a colonel. In 1664, he was raised to the Garter, and made gentleman of the bed-chamber. He went, a short time, into the French service, to learn the art of war under Turenne; and was afterwards appointed Lieutenant of Yorkshire and Governor of Hull. In 1680, being sent with 2000 men to relieve Tangier, then besieged by the Moors, he composed the *Vision* during the voyage; and, as to the Moors, he came, he saw, he conquered.

At the accession of King James, he was admitted into the Privy Council; made Lord Chamberlain; accepted a place in the court of High Commission; and became a Catholic, so far as the bending of knees was concerned. The Priests could get him no farther; and it is probable that he went so far, merely to avoid singularity. He was neutral in the

Revolution; nor would he take a very active part, for either side, immediately on the accession of King William. He pretended to treat the new monarch with contempt, both in prose and verse; and, though made Marquis of Normandy, in 1694, he still held out against the Court; nor was he subdued at last, but with a pension of 3000 pounds, and a seat in the Cabinet Council.

He is said to have courted Queen Anne, when they were both young; and it is not wonderful, therefore, that he was particularly favoured both before and after her coronation. She gave him the privy seal, in 1702; and, soon after, appointed him Lord Lieutenant of the North Riding of Yorkshire. He was commissioner in the Scotch treaty concerning the Union; and was, the next year, created Duke of Normandy, and Duke of Buckinghamshire. His jealousy of Marlborough soon after induced him to resign the privy seal, and join the Tories in a motion, not at all pleasant to the Queen to send for the Princess Sophia. The Queen tempted him back with an offer of the Chancellorship; but he had changed sides too often already; and, finding political life but toil and trouble, he retired from businesss; built a house in the Park; and, for the want of other occupations, wrote two tragedies. The last scene of his own life was on the 24th of Feb. 1721.

He owes his poetical renown to the *Essay on Poetry;* which, being received with applause, at its first appearance, was anxiously revised and amended in each successive addition; and at last became one of the most finished poems in the language. But this is its greatest praise. The author undertakes to analyse each particular kind of poetry; but his precepts are generally without discrimination; and what is said of one species may be equally applied to another. Nothing is described with strength; and the author will never be censured for redundance of originality.

JOHN SHEFFIELD.

THE RECONCILEMENT.

Come, let us now resolve at last
To live and love in quiet;
We'll tie the knot so very fast,
That time shall ne'er untie it.

The truest joys they seldom prove,
Who free from quarrels live;
'Tis the most tender part of love,
Each other to forgive.

When least I seem'd concern'd, I took
No pleasure, nor no rest;
And when I fein'd an angry look,
Alas! I lov'd you best.

Own but the same to me, you'll find
How bless'd will be our fate;
Oh, to be happy, to be kind,
Sure never is too late.

AN ESSAY ON POETRY.

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well:
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy;
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But Heaven forbid we should be so profane,
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes,
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound,
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole,
Without a genius too, for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit;
Ev'n something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?

When I, at vacant hours, in vain thy absence mourn,
Oh! where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return?
Sometimes with powerful charms to hurry me away,
From pleasures of the night, and bus'ness of the day?
Ev'n now, too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein.
As all is dulness, when the fancy's bad;
So, without judgment, fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence,
Not only in the choice of words, or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men;
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part,
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.
Here I shall all the various sorts of verse,
And the whole art of poetry rehearse;
But who that task would after Horace do?
The best of masters, and examples too!
Echoes at best, all we can say is vain;
Dull the design, and fruitless were the pain.
'Tis true, the ancients we may rob with ease;
But who with that mean shift himself can please,
Without an actor's pride? A player's art
Is above his, who writes a borrow'd part.
Yet modern laws are made for later faults,
And new absurdities inspire new thoughts:
What need has satire then to live on theft,
When so much fresh occasion still is left?
Fertile our soil, and full of rankest weeds,
And monsters worse than ever Nilus breeds.
But hold, the fools shall have no cause to fear;
'Tis wit and sense that is the subject here:

Defects of witty men deserve a cure;
And those who are so, will ev'n this endure.
First then, of Songs, which now so much abound;
Without his song no fop is to be found;
A most offensive weapon, which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws.
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;—
Yet where can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.
Here, as in all things else, is most unfit,
Bare ribaldry, that poor pretence to wit;
Such nauseous songs by a late author* made,
Call an unwilling censure on his shade.
Not that warm thoughts of the transporting joy
Can shock the chastest, or the nicest cloy;
But words obscene, too gross to move desire,
Like heaps of fuel, only choke the fire.
On other themes he well deserves our praise;
But palls that appetite he meant to raise.
Next, Elegy, of sweet, but solemn voice,
And of a subject grave, exacts the choice;
The praise of beauty, valour, wit contains;
And there too oft despairing love complains:

* The Earl of Rochester.

In vain, alas! for who by wit is mov'd?
That phœnix-she descrves to be bclov'd;
But noisy nonsense, and such fops as vex
Mankind, take most with that fantastic sex.
This to the praise of those who better knew;
The many raise the value of the few.
But here (as all our sex too oft have tried)
Women have drawn my wandering thoughts aside.
Their greatest fault, who in this kind have writ,
Is not defect in words, or want of wit;
But should this muse harmonious numbers yield,
And every couplet be with fancy fill'd;
If yet a just coherence be not made
Between each thought; and the whole model laid
So right, that every line may higher rise,
Like goodly mountains, till they reach the skies;
Such trifles may perhaps of late have past,
And may be lik'd awhile, but never last;
'Tis Epigram, 'tis point, 'tis what you will,
But not an elegy, nor writ with skill,
No 'Panegyric,' nor a 'Cooper's-hill.'

A higher flight, and of a happier force,
Are Odes: the Muses' most unruly horse,
That bounds so fierce the rider has no rest,
Here foams at mouth, and moves like one possess'd.
The poet here must be indeed inspir'd
With fury too, as well as fancy fir'd.
Cowley might boast to have perform'd this part,
Had he with nature join'd the rules of art;
But sometimes diction mean, or verse ill-wrought,
Deadens or clouds his noble frame of thought.
Though all appear in heat and fury done,
The language still must soft and easy run.
These laws may sound a little too severe;
But judgment yields, and fancy governs here,

Which, though extravagant, this muse allows,
And makes the work much easier than it shows.
Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well-writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.
'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things said oft before!
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail:
But human frailty nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satyr from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
The Laureat here may justly claim our praise,
Crown'd by Mac Fleckno with immortal bays;
Yet once his Pegasus has borne dead weight,
Rid by some lumpish minister of state.
Here rest, my Muse, suspend thy cares awhile,
A more important task attends thy toil.
As some young eagle, that designs to fly
A long unwonted journey through the sky,
Weighs all the dangerous enterprise before,
O'er what wide lands and seas she is to soar:
Doubts her own strength so far, and justly fears
The lofty road of airy travellers;

But yet, incited by some bold design,
That does her hopes beyond her fears incline,
Prunes every feather, views herself with care,
At last, resolv'd, she cleaves the yielding air;
Away she flies, so strong, so high, so fast,
She lessens to us, and is lost at last;
So (though too weak for such a weighty thing)
The muse inspires a sharper note to sing.
And why should truth offend, when only told
To guide the ignorant, and warm the bold?
On then, my muse, adventrously engage
To give instructions that concern the Stage.

The unities of action, time, and place,
Which, if observ'd, give plays so great a grace,
Are, though but little practis'd, too well known
To be taught here, where we pretend alone
From nicer faults to purge the present age,
Less obvious errors of the English stage.

First then, soliloquies had need be few,
Extremely short, and spoke in passion too.
Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
Of others, make the pit their confidant;
Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
They trust a friend, only to tell it us:
The' occasion should as naturally fall,
As when Bellario* confesses all.

Figures of speech, which poets think so fine,
(Art's needless varnish to make nature shine)
All are but paint upon a beauteous face,
And in descriptions only claim a place:
But, to make rage declaim, and grief discourse,
From lovers in despair find things to force,

* In 'Philaster,' a play of Beaumont and Fletcher.

Must needs succeed; for who can choose but pity
A dying hero, miserably witty?
But oh! the dialogues, where jest and mock
Is held up like a rest at shittlecock;
Or else, like bells, eternally they chime,
They sigh in simile, and die in rhyme.
What things are these who would be poets thought,
By nature not inspir'd, nor learning taught?
Some wit they have, and therefore may deserve
A better course than this, by which they starve:
But to write plays! why, 'tis a bold pretence
To judgment, breeding, wit, and eloquence:
Nay more; for they must look within, to find
Those secret turns of nature in the mind:
Without this part, in vain would be the whole,
And but a body all, without a soul.
All this united yet but makes a part
Of dialogue, that great and powerful art,
Now almost lost, which the old Grecians knew,
From whom the Romans fainter copies drew,
Scarce comprehended since but by a few.
Plato and Lucian are the best remains
Of all the wonders which this art contains;
Yet to ourselves we justice must allow,
Shakspeare and Fletcher are the wonders now:
Consider them, and read them o'er and o'er,
Go see them play'd; then read them as before;
For though in many things they grossly fail,
Over our passions still they so prevail,
That our own grief by theirs is rock'd asleep;
The dull are forc'd to feel, the wise to weep.
Their beauties imitate, avoid their faults;
First, on a plot employ thy careful thoughts;
Turn it, with time, a thousand several ways;
This oft, alone, has given success to plays.

Reject that vulgar error (which appears
So fair) of making perfect characters;
There's no such thing in nature, and you'll draw
A faultless monster which the world ne'er saw.
Some faults must be, that his misfortunes drew,
But such as may deserve compassion too.
Besides the main design compos'd with art,
Each moving scene must be a plot apart;
Contrive each little turn, mark every place,
As painters first chalk out the future face:
Yet be not fondly your own slave for this,
But change hereafter what appears amiss.

Think not so much where shining thoughts to place,
As what a man would say in such a case:
Neither in comedy will this suffice,
The player too must be before your eyes!
And, though 'tis drudgery to stoop so low,
To him you must your secret meaning show.

Expose no single fop, but lay the load
More equally, and spread the folly broad;
Mere coxcombs are too obvious; oft we see
A fool derided by as bad as he:
Hawks fly at nobler game; in this low way
A very owl may prove a bird of prey.
Small poets thus will one poor fop devour,
But to collect, like bees, from every flower,
Ingredients to compose that precious juice,
Which serves the world for pleasure and for use,
In spite of faction this would favour get;
But Falstaff stands inimitable yet.

Another fault, which often may befal,
Is, when the wit of some great poet shall
So overflow (that is, be none at all)

That ev'n his fools speak sense, as if possess'd,
And each by inspiration breaks his jest.
If once the justness of each part be lost,
Well may we laugh, but at the poet's cost.
That silly thing men call sheer-wit avoid,
With which our age so nauseously is cloy'd:
Humour is all; wit should be only brought
To turn agreeably some proper thought.
But since the poets we of late have known
Shine in no dress so much as in their own,
The better by example to convince,
Cast but a view on this wrong side of sense.
First, a soliloquy is calmly made,
Where every reason is exactly weigh'd;
Which, once perform'd, most opportunely comes
Some hero frighted at the noise of drums,
For her sweet sake, whom at first sight he loves,
And all in metaphor his passion proves:
But some sad accident, though yet unknown,
Parting this pair, to leave the swain alone;
He straight grows jealous, though we know not why;
Then, to oblige his rival, needs will die:
But first he makes a speech, wherein he tells
The absent nymph how much his flame excels;
And yet bequeaths her generously now
To that lov'd rival whom he does not know!
Who straight appears: But who can fate withstand?
Too late, alas! to hold his hasty hand,
That just has given himself the cruel stroke!
At which his very rival's heart is broke:
He, more to his new friend than mistress kind,
Most sadly mourns at being left behind;
Of such a death prefers the pleasing charms
To love, and living in a lady's arms.

What shameful and what monstrous things are these!
And then they rail at those they cannot please;
Conclude us only partial to the dead,
And grudge the sign of old Ben Jonson's head;
When the intrinsic value of the sage
Can scarce be judg'd but by a following age:
For dances, flutes, Italian songs, and rhyme,
May keep up sinking nonsense for a time;
But that must fail, which now so much o'errules,
And sense no longer will submit to fools.
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright-airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have a just pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth:
Homer and Virgil! with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast:
So these gigantic souls amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of humankind:
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more;
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wond'rous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd;
Not hop'd to be instructed, but inspir'd:

But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all the mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through their labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind?
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenser, and ev'n Milton, fail.

ON

MR. HOBBES AND HIS WRITINGS.

Such is the mode of these censorious days,
The art is lost of knowing how to praise;
Poets are envious now, and fools alone
Admire at wit, because themselves have none.
Yet whatsoe'er is by vain critics thought,
Praising is harder much than finding fault;
In homely pieces ev'n the Dutch excel,
Italians only can draw beauty well.
As strings, alike wound up, so equal prove,
That one resounding makes the other move,

From such a cause our satires please so much,
We sympathize with each ill-natur'd touch;
And as the sharp infection spreads about,
The reader's malice helps the writer out.
To blame, is easy; to commend, is bold;
Yet, if the muse inspires it, who can hold?
To merit we are bound to give applause,
Content to suffer in so just a cause.

THE

*ELECTION OF A POET-LAUREAT**,

IN 1719.

A FAMOUS assembly was summon'd of late:
To crown a new laureat, came Phœbus in state,
With all that Montfaucon himself could desire†,
His bow, laurel, harp, and abundance of fire.

At Bartlemew-fair ne'er did bullies so justle,
No country election e'er made such a bustle:
From garret, mint, tavern, they all post away,
Some thirsting for sack, some ambitious of bay.

All came with full confidence, flush'd with vain hope,
From Cibber and Durfey, to Prior and Pope:
Phœbus smil'd on these last, but yet, ne'ertheless,
Said, 'he hop'd they had got enough by the press.'

*Occasioned by the appointment of Ensden to that office, on the death of Rowe.

† In allusion probably to the *Antiquité expliquée* of Montfaucon.

With huge mountain-load of heroical lumber,
Which from Tonson to Curll every press had groan'd under,
Came Blackmore, and cried, 'Look, all these are my lays,
But at present I beg you'd but read my Essays.'*

Lampooners and critics rush'd in like a tide,
Stern Dennis and Gildon came first side-by-side:
Apollo confess'd that their lashes had stings,
But beadles and hangmen were never chose kings.

Steele long had so cunningly manag'd the town,
He could not be blam'd for expecting the crown;
Apollo demur'd as to granting his wish,
But wish'd him good luck in his project of fish.†

Lame Congreve, unable such things to endure,
Of Apollo begg'd either a crown or a cure;‡
To refuse such a writer, Apollo was loth,
And almost inclin'd to have granted him both.

When Buckingham§ came, he scarce car'd to be seen
Till Phœbus desir'd his old friend to walk in;
But a laureat-peer had never been known,
The commoners claim'd that place as their own.

Yet if the kind god had been ne'er so inclin'd
To break an old rule, yet he well knew his mind,
Who of such preferment would only make sport,
And laugh'd at all suitors for places at court.

* Prose Essays upon several Subjects, published in 1716.

† Steele had obtained a patent for bringing fish to market alive.

‡ In the latter years of his life, Congreve was much afflicted with the gout.

§ The noble Author.

Notwithstanding this law, yet Lansdown was nam'd,
But Apollo with kindness his indolence blam'd,
And said he would choose him, but that he should fear
An employment of trouble he never could bear.

A prelate,* for wit and for eloquence fam'd,
Apollo soon miss'd, and he need not be nam'd;
Since amidst a whole bench, of which some are so bright,
No one of them shines so learn'd and polite.

To Shippen, Apollo was cold with respect,
Since he for the state could the Muses neglect:
But said, in a greater assembly he shin'd,
And places were things he had ever declin'd.

Trapp, Young, and Vanbrugh, expected reward,
For some things writ well: but Apollo declar'd
That one was too flat, the other too rough,
And the third sure already had places enough.

Pert Budgell came next, and, demanding the bays,
Said, 'those works must be good, which had Addison's praise;'
But Apollo replied, 'Child Eustace, 'tis known,
Most authors will praise whatsoever's their own.'†

When Philips‡ came forth as starch as a quaker,
Whose simple profession's a pastoral-maker;
Apollo advis'd him from playhouse to keep,
And pipe to nought else but his dog and his sheep.

* Dr. Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester.

† This may allude to the Epilogue to The Distressed Mother; which, though passing under Budgell's name, is by many supposed to have been written by Addison. See Johnson's Lives of the Poets; also Dr. Drake's Essays illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, vol. iii. p. 4. note.

‡ Ambrose Philips.

Hughes, Fenton, and Gay, came last in the train,
Too modest to ask for the crown they would gain:
Phœbus thought them too bashful, and said they would need
More boldness, if ever they hop'd to succeed.

Apollo, now driven to a cursed quandary,
Was wishing for Swift, or the fam'd Lady Mary:*
Nay, had honest Tom Southern but been within call—
But at last he grew wanton, and laugh'd at them all:

And so spying one who came only to gaze,
A hater of verse, and despiser of plays;
To him in great form, without any delay,
(Though a zealous fanatic) presented the bay.

All the wits stood astonish'd at hearing the god
So gravely pronounce an election so odd;
And though Prior and Pope only laugh'd in his face,
Most others were ready to sink in the place.

Yet some thought the vacancy open was kept,
Concluding the bigot would never accept:
But the hyprocrite told them, he well understood,
Though the function was wicked, the stipend was good.

At last in rush'd Eusden, and cried, 'Who shall have it,
But I, the true laureat, to whom the king gave it?'
Apollo begg'd pardon, and granted his claim;
But vow'd, though, till then he ne'er heard of his name.

* Wortley Montague.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF CONGREVE.

WILLIAM CONGREVE was one of the few who could trace their descent beyond the Norman Conquest. The time and place of his birth have not been ascertained; but the time is conjectured to have been 1672; and the place Ireland. After receiving the elementary parts of education at Kilkenny and Dublin, he was removed to the Middle Temple, where he is said to have studied any thing but law. We believe it is a pretty general mistake, that persons were sent to the Inns of Court for the exclusive purpose of counting Statutes and Reports. 'Knights, Barons, and the greatest nobility in the kingdom,' says a competent authority, 'often place their children here, not so much to make the laws their study, as to form their manners, and preserve them from the contagion of vicious habits; for, says Fortiscue,(*De Laudibus Legum Angliae*, c. 49.) all vice was there discountenanced, and every thing good and virtuous was taught there; music, dancing, singing, history, sacred and profane, and other accomplishments.'*

Congreve was an author, while yet a boy; and, what is more extraordinary, the author of a novel,—a species of writing, which, to be executed with suc-

* Reeve's History of the English Law, vol. iv. 120.

cess, requires perhaps more reflection and more experience than any other whatsoever. A man must live over life before he can describe it. Real history may be decently written by one, who has seen little besides printed volumes; but a history, which is altogether fictitious,—which is to be created by the invention and matured by the imagination of the writer, and which must yet contain such incidents and such actions as might well be supposed to have had a real existence,—can only be produced by men who have in person been long acquainted with the affairs of the world, and the characters of mankind. Congreve was bold to rashness, therefore, in attempting to write a novel at twenty; and if, at this day, his *Incognita* is too appropriately named, there may be good reasons for it, independently of the author's natural abilities. His biographers have praised it; and, for aught we know, their praises are just. His second literary effort was nearly as presumptuous as the first. *The Old Bachelor* was acted in 1693, when the author was but twenty-one years old; and he tells us in the Preface, that it was written several years before it was acted. Dryden said, he never saw such a first play; and Halifax was so much pleased with it, that he immediately made the author one of the commissioners for licensing hackney coaches, and not long after gave him one place in the pipe-office, with another in the customs, worth 500 pounds a year. Thus encouraged, he set forth the *Double Dealer* in the following year. But success had probably rendered him careless; and, in the dedication to his patron, he was obliged to apologize for the unpopularity of the play. His reputation was partially retrieved by the comedy of *Love for Love*, in the next year; and was raised higher than ever in 1697, by the production of the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy. Considering the age of the author, these are unquestionably wonderful performances;

but it will be found, that they owe their celebrity more to the vivacity of the dialogue, the activity of the scenes, and the general interest of the story, than to the delineation of character, or the developement of passion.

It was about this time that Collier came forth against the Poets, with a *Short View of the Immorality of the English Stage*; in which, with a zeal amounting almost to ferocity, he assailed all the living authors of the time, from the highest to the lowest. Paradoxical as it may appear, the licentiousness and profanity, which had crept into English poetry, and which it was Collier's design to expose, may, in a great measure, be attributed to the Puritans. The indiscriminate bigotry of that sect in denouncing every art, and institution, which, in the slightest degree, contributed to the amusement of men, had so disgusted the more liberal thinkers in England, that, lest they should be suspected of any bias towards the same disposition, they strove to exaggerate what already seemed so enormous; and rather than be thought Puritans, were willing to become libertines and infidels. With the Court in particular, the name of Puritan was a bye-word of infamy; and woe to the unfortunate delinquent, who should dare, either in life or in literature, to show the least regard for decency, order, or law. Blasphemy was the price of preferment; and obscenity became the passport to favour.

'If any were grieved at the dishonour of the kingdome, (says Col. Hutchinson,) or the griping of the poor, or the unjust oppression of the subject by a thousand ways, he was a Puritane: if any, out of mere mallity and civil honesty, discountenanced the abominations of the days, he was a Puritane: if any gentleman in his country maintained the good laws of the land, or stood up for any public interest for good order or government, he was a Puritane: in short all that crossed the views of the needie

courtiers, the proud enervating Priests, the thievish projectors, the lewd nobility and gentrie; whoever could endure a sermon, modest habitt or conversation, or anie thing good, all these were Puritanes; and, if Puritanes, then enemies to the king and government, siditious, factitious, hypocrites, ambitious disturbers of the public peace, and, finally, the pest of the kingdom.'

It is easy to see the effect, which such a feeling must produce upon the manners and literature of a people. Authors perceived, that the least suspicion of Puritanism would ruin them with the court, and that the only proof of liberality must be a manly contempt of decency and sobriety. There was no middle course. With Charles the First, in particular, indifference was opposition, and neutrality war. He that was not for the court, must be against it;—whoever was not a cavalier, must be a Puritan. The same spirit was more or less predominant in the reigns of Charles II. and James II; and, perhaps, there are not, in the writings of all the other periods of English history together, so many specimens of naked obscenity and blasphemous levity. Collier, at last, brought the authors to a long account. Congreve and Vanburgh alone attempted any resistance; and, as a professed defence of indecency and irreligion was not likely to be written with much strength, or received with a great favour, both these champions were, at length, satisfied to quit the field.

Congreve afterwards wrote the *Way of the World;* but as that work, too, in spite of all the labour he professed to have bestowed upon it, was but indifferently welcomed, he gave up the world to a reprobate mind, and spent the remainder of his days in the society and conversation of his friends. His eyes were long affected with cataracts; which, at last, terminated in total blindness. The gout was added; and while on a journey to Bath, for relief,

his chariot was overturned, and his side so much injured, that he died Jan. 29, 1728-9. He was buried in Westminster Abbey; where he has his monument.

It was chiefly as a dramatic writer, that Congreve established his title to the name of poet. His miscellaneous pieces were generally called forth upon such occasions as 'a lady,' for instance, 'having writ verses in commendation of a poem which was written in praise of another lady.' They were written without motive, and without effort; and are little distinguished for wit, and less for morality. There is occasionally a flash of poetic fire; but it is only a flash; and the mischief is, that the author is tempted to write on, after his inspiration evaporated. Thus in the lines to Arabella Hunt, which are considered as his most happy effort, the first stanza is spirited and vigorous; but those, which immediately follow become languid and dull; nor is it till the last that he seems to receive the slightest return of his poetic frenzy. In the third, he introduces the God Silence, enthroned upon an 'ancient sigh,' which 'Sound' was abdicated in his favour. His footstool is composed of two 'transparent clouds:' his crown is a 'wreath of darkness;' his hair the 'curling mist;' and his vesture, 'a melancholy thought, stolen from a lover and condensed to air.' Modern attempts at mythology are commonly abortive; and Homer would undoubtedly have smiled to see Congreve mixing things real with the mere creations of the brain; manufacturing a god from such heterogenous materials as 'ancient sighs' and 'melancholy thoughts,' 'transparent clouds,' and 'curling mists.'

So, again, in the Elegy to Sleep, the author opens with lines, which are at least not dull:—

> O Sleep! thou flatterer of happy minds,
> How soon a troubled breast thy falsehood finds,

> Thou common friend, officious in thy aid,
> When no distress is shown, or want betray'd:
> But oh! how swift, how sure thou art to shun,
> The wretch by fortune or by love undone!

But he now proceeds to rail at Sleep, through nearly a score of verses; then, to draw out his song, begins to implore forgiveness for his impertinence; and, lastly, happening to stumble upon a good thought to introduce his mistress, he prolongs the note to almost another score of lines. In the mean time, his vigour had deserted him; and persons may have the malice to suggest, that a line in his ode to Harmony would have been more appropriate in his invocation to Sleep:—

> Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise, &c.

The readers of poetry, however, are indebted to him for curing the English Literati of a mania for Pindaric Odes, with which they seemed to be irremediably afflicted. They were possessed with an idea, that Pindaric verse had no more to do with the rules of prosody, than the irregular lines of an epitaph; and, as it was exceedingly convenient to be freed from such shackles as iambics, anapists, dactyles, and spondees, there was a general epidemic of Boction poetry. Those who were not poets were unable to write verse; and those who were, could write verse the more easily. As soon, however, as Congreve showed his countrymen, that there was method even in the madness of Pindar,—and that, in fact, the composition of such odes requires a skill in more kinds of metre, than that of any other species whatever,—the things which bore the name began to disappear from books and papers, and the body poetical was at last restored to its healthy state.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

ON

MRS. ARABELLA HUNT, SINGING.

IRREGULAR ODE.

Let all be hush'd, each softest motion cease,
Be every loud tumultuous thought at peace,
And every ruder gasp of breath
Be calm, as in the arms of death.
And thou, most fickle, most uneasy part,
Thou restless wanderer, my heart,
Be still; gently, ah, gently, leave,
Thou busy, idle thing, to heave,
Stir not a pulse; and let my blood,
That turbulent, unruly flood,
Be softly stay'd:
Let me be all, but my attention, dead.
Go rest, unnecessary springs of life,
Leave your officious toil and strife;
For I would hear her voice, and try
If it be possible to die.

Come, all ye love-sick maids, and wounded swains,
And listen to her healing strains:
A wondrous balm between her lips she wears,
Of sov'reign force to soften cares;
And this through every ear she can impart
(By tuneful breath diffus'd) to every heart.
Swiftly the gentle charmer flies,
And to the tender grief soft air applies,
Which, warbling mystic sounds,
Cements the bleeding panter's wounds.
But ah! beware of clamorous moan;
Let no unpleasing murmur, or harsh groan,
Your slighted loves declare;
Your very tenderest moving sighs forbear,
For even they will be too boisterous here:
Hither let nought but sacred silence come,
And let all saucy praise be dumb.

And lo! Silence himself is here;
Methinks I see the midnight god appear,
In all his downy pomp array'd,
Behold the reverend shade:
An ancient sigh he sits upon,
Whose memory of sound is long since gone,
And purposely annihilated for his throne;
Beneath, two soft transparent clouds do meet,
In which he seems to sink his softer feet:
A melancholy thought, condens'd to air,
Stol'n from a lover in despair,
Like a thin mantle, serves to wrap
In fluid folds his visionary shape.
A wreath of darkness round his head he wears,
Where curling mists supply the want of hairs;

While the still vapours, which from poppies rise,
Bedew his hoary face, and lull his eyes.
But hark! the heavenly sphere turns round,
And silence now is drown'd
In ecstasy of sound!
How on a sudden the still air is charm'd,
As if all harmony were just alarm'd!
And every soul, with transport fill'd,
Alternately is thaw'd and chill'd.
See how the heavenly choir
Come flocking to admire,
And with what speed and care
Descending angels cull the thinnest air!
Haste then, come all the' immortal throng,
And listen to her song!
Leave your lov'd mansions in the sky,
And hither, quickly hither fly:
Your loss of heaven nor shall you need to fear;
While she sings, 'tis heaven here.

See how they crowd, see how the little cherubs skip!
While others sit around her mouth, and sip
Sweet hallelujahs from her lip,
Those lips, where in surprise of bliss they rove;
For ne'er before did angels taste
So exquisite a feast,
Of music and of love.
Prepare then, ye immortal choir,
Each sacred minstrel tune his lyre,
And with her voice in chorus join;
Her voice, which next to yours is most divine.
Bless the glad earth with heavenly lays,
And to that pitch the' eternal accents raise,
Which only breath inspir'd can reach, [teach:
To notes, which only she can learn, and you can

While we, charm'd with the lov'd excess,
Are wrapt in sweet forgetfulness
Of all, of all, but of the present happiness:
Wishing for ever in that state to lie,
For ever to be dying so, yet never die.

THE RECONCILIATION.

RECITATIVE.

Fair Cælia love pretended,
And nam'd the myrtle bower,
Where Damon long attended
Beyond the promis'd hour.
At length, impatient growing
Of anxious expectation,
His heart with rage o'erflowing,
He vented thus his passion.

ODE.

To all the sex deceitful
A long and last adieu!
Since woman prove ungrateful
As oft as men prove true.
The pains they cause are many,
And long and hard to bear;
The joys they give, (if any)
Few, short, and insincere.

RECITATIVE.

But Celia now, repenting
Her breach of assignation,

Arriv'd, with eyes consenting
And sparkling inclination.
Like Citherea smiling,
She blush'd, and laid his passion;
The shepherd ceas'd reviling,
And sung this recantation.

PALINODE.

How engaging, how endearing,
Is a lover's pain and care!
And what joy the nymph's appearing,
After absence or despair:
Women wise increase desiring,
By contriving kind delays;
And advancing, or retiring,
All they mean is more to please.

OCCASIONED BY A LADY'S

HAVING WRITTEN VERSES IN COMMENDATION OF A POEM WHICH WAS WRITTEN IN PRAISE OF ANOTHER LADY.

HARD is the task, and bold the' adventurous flight,
Of him, who dares in praise of beauty write;
For when to that high theme our thoughts ascend,
'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.
And he, who praising beauty, does no wrong,
May boast to be successful in his song:
But when the fair themselves approve his lays,
And one accepts, and one vouchsafes to praise;
His wide ambition knows no farther bound,
Nor can his muse with brighter fame be crown'd.

SONG.

Pious Selinda goes to prayers,
If I but ask the favour;
And yet the tender fool's in tears,
When she believes I'll leave her.

Would I were free from this restraint,
Or else had hopes to win her!
Would she could make of me a saint,
Or I of her a sinner!

ODE TO HARMONY,

IN HONOUR OF ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1701.

O HARMONY, to thee we sing,
To thee the grateful tribute bring
Of sacred verse, and sweet resounding lays;
Thy aid invoking while thy power we praise!
All hail to thee,
All-powerful Harmony!
Wise nature owns thy undisputed sway,
Her wondrous works resigning to thy care:
The planetary orbs thy rule obey,
And tuneful roll unerring in their way,
Thy voice informing each melodious sphere.

Thy voice, O Harmony, with awful sound
Could penetrate the' abyss profound,
Explore the realms of ancient night,
And search the living source of unborn light.

Confusion heard thy voice, and fled,
And Chaos deeper plung'd his vanquish'd head.
Then didst thou, Harmony, give birth
To this fair form of heaven and earth:
Then all those shining worlds above,
In mystic dance began to move
Around the radiant sphere of central fire,
A never ceasing, never-silent choir.

Thou only, goddess, first could'st tell
The mighty charms in numbers found;
And didst to heavenly minds reveal
The secret force of tuneful sound.
When first Cyllenius form'd the lyre,
Thou didst the god inspire;
When first the vocal shell he strung,
To which the muses sung;
Then first the muses sung; melodious strains
Apollo play'd,
And music first began by thy auspicious aid,
Hark, hark! again Urania sings!
Again Apollo strikes the trembling strings!
And see, the listening deities around
Attend insatiate, and devour the sound.
Descend, Urania, heavenly fair!
To the relief of this afflicted world repair;
See, how, with various woes oppress'd,
The wretched race of men is worn;
Consum'd with cares, with doubts distress'd,
Or by conflicting passions torn.
Reason in vain employs her aid,
The furious will on fancy waits;
While reason still by hopes or fears betray'd,
Too late advances or too soon retreats,

Music alone with sudden charms can bind
The wandering sense, and calm the troubled mind.

Begin the powerful song, ye sacred nine!
Your instruments and voices join;
Harmony, peace, and sweet desire,
In every breast inspire.
Revive the melancholy drooping heart,
And soft repose to restless thoughts impart.
Appease the wrathful mind,
To dire revenge, and death inclin'd:
With balmy sounds his boiling blood assuage,
And melt to mild remorse his burning rage.
'Tis done; and now tumultuous passions cease;
And all is hush'd, and all is peace.
The weary world with welcome ease is bless'd,
By music lull'd to pleasing rest.

Ah, sweet repose, too soon expiring!
Ah, foolish man, new toils requiring!
Curs'd ambition, strife pursuing,
Wakes the world to war and ruin.
See, see, the battle is prepar'd!
Behold the hero comes!
Loud trumpets with shrill fifes are heard;
And hoarse resounding drums.
War, with discordant notes and jarring noise,
The harmony of peace destroys.

See the forsaken fair, with streaming eyes,
Her parting lover mourn;
She weeps, she sighs, despairs, and dies,
And watchful wastes the lonely livelong nights,
Bewailing past delights
That may no more, no never more return.

O soothe her cares
With softest, sweetest airs,
Till victory and peace restore
Her faithful lover to her tender breast,
Within her folding arms to rest,
Thence never to be parted more,
No never to be parted more.

Enough, Urania, heavenly fair!
Now to thy native skies repair,
And rule again the starry sphere;
Cecilia comes, with holy rapture fill'd,
To ease the world of care,
Cecilia, more than all the muses skill'd!
Phœbus himself to her must yield,
And at her feet lay down
His golden harp and laurel crown.
The soft enervate lyre is drown'd
In the deep organ's more majestic sound:
In peals the swelling notes ascend the skies,
Perpetual breath the swelling notes supplies,
And lasting as her name,
Who form'd the tuneful frame,
The' immortal music never dies.

TO MR. DRYDEN,

ON HIS TRANSLATION OF PERSIUS.

As when of old heroic story tells,
Of knights imprison'd long by magic spells,
Till future time the destin'd hero send,
By whom the dire enchantment is to end:

Such seems this work, and so reserv'd for thee,
Thou great revealer of dark poësy!
Those sullen clouds, which have for ages past
O'er Persius' too long suffering muse been cast,
Disperse and fly before thy sacred pen;
And, in their room, bright tracks of light are seen.
Sure Phœbus' self thy swelling breast inspires,
The god of Music, and poetic fires:
Else, whence proceeds this great surprise of light!
How dawns this day, forth from the womb of night!
Our wonder now, does our past folly show,
Vainly contending what we did not know;
So unbelievers impiously despise
The sacred oracles in mysteries.
Persius before in small esteem was had,
Unless what to antiquity is paid;
But like Apocrypha, with scruple read,
(So far our ignorance our faith misled);
Till you, Apollo's darling priest, thought fit
To place it in the poet's sacred writ.
As coin, which bears some awful monarch's face,
For more than its intrinsic worth will pass;
So your bright image, which we here behold,
Adds worth to worth, and dignifies the gold;
To you we all this following treasure owe,
This hippocrene, which from a rock did flow.
Old stoic virtue, clad in rugged lines,
Polish'd by you, in modern brilliant shines;
And as before, for Persius, our esteem
To his antiquity was paid, not him:
So now, whatever praise from us is due,
Belongs not to old Persius, but the new,
For still obscure, to us no light he gives;
Dead in himself, in you alone he lives.

So stubborn flints their inward heat conceal,
Till art and force the' unwilling sparks reveal;
But through your skill, from those small seeds of fire
Bright flames arise, which never can expire.

AMORET.

Fair Amoret is gone astray;
Pursue and seek her every lover:
I'll tell the signs by which you may
The wandering shepherdess discover.

Coquet and coy at once her air,
Both studied, though both seem neglected;
Careless she is with artful care,
Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart every glance,
Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them;
For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
Though certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates,
For that which in herself she prizes;
And, while she laughs at them, forgets
She is the thing that she despises.

OF PLEASING.

AN EPISTLE TO SIR RICHARD TEMPLE.

'Tis strange, dear Temple, how it comes to pass,
That no one man is pleas'd with what he has.

So Horace sings—and sure as strange is this,
That no one man's displeas'd with what he is.
The foolish, ugly, dull, impertinent,
Are with their persons and their parts content:
Nor is that all: so odd a thing is man,
He most would be what least he should or can.
Hence, homely faces still are foremost seen,
And cross-shap'd fops affect the nicest mien;
Cowards extol true courage to the skies,
And fools are still most forward to advise;
The' untrusted wretch to secresy pretends,
Whispering his nothing round to all as friends:
Dull rogues affect the politician's part,
And learn to nod, and smile, and shrug with art;
Who nothing has to lose, the war bewails,
And he who nothing pays, at taxes rails.
Thus man perverse against plain nature strives,
And to be artfully absurd contrives.
Plautus will dance, Luscus at ogling aims,
Old Tritus keeps, and undone Probus games.
Noisome Curculio, whose envenom'd breath,
Though at a distance utter'd, threatens death,
Full in your teeth his stinking whisper throws;
Nor mends his manners, though you hold your nose.
Thersites, who seems born to give offence,
From uncouth form, and frontless impudence,
Assumes soft airs, and with a slur comes in,
Attempts a smile, and shocks you with a grin,
Raucus harangues with a dissuasive grace,
And Helluo invites with a forbidding face.

Nature to each allots his proper sphere,
But, that forsaken, we like comets err:
Toss'd through the void, by some rude shock we're broke,
And all her boasted fire is lost in smoke.

Next to obtaining wealth, or power, or ease,
Men most affect, in general, to please;
Of this affection vanity's the source,
And vanity alone obstructs its course;
That telescope of fools, through which they spy
Merit remote, and think the object nigh.
The glass remov'd, would each himself survey,
And in just scales his strength and weakness weigh,
Pursue the path for which he was design'd,
And to his proper force adapt his mind,
Scarce one but to some merit might pretend,
Perhaps might please, at least would not offend.
Who would reprove us while he makes us laugh,
Must be no Bavius, but a Bickerstaff.
If Garth, or Blackmore, friendly potions give,
We bid the dying patient, 'drink and live:'
When Marus comes, we cry, 'Beware the pill;'
And wish the tradesman were a tradesman still.
If Addison, or Rowe, or Prior write,
We study them with profit and delight:
But when vile Macer and Mundungus rhyme,
We grieve we've learnt to read, aye, curse the time.
All rules of pleasing in this one unite,
'Affect not any thing in nature's spite.'
Baboons and apes ridiculous we find;
For what? For ill-resembling humankind.
'None are, for being what they are, in fault,
But for not being what they would be thought.
Thus I, dear friend, to you my thoughts impart,
As to one perfect in the pleasing art;
If art it may be call'd in you, who seem
By nature form'd for love and for esteem.
Affecting none, all virtues you possess,
And really are what others but profess.

I'll not offend you, while myself I please;
I loath to flatter, though I love to praise.
But when such early worth so bright appears,
And antedates the fame which waits on years;
I can't so stupidly affected prove,
Not to confess it in the man I love.
Though now I aim not at that known applause
You've won in arms, and in your country's cause;
Nor patriot now, nor hero, I commend,
But the companion praise, and boast the friend.

But you may think, and some, less partial, say,
That I presume too much in this essay.
How should I show what pleases? How explain
A rule, to which I never could attain?
To this objection I'll make no reply,
But tell a tale, which, after, we'll apply.

I've read, or heard, a learned person once
(Concern'd to find his only son a dunce)
Compos'd a book in favour of the lad,
Whose memory, it seems, was very bad.
This work contain'd a world of wholesome rules,
To help the frailty of forgetful fools.
The careful parent laid the treatise by,
Till time should make it proper to apply.
Simon, at length, the look'd-for age attains,
To read and profit by his father's pains;
And now the sire prepares the book to' impart,
Which was yclept, 'of memory the art.'
But, ah! how oft is human care in vain!
For, now he could not find his book again.
The place where he had laid it he forgot,
Nor could himself remember what he wrote.

Now to apply the story that I tell,
Which, if not true, is yet invented well.

Such is my case: like most of theirs who teach,
I ill may practise what I well may preach.
Myself not trying, or not turn'd to please,
May lay the line, and measure out the ways.
The Mulcibers, who in the minories sweat,
And massive bars on stubborn anvils beat,
Deform'd themselves, yet forge those stays of steel,
Which arm Aurelia with a shape to kill.
So Macer and Mundungus school the times,
And write in rugged prose the rules of softer rhymes,
Well do they play the careful critic's part,
Instructing doubly by their matchless art:
Rules for good verse they first with pains indite,
Then show us what is bad by what they write.

SELECT POEMS

OF

ELIJAH FENTON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF FENTON.

ELIJAH FENTON, the son of an attorney, was born at Shelton, near Newcastle, in Staffordshire, May 20, 1683. He was entered of Jesus College, in Cambridge; but it does not appear to be settled, whether he took a degree or not. 'With many other wise and virtuous men, (says Dr. Johnson,) who, at that time of discord and debate, consulted conscience, whether well or ill-informed, more than interest, he doubted the legality of the government, and refusing to qualify himself for public employment by the oaths required, left the University without a degree.' When Milton 'consulted conscience,' and refused to take a fellowship 'bought and begun with servitude and forswearing,' Dr. Johnson was far from shewing him the same mercy. 'These expressions are, I find, (says he), applied to the subscription of the articles; but it seems more probable that they relate to canonical obedience. I know not any of the articles which seem to thwart his opinions; but the thoughts of obedience, whether canonical or civil, raised his indig-

nation.' Did ever a good Churchman know any of the articles, which could thwart the opinions of any man?

Fenton was, at one time, secretary to Charles Earl of Orrery, in Flanders: at another, an assistant in a school in Surry; and afterwards keeper of a school of his own, at Seven-oaks, in Kent. In 1707, he published a collection of poems; and, about 1720, when Craggs became Secretary of State, and wanted a person to supply his literary deficiencies, Pope's recommendation induced him to engage Fenton. But the prospect of ease and abundance, which began to open with this connexion, was suddenly snatched from his sight by the death of Craggs.

When the success of Pope's *Iliad* had satisfied him with the praise of translation, he concluded to do the *Odyssey*, in part, by proxy. Twelve books were divided between Broome and Fenton: the latter took the 1st, the 4th, the 19th, and the 20th; and it has been observed, that the work of the journeyman is not distinguishable from that of the master. In 1723, Fenton reverted to original composition. When his tragedy of *Marianne* was first shown to Cibber, he not only rejected it with contempt,—but took upon himself the office of counselling the author to engage in some honest labour, and never think of supporting himself with writing tragedies. Had not the answer been rather intended to ridicule Fenton's poetry, than to promote his worldly interests, a better piece of advice could not have been imparted. In spite of Cibber's insolence, however, the play was acted with considerable applause at the other theatre; and Fenton had his revenge, by receiving profits to the amount of nearly a thousand pounds.

'The mention of this play,' says Dr. Johnson, 'brings to my mind a very trifling occurrence.

Fenton was one day in the company of Broome, his associate, and Ford, a clergyman, at that time too well known, whose abilities, instead of affording convivial merriment to the voluptuous and dissolute, might have enabled him to excel among the virtuous and the wise. They determined all to see the *Merry Wives of Windsor*, which was acted that night; and Fenton, as a dramatic poet, took them to the stage door, where the door-keeper inquiring who they were, was told that they were three very necessary men, Ford, Broome, and Fenton. The name in the play, which Pope restored to *Brook*, was then Broome.'

Shortly after the performance of his play, Fenton is thought to have commenced the revision of Milton's punctuation. He published an edition of that poet's works in verse; and wrote a brief, but elegant, account of his life. In 1729, he reprinted the publication of Waller's Works; and accompanied them with notes and illustrations. In the latter part of his life he became tutor to the son of of Sir William Trumbull, and, when he had completed that task, the widow of Sir William made him the auditor of her accounts. He died at her seat in Berkshire, in 1730. Pope was his constant friend; and wrote his epitaph.

Fenton was tall, and somewhat corpulent. He was constitutionally sluggish, and his mode of life was not calculated to render him active. He rose late; and only arose to sit down. A woman, who had waited on him, said, he would lie in a bed, and be fed with a spoon; and, according to one of Pope's Letters, he died of indolence and inactivity. 'Of his morals and his conversation,' says Dr. Johnson, the account is uniform: he was never named but with praise and fondness, as a man in the highest degree amiable and excellent.' A man may be 'amiable and excellent' in a great many ways; but

we hardly expected Dr. Johnson to apply such terms to the 'morals and conversation' of a man, who, as he had told us before, was the companion of the 'dissolute and voluptuous' Ford.'

An anecdote is told by another writer of his life, which is a sufficient testimony of his amiable character. When in one of his yearly visits to his relations, an entertainment was given to the family by his elder brother, Elijah remarked the absence of a sister, who had not married very happily, and whose misfortune, he found, was the excuse for not giving her an invitation. She lived at no great distance; and he not only refused to sit at the table until she was called,—but, when she had come, took care to show her particular attention. Pope's letter to Broome, though evidently partial, is perhaps the best evidence of his character.

'*To the Rev. Mr. Broome, at Pulham, near Harlestone nor Suffolke*

'[BY BECCLES BAG.]

'Dr Sir,

'I INTENDED to write to you on this melancholy subject, the death of Mr. Fenton, before yrs came; but stay'd to have inform'd myself and you of ye circumstances of it. All I hear is, that he felt a Gradual Decay, tho so early in Life, & was declining for 5 or 6 months. It was not, as I apprehended, the Gout in his Stomach, but I believe rather a Complication first of Gross Humours, as he was naturally corpulent, not discharging themselves, as he used no sort of Exercise. No man better bore ye approaches of his Dissolution (as I am told) or with less ostentation yielded up his Being. The great Modesty wch you know was natural to him, and ye great Contempt he had for all Sorts of Vanity & Parade, never appeared more than in his last moments: He had a conscious Satisfaction (no doubt) in acting right, in feeling himself honest, true, & unpretending to

more than was his own. So he dyed, as he lived, with that seeret, yet suffieient, Contentment.

"As to any Papers left behind him, I dare say they ean be but few; for this reason, he never wrote out of Vanity, or thought mueh of the Applause of men. I know an instanee where he did his utmost to eonceal his own merit that way; and if we join to this his natural Love of Ease, I fancy we must expeet little of this sort; at least I hear of none, exeept some few further remarks on Waller (w^ch his eautious integrity made him leave an order to be given to Mr. Tonson) and perhaps, tho' tis many years sinee I saw it, a Translation of y^e first Book öf Oppian. He had begun a Tragedy of Dion, but made small progress in it.

'As to his other Affairs, he dyed poor, but honest, leaving no Debts, or Legacies; exeept of a few p^ds to Mr. Trumbull and my Lady, in token of respect, Gratefulness, and mutual Esteem.

'I shall with pleasure take upon me to draw this amiable, quiet, deserving, unpretending Christian and Philosophieal eharaeter, in His Epitaph. There Truth may be spoken in a few words; as for Flourish, & Oratory, & Poetry, I leave them to younger and more lively Writers, sueh as love writing for writing sake, & w^d rather show their own Fine Parts, y^n Report the valuable ones of any other man. So the Elegy I renounee.

'I eondole with you from my heart, on the loss of so worthy a man, and a Friend to us both. Now he is gone, I must tell you he has done you many a good offiee, & set your eharacter in the fairest light to some, who either mistook you, or knew you not. I doubt not he has done the same for me.

'Adieu: let us love his Memory, and profit by his example. I am very sineerely

'D^r Sir, your affeetionate
'& real Servant
'Aug. 29, 1730. 'A. POPE.'

After this account, the reader will not expect to hear of any wonders done by Fenton in the service of the Muses. Necessity was the only thing which could arouse him at all. After a short effort, he sunk into his accustomed apathy; and, though he once talks of 'mounting a stronger gale with Mantuan force,' he was too heavy and indolent to think seriously of any such flight. In vain does he cry out, 'O Phœbus;' and pretend, that the god of song would not encourage the enterprise. All the world knew, that Phœbus was ready to give him whatever assistance he could desire.

The *Ode to the Sun* is his longest poem; and this, in the opinion of Dr. Johnson, is a great deal too long. 'A blaze,' says he, 'first pleases, and then tires the sight.' Dr. Johnson had doubtless read the poem; but, when he pronounced this sentence, he only recollected, that it was addressed to the sun, and contained more stanzas than he was then inclined to re-peruse. A poem addressed to the sun must be a blazing poem; and that a poem should blaze through twenty-four stanzas was intolerable. The truth is, however, that it is not all about that luminary any more than the Iliad is all about Achilles; and instead of being called an ode to the sun, it might better have been styled an ode to every thing under the sun. Fenton tells Phœbus, that he has looked upon all countries, and upon all ages; and, calling upon him to say candidly, whether he had ever seen any thing equal to England and Englishmen, he leaves the god to make up his mind, and proceeds to discoure of the victories and victors of Britain. This he does as an Englishman should do; telling us, among many other things, how Britannia shall wipe her dusty temples, and put on the Bourbon laurel; how conquered nations shall bow to her supremacy; and how Bellona, after

waving her torch, and painting her spear, shall at last submit to the chain, with a smooth countenance.

ELIJAH FENTON.

AN EPISTLE,

TO THOMAS LAMBARD, ESQ.

Omnia me tua delectant; sed maxime, maxima cum fides in amicitia, consilium, gravitas, constantia; tum lepos, humanitas, literæ.

CICERO, Ep. xxvii. Lib. xi.

Slow though I am to wake the sleeping lyre,
Yet should the muse some happy song inspire,
Fit for a friend to give, and worthy thee,
That favourite verse to Lambard I decree:
Such may the muse inspire, and make it prove
A pledge and monument of lasting love!
Meantime, intent the fairest plan to find,
To form the manners, and improve the mind;
Me the fam'd wits of Rome and Athens please,
By Orrery's indulgence wrapt in ease;
Whom all the rival muses strive to grace
With wreaths familiar to his letter'd race.
Now truth's bright charms employ my serious thought,
In flowing eloquence by Tully taught:

Then from the shades of Tusculum I rove,
And studious wander in the Grecian grove;
While wonder and delight the soul engage
To sound the depths of Plato's sacred page;
Where science in attractive fable lies,
And, veil'd, the more invites her lover's eyes.
Transported thence, the flowery heights I gain
Of Pindus, and admire the warbling train,
Whose wings the muse in better ages prun'd,
And their sweet harps to moral airs attun'd.
As night is tedious while, in love betray'd,
The wakeful youth expects the faithless maid;
As wearied hinds accuse the lingering sun,
And heirs impatient wish for twenty-one:
So dull to Horace* did the moments glide,
Till his free Muse her sprightly force employ'd
To combat vice, and follies to expose,
In easy numbers near allied to prose:
Guilt blush'd and trembled, when she heard him sing;
He smil'd reproof, and tickled with his sting.
With such a graceful negligence express'd,
Wit, thus applied, will ever stand the test:
But he, who blindly led by whimsy strays,
And from gross images would merit praise,
When nature sets the noblest stores in view,
Affects to polish copper in Peru:
So while the seas on barren sands are cast,
The saltness of their waves offend the taste:
But when to heaven exhal'd, in fruitful rain,
In fragrant dews they fall, to cheer the swain,
Revive the fainting flowers, and swell the meagre grain.

* Epist. 1. Lib. 1.

Be this their care, who, studious of renown,
Toil up the' Aonian steep to reach the crown;
Suffice it me, that (having spent my prime
In picking epithets, and yoking rhyme)
To steadier rule my thoughts I now compose,
And prize ideas clad in honest prose.
Old Dryden, emulous of Cæsar's praise,
Cover'd his baldness with immortal bays;
And death, perhaps, to spoil poetic sport,
Unkindly cut an Alexandrine short:
His ear had a more lasting itch than mine,
For the smooth cadence of a golden line:
Should lust of verse prevail, and urge the man
To run the trifling race the boy began,
Mellow'd with sixty winters, you might see
My circle end in second infancy.
I might ere long an awkward humour have,
To wear my bells and coral to the grave,
Or round my room alternate take a course,
Now mount my hobby, then the muses' horse:
Let others wither gay, but I'd appear
With sage decorum in my easy chair;
Grave as Libanius, slumbering o'er the laws,
Whilst gold and party-zeal decide the cause,
A nobler task our riper age affords
Than scanning syllables, and weighing words.
To make his hours in even measures flow,
Nor think some fleet too fast, and some too slow;
Still equal in himself, and free to taste
The now, without repining at the past;
Nor the vain prescience of the spleen to' employ,
To pall the flavour of a promis'd joy;
To live tenacious of the golden mean,
In all events of various fate serene;

With virtue steel'd, and steady to survey
Age, death, disease, or want, without dismay:
These arts, my Lambard! useful in their end,
Make man to others and himself a friend.

Happiest of mortals he, who, timely wise,
In the calm walks of truth his bloom enjoys;
With books and patrimonial plenty bless'd,
Health in his veins, and quiet in his breast!
Him no vain hopes attract, no fear appals,
Nor the gay servitude of courts enthrals;
Unknowing how to mask concerted guile
With a false cringe, or undermining smile!
His manners pure, from affectation free,
And prudence shines through clear simplicity.
Though no rich labours of the Persian loom,
Nor the nice sculptor's art, adorn his room,
Sleep unprovok'd will softly seal his eyes,
And innocence the want of down supplies;
Health tempers all his cups, and at his board
Reigns the cheap luxury the fields afford:
Like the great Trojan, mantled in a cloud,
Himself unseen, he sees the labouring crowd,
Where all industrious to their ruin run,
Swift to pursue what most they ought to shun.
Some, by the sordid thirst of gain control'd,
Starve in their stores, and cheat themselves for gold;
Preserve the precious bane with anxious care,
In vagrant lusts to feed a lavish heir:
Others devour ambition's glittering bait,
To sweat in purple, and repine in state;
Devote their powers to every wild extreme
For the short pageant of a pompous dream:
Nor can the mind to full perfection bring
The fruits it early promis'd in the spring,

But in a public sphere those virtues fade,
Which open'd fair, and flourish'd in the shade:
So while the night her ebon sceptre sways,
Her fragrant blooms the Indian plant* displays;
But the full day the short-liv'd beauties shun,
Elude our hopes, and sicken at the sun.
Fantastic joys in distant views appear,
And tempt the man to make the rash career.
Fame, power, and wealth, which glitter at the goal,
Allure his eye, and fire his eager soul;
For these are ease and innocence resign'd,
For these he strips; farewell the tranquil mind!
Headstrong he urges on till vigour fails,
And grey experience (but too late!) prevails:
But, in his evening, view the hoary fool,
When the nerves slacken, and the spirits cool;
When joy and blushy youth forsake his face,
Sicklied with age, and sour with self-disgrace;
No flavour then the sparkling cups retain,
Music is harsh, the Syren sings in vain;
To him what healing balm can art apply,
Who lives diseas'd with life, and dreads to die?
In that last scene, by fate in sables dress'd,
Thy power, triumphant virtue! is confess'd;
Thy vestal flames diffuse celestial light
Through death's dark vale, and vanquish total night;
Lenient of anguish, o'er the breast prevail,
When the gay toys of flattering fortune fail.
Such, happy Twisden! (ever be thy name
Mourn'd by the muse, and fair in deathless fame!)
While the bright effluence of her glory shone,
Were thy last hours, and such I wish my own:

* The nure-tree.

So cassia, bruis'd, exhales her rich perfumes,
And incense in a fragrant cloud consumes.
Most spoil the boon that nature's pleas'd to' im-
By too much varnish, or by want of art; [part,
By solid science all her gifts are grac'd,
Like gems new polish'd, and with gold enchas'd.
Votes to the' unletter'd 'squire the laws allow,
As Rome receiv'd dictators from the plough:
But arts, address, and force of genius, join
To make a Hanmer in the senate shine.
Yet one presiding power in every breast
Receives a stronger sanction than the rest:
And they who study and discern it well,
Act unrestrain'd, without design excel;
But court contempt, and err without redress,
Missing the master-talent they possess.
Whiston, perhaps, in Euclid may succeed,
But shall I trust him to reform my creed?
In sweet assemblage every blooming grace
Fix love's bright throne in Teraminta's face,
With which her faultless shape and air agree,
But, wanting wit, she strives to repartee;
And, ever prone her matchless form to wrong,
Lest envy should be dumb, she lends her tongue.
By long experience D—y may, no doubt,
Ensnare a gudgeon, or sometimes a trout;
Yet Dryden once exclam'd (in partial spite!)
He fish!—Because the man attempts to write.
Oh, if the water-nymphs were kind to none
But those the muses bathe in Helicon;
In what far distant age would Belgia raise
One happy wit to net the British seas!
Nature permits her various gifts to fall
On various climes, nor smiles alike on all:

The Latin vales eternal verdure wear;
And flowers spontaneous crown the smiling year;
But who manures a wild Norwegian hill,
To raise the jasmine, or the coy jonquil?
Who finds the peach among the savage sloes,
Or in the bleak Scythia seeks the blushing rose?
Here golden grain waves o'er the teeming fields,
And there the vine her racy purple yields.
High on the cliffs the British oak ascends,
Proud to survey the seas her power defends;
Her soverign title to the flag she proves,
Scornful of softer India's spicy groves.

These instances, which true in fact we find,
Apply we to the culture of the mind.
This soil, in early youth improv'd with care,
The seeds of gentle science best will bear;
That with more particles of flame inspir'd,
With glittering arms and thirst of fame is fir'd;
Nothing of greatness in a third will grow,
But, barren as it is, 'twill bear a beau.
If these from nature's genial bent depart,
In life's dull farce to play a borrow'd part;
Should the sage dress, and flutter in the Mall,
Or leave his problems for a birth-night ball;
Should the rough homicide unsheath his pen,
And in heroics only murder men;
Should the soft fop forsake the lady's charms,
To face the foe with inoffensive arms;
Each would variety of acts afford,
Fit for some new Cervantes to record.

'Whither (you cry) tends all this dry discourse?
To prove, like Hudibras, a man's no horse.
I look'd for sparkling lines, and something gay,
To frisk my fancy with; but, sooth to say!

From her Apollo now the muse elopes,
And trades in syllogisms more than tropes.
Faith, sir, I see you nod, but can't forbear;
When a friend reads, in honour you must hear:
For all enthusiasts, when the fit is strong,
Indulge a volubility of tongue:
Their fury triumphs o'er the men of phlegm,
And, counsel-proof, will never balk a theme,
So Burgess on his tripod rav'd the more,
When round him half the saints began to snore.

To lead us safe through error's thorny maze,
Reason exerts her pure ethereal rays;
But that bright daughter of eternal day
Holds in our mortal frame a dubious sway.
Though no lethargic fumes the brain invest,
And opiate all her active powers to rest;
Though on that magazine no fevers seize,
To calcine all her beauteous images:
Yet banish'd from the realms by right her own,
Passion, a blind usurper, mounts the throne:
Or, to known good preferring specious ill,
Reason becomes a cully to the will:
Thus man, preversely fond to roam astray,
Hoodwinks the guide, assign'd to show the way;
And, in life's voyage, like the pilot fares,
Who breaks the compass, and contemns the stars,
To steer by meteors; which at random fly,
Preluding to a tempest in the sky.

Vain of his skill, and led by various views,
Each to his end a different path pursues;
And seldom is one wretch so humble known
To think his friend's a better than his own:

The boldest they, who least partake the light,
As game-cocks in the dark are train'd to fight.
Nor shame, nor ruin, can our pride abate,
But what became our choice we call our fate.
'Villain, (said Zeno to his pilfering slave)
What frugal nature needs, I freely gave;
With thee my treasure I depos'd in trust,
What could provoke thee now to prove unjust?'
'Sir, blame the stars, (felonious Culprit cried)
We'll by the statute of the stars be tried.
If their strong influence all our actions urge,
Some are foredoom'd to steal—and some to scourge:
The beadle must obey the fates' decree,
As powerful destiny prevail'd with thee.'
This heathen logic seems to bear too hard
On me, and many a harmless modern bard:
The critics hence may think themselves decreed
To jerk the wits, and rail at all they read;
Foes to the tribe from which they trace their clan,
As monkics draw their pedigree from man;
To which (though by the breed our kind's disgrac'd)
We grant superior elegance of taste:
But, in their own defence, the wits observe
That, by impulse from heaven, they write and starve;
Their patron-planet, with resistless power,
Irradiates every poet's natal hour;
Engendering in his head a solar heat,
For which the college has no sure receipt,
Else from their garrets would they soon withdraw,
And leave the rats to revel in the straw.
Nothing so much intoxicates the brain
As Flattery's smooth insinuating bane:

She on the unguarded ear employs her art,
While vain self-love unlocks the yielding heart;
And reason oft submits when both invade,
Without assaulted, and within betray'd.
When flattery's magic-mists suffuse the sight,
The don is active, and the boor polite;
Her mirror shows perfection through the whole,
And ne'er reflects a wrinkle or a mole;
Each character in gay confusion lies,
And all alike are virtuous, brave, and wise:
Nor fail her fulsome arts to soothe our pride,
Though praise to venom turns, if wrong applied.
Me thus she whispers while I write to you;
'Draw forth a banner'd host in fair review:
Then every muse invoke thy voice to raise,
"*Arms and the man,*" to sing in lofty lays;
Whose active bloom heroic deeds employ,
Such as the son of Thetis* sung at Troy;
When his high sounding lyre his valour rais'd,
To emulate the demi-gods he prais'd.
Like him the Briton, warm at honour's call,
At fam'd Blaragnia quell'd the bleeding Gaul;
By France the genius of the fight confess'd,
For which our patron saint adorns his breast.'—
Is this my friend, who sits in full content,
Jovial and joking with his men of Kent,
And never any scene of slaughter saw,
But those who fell by physic or the law?
Why is he for exploits in war renown'd,
Deck'd with a star, with bloody laurels crown'd?
O! often prov'd, and ever found sincere!
Too honest is thy heart, thy sense too clear,

* Iliad ix.

On these encomiums to vouchsafe a smile,
Which only can belong to great Argyle.
But most among the brethren of the bays,
The dear enchantress all her charms displays,
In the sly commerce of alternate praise.
If, for his father's sins condemn'd to write,
Some young half-feather'd poet takes a flight,
And to my touchstone brings a puny ode,
Which Swift, and Pope, and Prior, would explode:
Though every stanza glitters thick with stars,
And goddesses decend in ivory cars:
Is it for me to prove in every part
The piece irregular by laws of art?
His genius looks but awkward, yet his fate
May raise him to be premier-bard of state;
I therefore bribe his suffrage to my fame,
Revere his judgment, and applaud his flame;
Then cry, in seeming transport, while I speak,
'Tis well for Pindar that he dealt in Greek!'
He, conscious of desert, accepts the praise,
And, courteous, with increase the debt repays;
Boilieu's a mushroom if compar'd to me,
And, Horace, *I* dispute the palm with *thee!*
Both, ravish'd, sing *Te Phœbum* for success;
Rise swift, ye laurels: boy! bespeak the press—
Thus on imaginary praise we feed;
Each writes till all refuse to print or read:
From the records of fame condemn'd to pass
To Brisquet's* calendar, a rubric-ass.
Few, wonderous few, are eagle-eyed to find
A plain disease, or blemish in the mind:

* Brisquet, Jester to Francis I. of France, kept a calendar of fools.

Few can, though wisdom should their health ensure,
Dispassionate and cool attend a cure;
In youth disus'd to' obey the needful rein,
Well-pleas'd a savage liberty to gain,
We sate the keen desire of every sense,
And lull our age in thoughtless indolence?
Yet all are Solons in their own conceit,
Though, to supply the vacancy of wit,
Folly and pride, impatient of control,
The sister-twins of sloth possess the soul.
By Kneller were the gay Pumilio drawn,
Like great Alcides, with a back of brawn,
I scarcely think his picture would have power
To make him fight the champions of the tower;
Though lions there are tolerably tame,
And civil as the court from which they came.
But yet, without experience, sense, or arts,
Pumilio boasts sufficiency of parts;
Imagines he alone is amply fit
To guide the state, or give the stamp to wit,
Pride paints the mind with an heroic air,
Nor finds he a defect of vigour there.

When Philomel of old essay'd to sing,
And in his rosy progress hail'd the spring,
The' aërial songsters, listening to the lays,
By silent ecstasy confess'd her praise.
At length, to rival her enchanting note,
The peacock strains the discord of his throat,
In hope his hideous shrieks would grateful prove;
But the nice audience hoot him through the grove.
Conscious of wanted worth, and just disdain,
Lowering his crest, he creeps to Juno's fane:
To his protectress there reveals the case;
And for a sweeter voice devoutly prays.

Then thus replied the radiant goddess, known
By her fair rolling eyes and rattling tone;
'My favourite bird! of all the feather'd kind,
Each species had peculiar gifts assign'd:
The towering eagles to the realms of light
By their strong pounces claim a regal right;
The swan, contented with an humbler fate,
Low on the fishy river rows in state;
Gay starry plumes thy length of train bedeck,
And the green emerald twinkles on thy neck;
But the poor nightingale, in mean attire,
Is made chief warbler of the woodland choir.
These various bounties were dispos'd above,
And ratified th' unchanging will of Jove:
Discern thy talent, and his laws adore;
Be what thou wert design'd, nor aim at more.'

AN ODE

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE JOHN LORD GOWER.

Written in the Spring, 1716.

O'ER winter's long inclement sway,
At length the lusty Spring prevails;
And, swift to meet the smiling May,
Is wafted by the western gales.
Around him dance the rosy Hours,
And damasking the ground with flowers,
With ambient sweets perfume the morn:
With shadowy verdure flourish'd high,
A sudden youth the groves enjoy;
Where Philomel laments forlorn.

By her awak'd, the woodland choir
To hail the coming god prepares;
And tempts me to resume the lyre,
Soft warbling to the vernal airs.
Yet once more, O ye muses! deign,
For me, the meanest of your train,
Unblam'd to' approach your bless'd retreat;
Where Horace wantons at your Spring,
And Pindar sweeps a bolder string,
Whose notes the' Aonian hills repeat.
Or, if invok'd, where Thames' fruitful tides
Slow through the vale in silver volumes play;
Now your own Phœbus o'er the month presides,
Gives love the night, and doubly gilds the day:
Thither indulgent to my prayer,
Ye bright harmonious nymphs repair,
To swell the notes I feebly raise:
So with inspiring ardours warm'd,
May Gower's propitious ear be charm'd,
To listen to my lays.

Beneath the pole on hills of snow,
Like Thracian Mars, th' undaunted Swede
To dint of Sword defies the foe;
In fight unknowing to recede:
From Volga's banks, the' imperous Czar
Leads forth his furry troops to war;
Fond of the softer southern sky:
The Soldan galls the' Illyrian coast;
But soon the miscreant moony host
Before the victor cross shall fly.

But here no clarion's shrilling note
The muse's green retreat can pierce;

The grove from noisy camps remote,
Is only vocal with my verse;
Here, wing'd with innocence and joy,
Let the soft hours that o'er me fly
Drop freedom, health, and gay desires:
While the bright Seine, to' exalt the soul,
With sparkling plenty crowns the bowl,
And wit and social mirth inspires.

Enamour'd of the Seine, celestial fair,
(The blooming pride of Thetis' azure train)
Bacchus, to win the nymph who caus'd his care,
Lash'd his swift tigers to the Celtic plain:
There secret in her sapphire cell
He with the Nais wont to dwell;
Leaving the nectar'd feasts of Jove:
And where her mazy waters flow,
He gave the mantling vine, to grow
A trophy to his love.

Shall man from nature's sanction stray,
With blind opinion for his guide;
And, rebel to her rightful sway,
Leave all her bounties unenjoy'd?
Fool! time no change of motion knows;
With equal speed the torrent flows,
To sweep fame, power, and wealth away;
The past is all by death possess'd;
And frugal fate that guards the rest,
By giving, bids him live to-day.

O Gower! through all that destin'd space,
What breath the powers allot to me

Shall sing the virtues of thy race
United, and complete in thee.
O flower of ancient English faith,
Pursue the' unbeaten patriot path,
In which confirm'd thy father shone:
The light his fair example gives,
Already from thy dawn receives
A lustre equal to its own.

Honour's bright dome, on lasting columns rear'd,
Nor envy rusts, nor rolling years consume;
Loud pæans echoing round the roof are heard,
And clouds of incense all the void perfume.
There Phocion, Lælius, Capel, Hyde,
With Falkland seated near his side,
Fix'd by the muse, the temple grace:
Prophetic of thy happier fame,
She to receive thy radiant name,
Selects a whiter space.

ON THE

FIRST FIT OF THE GOUT.

Welcome, thou friendly earnest of fourscore,
Promise of wealth, that hast alone the power
To' attend the rich, unenvied by the poor.
Thou that dost Esculapius deride,
And o'er his gallypots in triumph ride;
Thou that art us'd to' attend the royal throne,
And under-prop the head that bears the crown;
Thou that dost oft in privy-council wait,
And guard from drowsy sleep the eyes of state;

Thou that upon the bench art mounted high,
And warn'st the judges how they tread awry;
Thou that dost oft from pamper'd prelate's toe
Emphatically urge the pains below;
Thou that art ever half the city's grace,
And add'st to solemn noddles solemn pace;
Thou that art us'd to sit on ladies' knee,
To feed on jellies, and to drink cold tea;
Thou that art ne'er from velvet slipper free;
Whence comes this unsought honour unto me?
Whence does this mighty condescension flow!
To visit my poor tabernacle, O—!

As Jove vouchsaf'd on Ida's top, 'tis said,
At poor Philemon's cot to take a bed;
Pleas'd with the poor but hospitable feast,
Jove bid him ask, and granted his request;
So do thou grant (for thou'rt of race divine,
Begot on Venus by the god of wine)
My humble suit!—And either give me store
To entertain thee, or ne'er see me more.

SELECT POEMS

OF

WILLIAM PATTISON.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

BY

EZEKIEL SANFORD.

LIFE OF PATTISON.

WILLIAM PATTISON was born at Pearsmarsh, near Reye, in Sussex, in 1706. His father was a farmer under the Earl of Thanet; who early became the patron of our author, and placed him in the free-school at Appleby, in Westmoreland. His appetite for books must, even at this time, have been voracious; for he is said to have involved himself in a debt of ten pounds with some neighbouring booksellers, who were by no means slack in reminding him of the obligation. At length, he addressed an *Ode* on Christimas-day to Sir Christopher Musgrave, Bart.; who was so much pleased with the performance, that he ordered his chaplain to discharge the debt. His next effort was an *Ode* to John Tufler, Esq. the nephew of Thanet; and his third, a parody of Dryden's Epigram upon Milton, applied to three poetasters of Appleby.

> *Three* poetasters in one age were born,
> And all at once did *Appleby* adorn;
> The first in penury of thought surpass'd,
> In rumbling cant the next, in both the last;
> The force of dulness could no further go,
> To make a third she joined the former two.

From Appleby our author was transferred, in 1723, to Sidney College, in Cambridge; where he pursued nothing with system but poetry and angling. He had no power of self denial; or at least he seldom exercised it: temptation always found

him a ready victim; he became idle and dissolute; and, because he was rebuked, he called his master a tyrant. He rebelled, in the spirit of a true genius; and, menaced with expulsion, he left college in 1726. The following valedictory was found pinned to his gown:

> Whoever gives himself the pains to stoop,
> And take my venerable tatters up,
> To his presuming question I,
> *In loco Patresoni* thus reply:
> Tir'd with the senseless jargon of the gown,
> My master left the College for the town;
> Where, from pedantic drudgery secur'd,
> He laughs at follies which he once endured;
> And scorns his precious minutes to regale,
> With wretched College wit, and College ale;
> Far nobler pleasures open to his view,
> Pleasures for ever secret, for ever new!
> Bright wit, soft beauty, and ambition's fire
> Inflame his bosom, and his muse inspire;
> While to his few, but much endearing friends,
> His love and humble service he commends.

In this spirit of thoughtless levity, he came to London. For a time, his spirits were sustained by the company of nearly all the cotemporary wits: but poverty, with a steady pace, at length overtook him. In his distress, he issued proposals for an edition of his poems; and Curl, the bookseller, afforded him shelter for a month, while he was transcribing them for the press. We cannot depict his situation. He must speak for himself.

'What I am, (he writes to a person whose patronage he solicited,) my proposals will inform you; what I have been, Sidney College, in Cambridge, can witness; what I shall be some few hours hence, I tremble to think.—Spare my blushes!—I have not enjoyed the common necessaries of life for these two days.' To fill the cup of misery, he was seized with the small-pox; and, though attended

by a skilful physician, he sunk under his calamities the 11th of July, 1727.

Pattison had more taste than genius; and seems to have been tempted to write poetry, because he was fond of reading it. In the *Session* of the Cambridge Wits, he introduces himself as a bard altogether indifferent to poetical fame; given to wildness and dissipation; and ever ready to quit his muse for his mistress. His poems are, therefore, written without care, and left without correction. His lines are frequently prosaic; and his rhymes are not always consonous. The *Letter* from Abelard to Eloisa is perhaps his most happy effort. Pope's example was before him; and the hazard of attempting a track, which such a master had pursued, might have induced him to shake off his sloth, and exert his utmost powers.

There is little in his poems, which can be called original; and, perhaps, indeed, he has written nothing, which any diligent reader of poetry might not have produced. If he followed Pope in the epistle from Abelard, Gay was his example in the *Jealous Shepherd*. The wit of such mock pastorals is extremely artificial; and depends almost entirely, upon the odd association of refinement with grossness, and imagination with reality. The trick is easily acquired; and the only merit is in its invention. Where is the difficulty of being witty in the following manner?'

——Bootyslub——
While others slept, by love was kept awake,
To mourn his fale and mend his Dolley's rake.
But if you do so—you with equal ease,
Can make new vows, and cheese-cakes when you please.

WILLIAM PATTISON.

ABELARD TO ELOISA.

In my dark cell, low prostrate on the ground,
Mourning my crimes, thy letter entrance found;
Too soon my soul the well-known name confess'd,
My beating heart sprung fiercely in my breast;
Through my whole frame a guilty transport glow'd,
And streaming torrents from my eyes fast flow'd.
O Eloisa! art thou still the same?
Dost thou still nourish this destructive flame?
Have not the gentle rules of peace and heav'n
From thy soft soul this fatal passion driven?
Alas! I thought you disengag'd and free,
And can you still, still sigh, and weep for me?
What powerful deity, what hallow'd shrine,
Can save me from a love, a faith like thine?
Where shall I fly, when not this awful cave,
Whose rugged feet the surging billows lave;
When not these gloomy cloister's solemn walls,
O'er whose rough sides the languid ivy crawls;
When my dread vows, in vain, their force oppose,
Opposing love, alas! how vain are vows!
In fruitless penance here I wear away
Each tedious night, each sad revolving day:

I fast, I pray; and with deceitful art
Veil thy dear image from my tortur'd heart.
My tortur'd heart conflicting passions move,
I hope, despair, repent, but still I love.
A thousand jarring thoughts my bosom tear,
For thou, not God, my Eloisè, art there,
To the false world's deluding pleasures dead,
No longer by its wandering fires misled;
In learn'd disputes harsh precepts I infuse,
And give that counsel I want power to use.
The rigid maxims of the grave and wise
Have quench'd each milder sparkle in my eyes;
Each lovely feature of this well-known face,
By grief revers'd, assumes a sterner grace:
O Eloisa! would the fates once more
(Indulgent to thy wish) this form restore,
How wouldst thou from these arms with horror start,
To miss those charms, familiar to thy heart!
Nought could thy quick, thy piercing judgment see,
To speak thy Abelard, but love of thee:
Lean abstinence, pale grief, and haggard care,
The dire attendants of forlorn despair,
Have Abelard the gay, the young, remov'd,
And, in the hermit, sunk the man you lov'd.
Wrapt in the gloom these holy mansions shed.
The thorny paths of penitence I tread;
Lost to the world, from all its interest free,
And torn from all my soul held dear in thee;
Ambition, with its train of frailties, gone,
All loves, all forms forgot, but thine alone.
Amidst the blaze of day, and dusk of night,
My Elosia rises to my sight;
Veil'd, as in Paraclete's sea-bath'd towers,
The wretched mourner counts the lagging hours:

I hear her sigh, see the swift-falling tears,
Weep all her griefs, and pine with all her cares.
O vows! O convents! your stern force impart,
And frown the melting phantom from my heart;
Let other sighs a worthier sorrow show,
Let other tears, for sin, repentant flow;
Low to the earth, my guilty eyes I roll,
And humble to the dust my contrite soul.
Forgiving power! your gracious call I meet,
Who first empower'd this rebel heart to beat!
Who through this trembling, this offending frame,
For nobler ends diffus'd life's active flame:
O change the temper of this throbbing breast,
And form anew each beating pulse to rest!
Let springing grace, fair faith, and hope, remove
The fatal traces of voluptuous love;
Voluptuous love from his soft mansion tear,
And leave no tracks of Eloisa there.
Are these the wishes of thy inmost soul?
Would I its softest tenderest peace control?
Would I, thus touch'd, this gloomy heart resign
To the cold substance of the marble shrine?
Transform'd like these pale saints that round me move,
O bless'd insensibles! that knew not love!
Ah! rather let me keep this hapless flame,
Adieu, false honour, unavailing fame!
Not your harsh rules, but tender love, supplies
The streams that gush from my despairing eyes;
I feel the traitor melt around my heart,
And through my veins with treacherous influence dart!
Inspire me, Heav'n! assist me, grace divine!
Aid me, ye saints! unknown to crimes like mine!

You, while on earth, all pangs severe could prove,
All but the torturing pangs of hopeless love.
An holier rage in your pure bosoms dwelt,
Nor can you pity what you never felt;
A sympathizing grief alone can cure,
The hand that heals, must feel what I endure.
Thou, Eloisè, alone canst give me ease,
And bid my struggling soul subside in peace;
Restore me to my long lost heaven of rest,
And take thyself from my reluctant breast:
If crimes, like mine, could an allay receive,
That bless'd allay thy wondrous charms must give.
Thy form, which first my heart to love inclin'd,
Still wanders in my lost, my guilty mind:
I saw thee as the new-blown blossoms fair,
Sprightly as light, and soft as summer air;
Wit, youth, and beauty, in each feature shone,
Bless'd by my fate, I gaz'd, and was undone!
There died the generous fire, whose vigorous flame
Enlarg'd my soul, and led me on to fame;
Nor fame, nor wealth, my soften'd heart could move,
My heart, insensible to all but love!
Snatch'd from myself, my learning tasteless grew,
And vain philosophy oppos'd to you.

A train of woes we mourn; nor should we mourn
The hours that cannot, ought not to return;
As once to love I sway'd thy yielding mind,
Too fond, alas! too fatally inclin'd!
To virtue now let me thy breast inspire,
And fan, with zeal divine, the holy fire;
Teach you to injur'd Heav'n, all chang'd, to turn,
And bid thy soul with sacred raptures burn.
O that my own example could impart
This noble warmth to thy soft trembling heart!

That mine, with pious undissembled care,
Might aid the latent virtue struggling there;
Alas, I rave! nor grace, nor zeal divine,
Burns in a breast o'erwhelm'd with crimes like mine.
Too sure I find (whilst I the fortune prove
Of feeble piety, conflicting love)
On black despair, my forc'd devotion built,
Absence, to me, has greater pangs than guilt.
Ah! yet my Eloisè, thy charms I view,
Yet my sighs break, and my tears flow for you;
Each weak resistance stronger knits my chain;
I sigh, weep, love, despair, repent in vain!
Haste, Eloisa, haste thy lover free;
Amidst thy warmer prayers, O think of me!
Wing with thy rising zeal my groveling mind:
And let me mine from thy repentance find:
Ah! labour, strive; thy love, thyself controul;
The change will sure affect my kindred soul:
In bless'd consort our purer sighs shall grieve,
And, Heaven assisting, shall our crimes forgive.
But if unhappy, wretched, lost in vain,
Faintly th' unequal combat you sustain:
If not to Heaven you feel your bosom rise,
Nor tears, refin'd, fall contrite from your eyes:
If still thy heart thy wonted passions move,
And thy tongue prompts thy tender soul to love;
Deaf to the weak essays of living breath,
Attend the stronger eloquence of death.
When that kind power this captive soul shall free,
(Which, only then, can cease to doat on thee)
When gently sunk to my eternal sleep,
The Paraclete my peaceful urn shall keep;
Then, Eloisa, then, thy lover view,
See these quench'd eyes no longer fix'd on you.

From their dead orbs that tender utterance flown,
Which first on yours my heart's soft tales made known.
This breath no more, at length to ease consign'd,
Pant like light aspins quivering with the wind;
See, all my wild tumultuous passions o'er,
And thou, amazing scene! belov'd no more:
Behold the destin'd end of human love,
But let the sight thy zeal alone improve;
Let not thy conscious soul, with sorrow mov'd,
Reeal how much, how tenderly you lov'd!
With pious care thy fruitless grief restrain,
Nor let a tear thy sacred veil profane;
Nor e'en a sigh on my cold urn bestow,
But let thy breath with sacred rapture glow;
Let love divine frail mortal love dethrone,
And to thy mind immortal joys make known:
Let Heaven, relenting, strike thy ravish'd view,
And still the bright, the bless'd pursuit, renew:
So, with thy crimes, shall thy misfortunes cease,
And thy wreck'd soul be calmly hush'd to peace.

CHLOE REPROVED.

As Chloe, conscious of her pretty face,
Kiss'd the reflected goddess in the glass;
'And shall these charms,' she cries, 'these matchless charms,
To-night be buried in a husband's arms?
No!—since the gods indulgent give me power,
I'll reign, at least, the tyrant of an hour!'
She said, and to the glittering toilet flew,
Heighten'd each charm, and ev'n diviner grew;
A thousand arts, a thousand airs she tries,
And thus computes the conquests of her eyes.
'With scorn, Honorio's passion I resign,
Brillantis, dear Brillantis! shall be mine;
Conquer'd Sireno shall these charms adore,
Sylvander, and an endless thousand more.'
Thus spoke the proud premeditated bride,
And the Cosmetic-oracle reply'd.
'Beware, fair maid, beware, nor strive to prove
The dangerous varieties of love;
But think how brittle are those charms you boast,
And think how soon that beauty may be lost.
For this (take notice what I say)
Depend on, to your sorrow,
That if you change your mind to-day,
I'll change your face to-morrow.'

TO A FRIEND,

DISSUADING HIM FROM LOVING A CERTAIN LADY.

If aught a kindly caution can impart,
Be this, not love, imprinted on thy heart;
Let every line a well-known truth commend,
And where you doubt the poet, trust the friend;
Let vanquis'd reason re-assume the field,
And to the true, the fictious goddess yield.

What Homer feigns, when fierce Tydides strove;
Inspir'd by Pallas, with the queen of love;
But shows the weakness of vain beauty's art,
Whilst wisdom's sacred influence arms the heart:
Yet, green in age, unvers'd in female wiles,
Each specious show our easy sight beguiles;
Gay courting scenes the early path adorn,
And blooming beauty paints our youthful morn;
Our heedless pleasures with false objects rise,
Blind to the blackening cloud, and gathering skies.
But, ah! methinks I hear thee, sighing, say,
Such charms invite! so flowery smiles the way!
Resolv'd, fair beauty's lovely maze I'll run—
Who might not thus? who would not be undone?—
O stay, rash youth! beware, be timely wise,
Lurk'd in that labyrinth another monster lies!

How weak were females snares, how vain each wile,
Did not our eyes our hood-wink'd minds beguile!
Like gross idolaters, we form the power,
Then the dull image, as a god, adore;
Breath'd in soft sighs, our pleading souls impart,
And, for the victim, sacrifice our heart:

Hence, Celia rules, the tyrant of thy breast,
In all the seeming Deity confess'd;
Hence, when she speaks, there's music in the sound,
Hence, when she looks, her eyes like lightnings wound:
But, to thy reason's eye, the scene display,
And the proud phantom-goddess fades away;
No more her immortality remains,
Unless preserv'd in thy immortal strains.

Grant we, thy Celia's charms superior shine,
Or, in the lover's language, look divine!
Yet, is each charm to her alone confin'd?
Or canst thou judge, by partial passion blind?
Still, will each faithful, love-alluring grace,
Beam in her eye, and brighten up her face?
So, the blue summit of some mountain's height,
Wrapt in gay clouds, deludes the distant sight;
But, as with gazing eyes we draw more near,
Fades the false scene, and the rough rocks appear.

Nor outward form thy easy thought control,
But be the look an index to the soul;
For, when old Nature fram'd the faithless fair,
From every work the goddess cull'd a share;
In heavenly beauty bade her face excel,
But made her heart the treasury of hell:
Hence, pride, and lust, and jealous fury grow,
The springs of sorrow, and the seeds of woe!
Thus brothels with a painted angel shine,
Whilst latent devils, ambush'd, lurk within.

Nor think, my Damon, that I rashly blame
Thy too good nature, thy too generous flame;
Like thine my victim'd heart the pangs has bore,
But (ah, delightful change!) endures no more;

Yet, O! (for oft the thought disturbs my rest)
'Tis hard to heal a love-envenom'd breast;
So soft each arrow steals upon our heart,
It glides a feather, but it grows a dart.
Yet, wouldst thou from increasing ills be free,
Pursue my precepts, and resolve like me;
When the false syren singles out her man,
Tips the lewd leer, or flaps the flirting fan:
O shun th' infection swift, victorious, fly,
She smiles a ruin, and she looks a lie!
But must some lovely, some divinely fair,
Sweeten this draught of life, and soothe thy care;
Let the gay muse relieve thy sickening pain,
And form a brighter Venus of the brain: [grieve,
Then shalt thou scorn those charms that made thee
And by the fair illusion learn to live.

So Isreal's sons, by poisonous serpents stung,
Aloft in air a mimic serpent hung;
Fix'd on the sight, the sad afflicted train
Gaz'd into health, and look'd away their pain.

Sidney-Coll. Feb. 19. 1725-6.

*EFFIGIES AUTHORIS**.

Oppress'd with griefs, with poverty, and scorn,
Of all forsaken, and of all forlorn,
What shall I do? or whither shall I fly?
Or what kind ear will hear the muse's cry?
With restless heart from place to place I roam,
A wretched vagrant, destitute of home:

* This melancholy portrait seems to have been presented to the Earl of Burlington.

Driv'n from fair Granta's shade by fortunes's frown,
I came to court the flatterer in the town.
Three tedious days detain'd me on the road,
Whilst the winds whistled, and the torrents flow'd,
On my devoted head; the gusty breeze
Shook the collected tempest from the trees;
For shelter, to the shades I ran in vain,
The shades deceitful, delug'd me with rain:
Thus when fate frowns upon our happier days,
Our friend, perhaps our bosom friend, betrays.
But as vicissitudes control our fate,
And griefs and joys maintain a doubtful state,
So now the sun's emerging orb appears,
And with the spongy clouds dispels my fears.
In tears the transient tempest flits away,
And all the blue expansion flames with day.
My gazing eyes o'er pleasing prospects roll,
And look away the sorrows of my soul;
Pleas'd at each view some rueful thought to draw,
And moralize on every scene I saw;
Here, with inviting pride, blue mountains rise,
Like joys more pleasant to our distant eyes;
In golden waves there tides of harvest flow,
Whilst idle poppies intermingling grow;
How like their brother fops, an empty show!
In every bush the warbling birds advance,
Sing to the sun, and on the branches dance;
No grief, no cares, perplex their souls with strife,
Like bards, they live a poor but merry life:
In every place alike their fortunes lie,
Both live in want, and unregarded die;
With like concern they meet approaching death,
In prison, or in fields, resign their breath.

Musing, I saw the fate I could not shun,
Shook my grave head, and pensive travell'd on;
But as Augusta's wish'd-for domes arise,
Peep o'er the clouds, and dance before my eyes,
What thoughts, what tumults fill'd my labouring breast,
To be conceiv'd alone, but not express'd;
What intermingled multitudes arose,
Lords, parsons, lawyers, baronets, and beaus,
Fops, coxcombs, cits, and knaves of every class,
While some the better half, some wholly ass;
On either side bewailing suppliants stand, [hand,
Speak with their looks, and stretch their wither'd
In feeble accents supplicate relief,
And by their sorrows multiply my grief;
Mov'd by their wants, my fortune I deplore,
And deal a tribute from my slender store:
With joy the favour they receive, and pray
That God the bounteous blessing may repay!
Thus providently wise, the labouring swain
O'er the proud furrows strews the fertile grain:
The grateful plain o'erpays his bounteous care
With tenfold blessings, and a golden year.

Now, lost in thought, I wander up and down,
Of all unknowing, and to all unknown;
Try in each place, and ransack every news,
To find some friend, some patron of the muse:
But where? or whom? alas! I search in vain,
The fruitless labour only gives me pain;
But soon each pleasing prospect fades away,
And with my money all my hopes decay.

But now the sun diffus'd a fainter ray,
And falling dews bewail'd the falling day,

When to St. James's Park my way I took,
Solemn in pace, and sadden'd in my look;
On the first bench my wearied bones I laid,
For gnawing hunger on my vitals prey'd;
There faint in melancholy mood I sate,
And meditated on my future fate.
Night's sable vapours now the trees invade,
And gloomy darkness deepen'd every shade;
And now, ah! whither shall the helpless fly,
From the nocturnal horrors of the sky?
With empty rage my cruel fate I curse,
While falling tears bedew my meagre purse:
What shall I do? or whither shall I run?
How 'scape the threatning fate I cannot shun;
There, trembling, cold, and motionless I lay,
Till sleep beguil'd the tumults of the day.
Yet though this mortal body was resign'd,
Tormenting objects terrified my mind,
Despairing forms, too dreadful for the light,
Danc'd on my eyes, and play'd before my sight,
Here, worn with sorrow, Poverty appear'd,
In every ghastly form by mortals fear'd:
And now, to make my wants the more deplor'd,
Prepar'd a plenteous table richly stor'd.
My hand I stretch'd, impatient of delay,
When lo! the fictious treat dissolv'd away;
Despair arose, and shook a deadly dart,
Then aim'd the thirsty arrow at my heart?
Inly I quiver'd, trembled for my life,
Lost in tumultuous agony and grief.
But now a kind, though visionary shade [glade,
Gleam'd through the gloom, and brighten'd all the
On its fair head a branching laurel grew,
And, though before unseen, the form I knew;

While thus it spoke—'Poor youth, thy fate I mourn,
And weeping make thy miseries my own:
But patiently resign—I bring relief,
For, as I caus'd, 'tis just I cure thy grief.
Then hear—when morning's beamy rays arise,
And shoot refulgent glories through the skies;
To Chiswick's pleasurable bowers repair,
To guide your wandering path be Thames's care;
In those fair hospitable shades you'll find
Great Burlington, the muse's surest friend;
Fam'd Burlington, as humble as he's great,
Pride of the court, and bulwark of the state:
To him this visionary tale disclose,
His soul will melt in pity at your woes.
To him retune your long neglected lyre,
And let his virtues every line inspire;
Farewel,' it said—when as the morn appear'd,
To the warm rays my dewy head I rear'd,
Amaz'd, half drowsy, waken'd in a fright,
I ponder'd on the vision of the night;
When thoughtless in my pocket I reveal'd,
A latent sixpence happily conceal'd,
Surpris'd with transport stood my bristled hair,
On wings I seem'd to fly and tread in air;
To the first house I took my speedy flight,
There wrote this recent vision of the night;
The wondrous tale in snowy foldings bound,
Then seal'd the pasport with a waxen wound.
When, prompted by my genius, swift as thought
To Chiswick's bowers my rueful story brought;
Where now, with doubtful hopes and fears, I wait
Your bounteous lordship's pleasure at your gate.

W. PATTISON.

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